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THE  
POETS

**GREAT BRITAIN,**

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. LXVII.

*PRIOR, VOL. III. and GRANVILLE.*







THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
MATTHEW PRIOR.  
WITH  
*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,*  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

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Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,  
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love :  
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,  
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream ;  
PRIOR th' admiring reader entertains  
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.  
GAY.  
PRIOR shall live as long as POPE.  
LLOYD.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

—  
VOL. III.  
—

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1807.



# PRIOR'S POEMS.

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## SOLOMON ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD A POEM. IN THREE BOOKS

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### PARAPHRASE

To have for a man to speak of his own in any  
touchable satisfaction, or success: he can be no  
more glorious than seeing himself, than in reading  
a satire made against him by another: but if he  
may justly complain that a friend should praise him,  
or if he makes it in a p. elegyric, he will get  
very few to read it: it is harder for him to speak  
of his own writings: An author is, in the condi-  
tion of a culprit; the public are his judges: by  
allowing too much, and condescending too far,  
he may injure his own cause, and become a kind  
of *felo de se*; and by pleading and asserting too  
boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon  
him: his apology may only heighten his accusa-  
tion. I would avoid these extremes; and though,  
I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the

reader with a long preface before he enters upon an indifferent poem, I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, affords subjects for finer poems in every kind than have, I think, as yet, appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apothegms as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes—All is vanity.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing, or (as the painter's term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex dulciora et unum* which Horace prescribes

as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the Poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalic or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favorable in their censure, and not solicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief patronage or character in the Epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to show us, in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprises, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysses, the same poet endeavours to explain that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses, therefore, is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose, and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero, therefore, was to fight his

way to the "still'd" (enguis'd) and smelter'd  
by the fangs of the gods ! The spirit of his field,  
takes off the robes of Aeneas, and adds to  
the virtue of his deeds, from thence presenting a  
character of his work in the person of  
Aeneas.

As Virgil and the Homeric Epic poets  
have coped with other both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Litterata* is directly Troy town worked,  
with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined  
in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey  
and Rinaldo; but he makes them both carry on  
his work with very great success. Ronsard's  
*Franciade* (incomparably good as far as it goes)  
is again Virgil's Aeneas. His hero comes from a  
foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the  
foundation of a future empire. I instance in  
these as the greatest Italian and French poets in  
the Epic. In our language Spenser has not con-  
tent'd himself with this submissiv'e manner of  
imitation; he launches out into very flowery paths,  
which still seem to conduct him into a great  
road. His Fairy Quean (had it been published)  
must have stood in that account with it. Every  
knight was to give of his adventures, and in the  
accumulated sum is of his heroine" (Utriana).  
"He whole wold hysg been a good poem, but  
in another cōsideration than any that had ever  
been written." Yet it is observable that

every hero (as far as we can judge by the Books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares, and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who, therefore, more proper for the business than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted, almost three thousand years since? If, in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if, endowed with the greatest perfections of Nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness, the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands that we ought to submit to death without repining because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the hero and the author, but he tells us very often what

other say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his Rabbies and Philosophers in the First book, and his Women and their Attendants in the Second: with these the red history mention him to have conversed, likewise with the angels brought down, in the Third book, to help him out of his difficulties, best to teach him how to overcome them.

He is not too dignus vindice medus + 1  
I presume that liberty may be justly  
lost at the expense of an occasion

at my ease, too, I have endeavoured to keep to the manners and manners of the neighbouring nation, at the time when Solomon lived; and though I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology, though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years, or the Trojan hero. A Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of the first parts of his *Aeneas* must have been omitted. A countryman, Milton, goes yet further: he uses up many of his material images about the end of 5 years after the fall of man; nor could he otherwise have written, or we read, one of the sublimest pieces of invention that has ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection that some names of countries, terms of art, and

notions in natural philosophy, are otherwise expressed than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. They are allowed the same liberty, in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters are, their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, or exactly in the same habits which they wore, so as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by some masters in either science. Raphael and Tassi have showed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blamable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this and most poems of the age ~~are written~~ are. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Dryden and his contemporaries used it, carrying them from one verse to another, was not too dissolute and wild, and came very near our prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined, cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following, and, consequently, produces too frequent a identity in the sound, and brings every compleat to the joint of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak to convey the sentiments and represent the usages proper for Epic; and at it tires the

writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats, especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did, (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine; I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others: and while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends, now living, who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit: but, once more, he that writes in rhymes dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain in the first book: I am glad to have it observed that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honor of my country; and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece; though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's

A *poem, which durst not name* yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical ~~advice~~ according to the spirit of the precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid ~~by~~ ~~for~~ longer than the time ~~when~~ when I had mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination, to revise or print it. The frequent ~~perambulations~~ I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of publick life in which I have been employed, my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language and even formed by a habit, very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires; all those, and some other circumstances, which we ~~had~~ ~~had~~ good ~~pass~~ by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. But indeed, ~~from~~ ~~from~~ designing to print, I had picked up these pegs in my scrittoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my scrittoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best; many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have ~~robbed~~ the ~~key~~ from my hand, by a very kind ~~and~~ irresistible violence; and the Poem is published, not without my consent, indeed, but a little against my opinion, and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up ~~the~~ the fruits

of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think myself happy if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service: and I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige: and if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour in the beginning of my book \*, these two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

\* The folio edition of 1718, to which is prefixed a most numerous list of honourable and celebrated names as subscribers.

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## KNOWLEDGE.

### BOOK I.

#### TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

*The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem, Eccles. chap. i. ver. 1.*

*Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity, ver. 2.*

*I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo! I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge, ver. 16.*

*He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes, i. Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.*

*I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him, Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 14.*

*He hath made every thing beautiful in his time; also he hath set the world in their heart; so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end, Eccles. chap. iii. ver. 11.*

*For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow,* chap. i. ver. 18.

*And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books, there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh.* chap. xii. ver. 12.

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## SOLOMON, &c.

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### KNOWLEDGE.

#### BOOK I.

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*Ο Βίος γὰρ ὄνομα ἔχει, πόνος δὲ ἔργων πίλεις.* Eurip.

*Εργά. Deinde huius largitatis, ut ex hac scitatis repuerascam, et in  
causa vagitam, value recusem.* Cic. de benef.

The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers as divines, and it is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation. Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

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### The Argument.

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth, proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors, blames his own curiosity; and concludes that, as to human science,  
**ALL IS VANITY.**

Ye sons of men, with just regard attend,  
Observe the Preacher, and believe the friend  
Whose serious Muse inspires him to censure,  
That all we act, and all we think, is vain:  
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,  
O'er rocks of peril and thro' vales of tears

Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,  
 Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:  
 That from the womb we take our fatal shares  
 Of follies, passions, labors, tumults, cares;      10  
 And at approach of death shall only know  
 The truths which from these pensive numbers }  
     flow, }  
 That we pursue false joy and suffer real woe. }

Happiness! object of that waking dream  
 Which we call Life; mistaking; fugitive theme 15  
 Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade,  
 Notional good; by fancy only made,  
 And by tradition nurs'd; fallacious fire,  
 Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire;  
 Cause of our care, and error of our mind;      20  
 Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heav'n design'd  
 To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon  
 Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon;  
 On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,  
 And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd. 25

But, O! ere yet orig'nal man was made,  
 Err the foundations of this earth were laid,  
 It was opponent to our search ordain'd,  
 That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd:  
 This sad experience cites me to reveal,      30  
 And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's fav'rite son,  
 Dear to my people on the Hebrew throne,  
 Sublime my court with Ophir's treasures blest,  
 My name extended to the furthest East,      35

My body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace,  
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,  
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,  
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound ;  
Arise, (I commun'd with myself) arise,      40  
Think to be happy ; to be great be wise ;  
Content of spirit must from science flow,  
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

I said, and sent my edict thro' the land ;  
Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand ;      45  
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,  
The old discoursing as the younger read ;      }  
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said :      }  
The vegetable world, each plant and tree,

Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree,      50  
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,  
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow  
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,  
To creeping moss, and hyssop on the wall ;  
Yet just and conscious to myself, I find      55  
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beach delights the glade,  
With boughs extended and a rounder shade,  
Whilst tow'ring firs in conic forms arise,  
And with a pointed spear divide the skies ;      60  
Nor why, again, the changing oak should shed  
The yearly honor of his stately head,  
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen  
Uachang'd his branch, and permanent his green ;

Wanting the sun why does the caltha fade? 65

Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?

The fig and date, why love they to remain

In middle station, and an even plain

While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,

And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd? 70

Why does one climate and one soil endue

The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,

Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violets blue. }

Why does the fond carnation love to shun

A various color from one parent? 75

Which the fantastic tulip strives to break

In two-fold beauty and a parted streak?

The twining jas'mine and the blushing rose,

With lavish grace their morning scene's disclose;

The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare, 80

The stronger impulse of an ev'ning air.

Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flow'r

A various lustre or a diff'rent pow'r? (parent),

Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one  
Raise this to strength, & sicken that to death?

Whence does it happen? 't the plant which well  
We name the sensitive, should move and feel?

Whence know her leaves to answer her command,  
And with quick horror fly the neig'ring hand?

Along the sunny bank or wat'ry mead 90

Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;

Peaceful and lowly, in their native soil,

They neither know to spin nor care no toil,

Yet with confess'd magnificence deride  
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. 95  
 The cowslip smiles in brighter yellow drest,  
 Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast ;  
 A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,  
 Than that which on the bridegroom's vesture flows.  
 Take but the humblest lily of the field, 100  
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,  
 It must by sure comparison be shown,  
 That on the regal seat great David's son,  
 Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,  
 Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r. 105

Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire,  
 How the mute race engender or respire,  
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream  
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,  
 To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas 110 }  
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,  
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays }  
 How they in warlike bands march greatly forth,  
 From freezing waters and the colder North,  
 To southern climes directing their career, 115  
 Their station changing with th' inverted year ?  
 How all with careful knowledge are indu'd,  
 To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food ; }  
 To guard their spawn, and educate their brood ? }

Of birds, how each, according to her kind, 120  
 Proper materials for her nest can find,  
 And build a frame which deepest thought in man  
 Would or amend or imitate in vain ?

How in small flights they know to try their young,  
 And teach the callow child her parent's song ? 125  
 Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood ?  
 Why ev'ry land has her specific brood ?  
 Where the tall crane or winding swallow goes,  
 Fearful of gath'ring winds, and falling snows ;  
 If into rocks or hollow trees they creep, 130  
 In temporary death confi'd to sleep,  
 Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly  
 To milder regions and a southern sky.

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace  
 The wond'rous nature, and the various race ; 135  
 Or wild, or tame, or friend to man or bee,  
 Of us what they, or what of them we know ?

Tell me, ye Studious ! who pretend to see  
 Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee  
 Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer 140  
 Thro' tractless paths, and in abyss of air ?  
 Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows  
 The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,  
 And honey-making flow'rs their capping buds dis- }  
 -los ? } } }

How, from th' thicken'd mist and setting sun 145  
 Finds she the labor of her day is done ?  
 Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,  
 To bring her burden to the certain hive,  
 And thro' the liquid fields again to pass  
 Duteous, and heark'ning to the sounding brass ? 150

And, O thou Sluggard ? tell me why the ant,  
 'Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want

By constant journeys careful to prepare  
Her stores, and bringing home the corny ear,  
By what instruction does she bite the grain, 155  
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,  
It might elude the foresight of her care ? }  
Distinct in either insect's deed appear  
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and }  
fear.

Fix thy corporeal and internal eye 160  
On the young gnat, or new-engendered fly,  
Or the vile worm, that yesterday began  
To crawl, thy fellow-creatures, abject man !  
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste,  
they see,  
They show their passions, by their acts, like thee ;  
Darting their stings, they previously declare 165  
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war ;  
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove  
The genial pow'r and full effect of love.  
Each, then, has organs to digest his food, 170  
One to beget, and one receive the brood ;  
Has limbs, and sinews, blood, and heart and }  
brain,  
Life and her proper functions to sustain, }  
Tho' the whole fabric smaller than a grain,  
What more can our penurious reason grant 175  
To the large whale or castled elephant ?  
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,  
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile,

Than that all differ, but in shape and name,  
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame? 180

For potent Nature loves a various act,  
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;  
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,  
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.  
The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high,  
Denies its real image to the eye; 186  
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,  
Becomes mixt blackness or unparted light.  
Water and air the varied form confound; [round  
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows

Thus while with fruitless hope and weary pain,  
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,  
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat,  
Around her myriads of ideas wait,  
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen  
Can take or quit, can alter or retain, 196  
As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide.  
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains;  
He tires his life in biting on his chains: 200  
For the kind gifts of water and of food  
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,  
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his }  
blood:

While the strong camel and the gen'rous horse,  
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force, 205  
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,  
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;

Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's  
hand, [mand.

Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his com-  
Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad, 210

On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;

Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,

And lies the hated neighbourhood of man;

While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,

Likest that fox in shape and species found, 215

Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,

Pursues the noted path, and covets home.

Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,

Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,

And dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet. }

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,  
In many acts 'tis hard, I own, to find.

I see in others, or I think I see,

That strict their principles and ours agree.

Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good, 225

Abhor the poison, and receive the food:

Like us they love or hate; like us they know

To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.

With seeming thought their action they intend,

And use the means proportion'd to the end. 230

Then vainly the philosopher avers

That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.

How can we justly diff'rent causes frame,

When the effects entirely are the same?

Instinct and reason how can we divide? 235

'Tis the fool's ign'rance and the pedant's pride.

With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his sway,

If the brute beast refuses to obey.

For, tell me, when the empty boaster's word  
Proclaims himself the universal lord, 240

Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw  
Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?  
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,  
If in the schools or porches should appear  
The fierce hyæna or the foaming bear? 245 }

The combatant too late the field declines,  
When now the sword is girded to his loins.  
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,  
Too late the sailor views the land behind :  
And 'tis too late now back again to bring 250  
Inquiry, rats'd and tow'ring on the wing;  
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld  
From nobler objects and a larger field.

Consider with me this ethereal space :  
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place, 255  
Anxious I ask ye how the pensile ball  
Should never strive to rise nor never fear to fall?  
When I reflect how the revolving sun  
Does round our globe his crooked journeys run,  
I doubt of many lands if they contain 260  
Or herd of beast or colony of man;  
If any nation pass their destin'd days  
Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays:  
If any suffer, on the polar coast,  
The rage of Aretos and eternal frost. 265

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence  
To each of these some secret good dispense?  
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,  
May they not gales unknown to us receive?  
See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth, 270  
And bless the flow'ry buds succeeding birth?  
May they not pity us condemn'd to bear  
The various heav'n of an obliquer sphere,  
While by n<sup>o</sup> d laws and with a just return, 274  
They feel twelve hours that shade for twelve  
that burn, [flame  
And praise the neighbour'g sun, whose constant  
End<sup>s</sup> t<sup>s</sup> them with seasons still the same?  
And may not those whose distant lot is cast  
North beyond Taur<sup>y</sup>'s extended waste,  
Where thro' the plains of one continual day, 280  
Six sunn<sup>o</sup> months pursue their even way,  
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,  
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night;  
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes  
(As annals may inform succeeding times) 285  
To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer  
Their own vicissitude and equal share  
Of day and night disparted thro' the year? }  
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race, 289  
To narrow bounds prescrib'd and little space,  
Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from  
Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done? [noon,  
May they not justly to our climes upbraid  
Shortness of night and penury of shade,

That ere our wearied limbs are justly blest 295  
With wholesome sleep and necessary rest,  
Another sun demands return of care,  
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear,  
Whilst when the solar beam, salute their sight,  
Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300  
Uninterrupted voyages they take  
To the remotest wood and furthest lake,  
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course  
With more extended nerves, and more continu'd  
force ;  
And when declining day forsakes their sky, 305  
When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter  
nigh,  
With plenty for the coming season bless'd,  
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd  
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,  
Which our sad scenes of daily action know; 310  
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,  
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest,  
Or tell their tender loves (the only care  
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair,  
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease, 315  
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)  
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed  
On the crown'd goblet and the genial bed.  
In foreign isles which our discov'fers find,  
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd, 320  
The rugged bear's or spotted lynx's brood  
Frighten the valleys and infest the wood ;

The hungry crocodile and hissing snake  
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake;  
And man untaught, and rav'rous as the beast, 325  
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream,  
infest;

Deriv'd these men and animals their birth  
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?  
Whence then the old belief, that all began  
In Eden's shade, and one created man? 330  
Or grant this progeny was wafted o'er,  
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore,  
Would those, from whom we will suppose they  
spring,

Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring?  
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,  
Feed the she adder or the brooding snake? 336  
Or could they think the new discover'd isle  
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And since the savage lineage we must trace  
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race,  
How should their fathers happen to forget 341  
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,  
To sow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,  
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?  
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,  
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,  
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food, 347  
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of god.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue  
The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view? 350

'That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,  
 Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame !  
 Of those materials which have been confess'd  
 The pristine springs and parents of the rest, 354  
 Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth  
 To grass and plants, and thickens into earth ;  
 Diffus'd it rises in a higher sphere,  
 Dilates its drops, and softens into air :  
 Those finer parts of air again aspire,  
 Move into warmth, and brighten into fire : 360  
 That fire once more, by thicker air o'ercome,  
 And downward forc'd in earth's capacious womb,  
 Alters its particles, is fire no more,  
 But lies resplendent dust and shining ore ;  
 Or running through the mighty mother's veins,  
 Changes its shape, puts off its old remains ; 366  
 With wat'ry parts its lessen'd force divides,  
 Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,  
 And, deep surcharg'd, by sandy mountains lie  
 Obscurly sepulchred. By eating rain, 371  
 And furious wind, down to the distant plain  
 The hill that hides his head above the skies  
 Shall fall, the plain by slow degrees shall rise  
 Higher than erst had stood the summit hill ; 375  
 For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,  
 All things are light or heavy, small or great ;  
 Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,  
 And Egypt's pyramids refine to air : 380

Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,  
And travellers inquire where Babel stood.

Now where we see these changes often fall,  
Sedate we pass them by as natural ;  
Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 385  
The pompous name of Prodigy they bear :  
Let active thought these close meanders trace,  
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place,  
Are all things miracle, or nothing such ?  
And prove we not too little or too much ? 390

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod,  
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud,  
Is this more strange than that the mountain's  
brow, [snow,  
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with  
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand  
buds, 395  
And boast returning leaves and blooming woods ?  
That each successive night from op'ning heav'n  
The food of angels should to man be giv'n ?  
Is this more strange than that with common  
bread

Our fainting bodies ev'ry day are fed ? 400  
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,  
Raises its store and multiplies its birth ?  
And from the handful which the tiller sows,  
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest  
flows ? 404

Then from whate'er we can to sense produce  
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,

From nature's constant or eccentric laws,  
The thoughtful soul this gen'ral influence }  
draws,

That an effect must presuppose a cause :  
And while she does her upward flight sustain,  
Touching each link of the continued chain, 411  
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see }  
A first, a source, a life, a deity ;  
What has for ever been and must for ever be. }

This great existence thus by reason found, 415  
Blest by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd,  
How can we bind or limit his decree  
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see ?  
Say, then, is all in heaps of water lost,  
Beyond the islands and the midland coast ? 420  
Oh has that God who gave our world its birth,  
Never'd those waters by some other earth,  
Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,  
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn !  
Ere the progressive course of restless age 425  
Performis three thousand times its annual stage,  
May not our pow'r and learning be supprest,  
And arts and empire learn to travel west ?

Where by the strength of this idea charm'd,  
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,  
Ascends my soul ? what sees she white and  
great 431

Amidst subjec'ted seas ? An isle, the seat  
Of pow'r and plenty, her imperial throne,  
For justice and for mercy sought and known ;

Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heav'n, 435  
 From thence to this distinguish'd nation giv'n :  
 Yet further west the western isle extends  
 Her happy fame ; her arm'd fleet she sends  
 To climates folded yet from human eye,  
 And lands which we imagine wave and sky ; 440  
 From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,  
 And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;  
 Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unsurl'd,  
 In other Indies and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)  
 Be first in conquest, and preside in fame ; 446  
 Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage  
 The teeth of Envy and the force of Age ;  
 Rever'd and happy, she shall long remain  
 Of human things least changeable, least vain ;  
 Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply, 451  
 And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye  
 To the large convex of yon' azure sky :  
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread, 455  
 Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red ;  
 Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,  
 And choosing sable for the peaceful night. [giv'n,  
 Ask Reason, now, whence light and shade were  
 And whence this great variety of Heav'n ? 460  
 Reason our guide, what can she more reply,  
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky ?  
 Than that night rises from his-absent ray,  
 And his returning lustre kindles day ?

But we expect the morning red in vain, 465  
 'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain :  
 The noon-tide yellow we in vain require,  
 'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.  
 Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,  
 Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears ; 470  
 Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,  
 With stars unnumber'd and eternal lights.  
 Send forth, ye wise, send forth our lab'ring  
 thought,  
 Let it return, with empty notions fraught  
 Of airy columns ev'ry moment broke, 475  
 Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of  
 smoke ;  
 Yet this solution but once more affords  
 New change of terms and scaffolding of words ;  
 In other garb my question I receive,  
 And take the doubt the very same I gave. 480  
 Lo ! as a giant strong the lusty sun  
 Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,  
 Two-fold his course, yet constant his career,  
 Changing the day, and finishing the year :  
 Again when his descending orb retires, 485  
 And earth perceives the absence of his fires,  
 The moon affords us her alternate ray,  
 And with kind beams distributes fainter day,  
 Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,  
 Various her beams, and changeable her face ;  
 Each planet shining in his proper sphere, 491  
 Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer ;

Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd ;  
Each knows his course with diff'rent periods  
bound,

And in his passage thro' the liquid space, 495  
Nor hastens nor retards his neighbour's race.

Now shine these planets with substantial rays,  
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?

Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have )  
shown)

Dart furtive beams and glory not their own, 500  
All servants to that source of light, the sun ?

Again ; I see ten thousand thousand stars,  
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,  
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is  
fill'd,

When we would plant, or cultivate, or build) 505  
But shining with such vast, such various light,  
As speaks the hand that form'd them infinite.

How mean the order and perfection sought  
In the best prudct of the human thought,  
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns, 510  
In what the spirit of the world ordains !

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,  
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day,  
How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n  
To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n ? 515  
And of those stars which our imperfect eye  
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,  
Each by a native stock of honor great,  
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,

Itself a sun, and with transmissive light 520  
 Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight :  
 Around the circles of their ambient skies  
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,  
 And other stars may to those suns be earths,  
 Give their own elements their proper births, 525  
 Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,  
 See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll ;  
 Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,  
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,  
 May each to other (as their diff'rent sphere 530 )  
 Makes, or their distance or their height ap-  
 pear )  
 Be seen a nobler or inferior star,  
 And in that space which we call air and sky, 535 )  
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may  
 lie )  
 Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye. 535  
 In vain we measure this amazing sphere,  
 And find and fix its centre here or there.  
 Whilst its circum'fence, scorning to be brought  
 Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd  
 thought. 539  
 Where, then, are all the radiant monsters  
 driv'n [heav'n ?  
 With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd  
 Where will their fictitious images remain ?  
 In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain ?  
 This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,  
 Let us for once a child of Truth confess ; 545

That these fair stars, these objects of delight }  
And terror to our searching dazzled sight,  
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite ; }  
But do these worlds display their beams, or  
guide

Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride ?  
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span, 551  
A moment thy duration, foolish man !  
As well may the minutest emmet say,  
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way ;  
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood 555  
Was destin'd only for his walk and food ;  
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast,  
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast  
The craggy rock projects above the sky,  
That he in safety at its foot may lie ; 560  
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,  
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch  
his shell.

A higher flight the vent'rous goddess tries,  
Leaving material worlds and local skies ; 564  
Inquires what are the beings, where the space,  
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race ?  
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought  
(I offer only what Tradition taught)  
Embattl'd cherub against cherub rose, 569  
Did shield to shield and pow'r to pow'r op- }  
pose ;  
Heav'n rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with }  
woes.

What were these forms, of which your volumes  
tell

How some fought great, and others recreant fell ?  
These bound to bear an everlasting load,  
Durance of chain, and banishment of God ; 575  
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,  
To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid  
fire ;

While those, exalted to primeval light,  
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,  
Only perceive some little pause of joys, 580  
In those great moments when their God employs  
Their ministry to pour his threaten'd hate  
On the proud king or the rebellious state ;  
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,  
And speak the thunder falling from his hand, 585  
When to his duty the proud King returns,  
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns ?  
How can good angels be in heav'n confin'd,  
Or view that Presence which no space can bind ?  
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here ? 590  
He who made all, is he not ev'ry where ?  
Oh ! how can wicked angels find a night  
So dark to hide 'em from that piercing light  
Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of }  
sight ? } }

What mean I now of angel, when I hear 595  
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air !  
Spirits, to action spiritual confin'd,  
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,

Should only act and prompt us from within,  
Nor by external eye be ever seen. 609

Was it not therefore to our father's known  
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?  
Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet,  
Or Sarah please their taste with sav'ry meat?  
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage  
To save their bodies from abusive rage? 606

And how could Jacob, in a real fight,  
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?  
How could a form its strength with matter try?  
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh? 610

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd  
rays?

How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our  
ways,  
By stronger blasts still subject to be toss'd,  
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

Have they, again, (as sacred song proclaims)  
Substances real, and existing frames? 616

How comes it, since with them we jointly share  
The great effect of one Creator's care,  
That whilst our bodies sicken and decay,  
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?  
Why, whilst we struggle, in this vale beneath,  
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,  
Do they more bless'd perpetual life employ,  
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now, when my mind has all this world survey'd,  
And found that nothing by itself was made; 626

When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,  
From valleys crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with  
trees,  
From smoking min'rals, and from rising streams,  
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames; 630  
From all the living that four-footed move  
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;  
From all that can with fins or feathers fly  
Thro' the aërial or the wat'ry sky;  
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul, 635  
That miserable master of the whole;  
From this great object of the body's eye,  
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,  
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,  
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light; 641  
From essences unseen, celestial names,  
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,  
Angels, Dominieus, Potentates, and Thrones,  
All that in each degree the name of creature  
owns;  
Lift we our reason to that sov'reign cause 645  
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it  
with laws;  
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,  
His will and act, his word and work the same;  
To whom a thousand years are but a day; 649  
Who bade the light her genial beams display, }  
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way; }  
Who waking Time, his creature, from the source  
Primeval order'd his predestin'd course,

Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,  
Holding, obedient to his high command, 655  
The deep abyss, the long continu'd store,  
Where months, and days, and hours, and mi- }  
    nutes, pour [more :  
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no }  
This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,  
Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast 660  
The world's great frame, commanding it to be  
Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see,  
Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole, }  
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll, }  
And burn it like an useless parchment scroll ; }  
May from its basis in one moment pour 666  
This melted earth—  
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore ;  
Who, sole in pow'r, at the beginning said,  
Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n, be made,  
And it was so—And when he shall ordain 671  
In other sort, has but to speak again,  
And they shall be no more : of this great theme,  
This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,  
This God, I would discourse— 675  
    The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,  
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd :  
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame ;  
Too plain, alas ! their silence spake their shame ;  
Till one in whom an outward man appear'd 680  
And turn superior to the vulgar herd,

Began: That human learning's furthest reach  
 Was but to note the doctrines I could teach:  
 That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey,  
 For I in knowledge more than pow'r did sway,  
 And the astonish'd world in me beheld 686  
 Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.  
 Humble a second bow'd, and took the word,  
 Foresaw my name by future age ador'd;  
 O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise! 690  
 As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise  
 Exoelling thee—

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,  
 Pernicious Flatt'ry! thy malignant seeds,  
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand, 695  
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,  
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,  
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,  
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud, 700  
 Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how  
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:  
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,  
 All vail of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My Prophets and my Sophists finish'd here  
 Their civil efforts of the verbal war: 706  
 Not so my Rabbins and Logicians yield;  
 Retiring, still they combat: from the field  
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,  
 And sculk behind the subterfuge of art. 710

To speak one thing mix'd dialects they join,  
 Divide the simple, and the plain define ;  
 Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,  
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,  
 Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss, enlarg'd,  
 And captious science against reason charg'd. 716

Soon their crude notions with each other  
 fought ;

The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught ;  
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,  
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. 720

O wretched impotence of human mind ! }  
 We, erring, still excuse for error find, }  
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind. }

Vain man ! since first the blushing fire essay'd  
 His folly with connected leaves to shade, 725  
 How does the crime of thy resembling race,  
 With like attempt, that pristine error trace ?  
 Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd, [hide, }  
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to }  
 By masks of eloquence and veils of pride ? 730 }

With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd,  
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd ;  
 But beat, and inward to myself, again  
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.  
 My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd, 735  
 At length I Ignorance and Knowledge view'd  
 Impartial : both in equal balance laid,  
 Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy  
 weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,  
 That human science is uncertain guess. 740  
 Alas ! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,  
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.  
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb ?  
 Or who shall tell me what is space or time ?  
 In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes 745 }  
 To what our Maker to their ken denies :  
 The searcher follows fast, the object faster flies. }  
 The little which imperfectly we find,  
 Seduces only the bewilder'd mind }  
 To fruitless search of something yet behind. }  
 Various discussions tear our heated brain : 751 }  
 Opinions often turn ; still doubts remain ; }  
 And who indulges thought increases pain. }  
 How narrow limits were to Wisdom giv'n ?

Earth she surveys ; she thence would measure  
 heav'n : 755  
 Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way,  
 Now wanders, dazzled with too bright a day,  
 And from the summit of a pathless coast  
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember that the carb'd desire to know,  
 Offspring of Adam ! was thy source of woe ; 761  
 Why wilt thou, then, renew the vain pursuit,  
 And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit ?  
 With empty labour and eluded strife,  
 Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life, 765  
 For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,  
 Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

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## PLEASURE.

### BOOK II.

#### TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

*I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove those with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure, Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 1.*

*I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards, ver. 4.*

*I made me gardens, and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits, ver. 5.*

*I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees, ver. 1.*

*Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun, ver. 11.*

*I gat me men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts, ver. 8.*

*I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven, all the days of their life, ver. 9.*

42 TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

*Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me : and why was I then more wise ? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity, Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 15.*

*Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me, chap. ii. ver. 17.*

*Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour ; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor, chap. x. ver. 1.*

*The memory of the just is blessed ; but the name of the wicked shall rot, Prov. chap. x. ver. 7.*

## PLEASURE.

## BOOK II.

## The Argument.

Solomon again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it; begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings; the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shown the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright; and concludes that, as to the pursuits of pleasure and sensual delight, **ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.**

Try then, O Man, the moments to deceive  
 That from the womb attend thee to the grave :  
 For weary'd Nature find some after scheme ;  
 Health be thy hope, and pleasure be thy theme :  
 From the perplexing and unequal ways        5  
 Where Study brings thee ; from the endless maze  
 Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede  
 To the gay field and flow'ry path, that lead  
 To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease :  
 Forsake what may instruct for what may please : 10  
 Essay amusing art and proud expense,  
 And make thy reason subject to thy ~~use~~.

I commun'd thus : the pow'r of wealth I try'd,  
 And all the various luxe of costly pride ;  
 Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours ; 15  
 I founded palaces and planted bow'rs.

Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind  
 I to the limits of my court confin'd.  
 To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,  
 And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth. 20  
 Fish-ponds were made where former forests grew,  
 And hills were levell'd to extend the view.  
 Rivers, diverted from their native course,  
 And bound with chains of artificial force,  
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd, 25  
 Or rose thro' figur'd stone or breathing gold.  
 From furthest Africa's tormented womb  
 The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,  
 Or forms the pillars' long-extended rows, 29  
 On which the planted grove and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey their master's call  
 To gild the turret and to paint the wall ;  
 To mark the pavement there with various stone,  
 And on the jasper steps to rear the throne :  
 The spreading cedar, that an age had stood, 35  
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,  
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,  
 And Lebanon his ruin'd honor mourns.

A thousand artists show their cunning pow'r,  
 To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r: 40  
 A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,  
 To weave the bed and deck the regal room ;  
 Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,  
 That on her coast the murex \* is no more ;

\* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a purple color is made.

Till from the Parian isle and Libya's coast 45  
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble  
lost !

And India's woods return their just complaint,  
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

My full design, with vast expense achiev'd,  
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd; 50  
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,  
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad Thought did still repair,  
And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring Care.  
In vain on silken beds I sought repose, 55  
And restless oft' from purple couches rose ;  
Vexatious Thought still found my flying mind,  
Nor bound by limits nor to place confin'd ;  
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days, 59  
Stalk'd thro' my gardens and pursu'd my ways,  
Nor shut from artful bower nor lost in winding  
maze.

Yet take thy bent, my Soul ! another sense  
Indulge ; add music to magnificence :  
Essay if harmony may grief control,  
Or pow'r of sound prevail upon the soul. 65  
Often our seers and poets have confess  
That music's force can tame the furious beast ;  
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain  
His rage, the lion drop his crested mane,  
Attentive to the song ; the lynx forget 70  
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.

Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?  
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose, and the cheerful choir  
Parted their shares of harmony; the lyre 75  
Softn'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound  
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found  
When mix'd) the fife the viol's notes refin'd,  
And ev'ry strength with ev'ry grace was join'd:  
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay; 80  
Of op'ning heav'n they sung, and gladsome day:  
Each ev'ning their repeated skill express  
Scenes of repose and images of rest:  
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought;  
But how unequal the effects it brought? 85  
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,  
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;  
The solemn violence of the graver sound  
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry 90  
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;  
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,  
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.  
And now (unhappy search of Thought!) I found  
The sickle ear soon glutted with the sound, 95  
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,  
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,  
To temper music with the sprightly dance,  
In vain; too low the mimic motions seem; 100  
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.

Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,  
Forming her movements to the rules of art;  
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand, 104  
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank ; I lik'd it not ; 'twas rage ; 'twas noise ;  
An airy scene of transitory joys.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl  
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.

To the late revel and protracted feast 110  
Wild dreams succeeded and disorder'd rest ;  
And as at dawn of morn fair reason's light  
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night,  
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done ?  
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source  
begun ?

Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,  
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,  
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,  
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,  
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air, 120  
Offence and torture to the sober ear.

Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought  
From this man's error, from another's fault ;  
From topics which good-nature would forget,  
And prudence mention with the last regret. 125

Add yet unnumber'd ills that lie unseen  
In the pernicious draught ; the word obscene,  
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly  
Irrevocable ! the too prompt reply,

Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate, 130  
 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too, the blood impoverish'd, and the course  
 Of health suppress'd by wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus, and rage  
 To diff'rent ills alternately engage; 135.  
 Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees  
 That melancholy sloth, severe disease,  
 Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,  
 Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;  
 And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,  
 Fell-adders hiss, and pois'rous serpents roll. 141

Remains there aught untry'd that may remove  
 Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love?  
 Love yet remains! indulge his genial fire,  
 Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire, 145  
 And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore  
 This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.

Why, therefore, hesitates my doubtful breast?  
 Why ceases it one moment to be blest?  
 Fly swift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; employ  
 Your instant pains to bring your master joy. 151  
 Let all my wives and concubines be drest;  
 Let them to-night attend the royal feast;  
 All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair,  
 The gifts of princes or the spoils of war: 155  
 Before their monarch they shall singly pass,  
 And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said; the feast was serv'd; the bowl was crown'd;  
 To the King's pleasure went the mirthful round.

The women came : as custom wills, they past : 160  
On one (O that distinguish'd one !) I cast  
The fav'rite glance ! O ! yet my mind retains  
That fond beginning of my infant pains.  
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race, 164  
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face :  
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air ;  
Full, tho' unzow'd, her bosom rose : her hair  
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,  
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd, 169 }  
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd. }

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,  
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve  
Your monarch's bliss, I said : fresh roses bring  
To strow my bed, till the impov'rish'd Spring  
Confess her want : around my am'rous head 175  
Be drooping myrrh and liquid amber shed,  
Till Arab has no more : from the soft lyre,  
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require  
Sounds of delight : and thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh,  
Thou in whose graceful form and potent eye 180  
Thy master's joy, long sought, at length is found,  
And as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd.  
O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the breast  
Whose sov'reign dictates subjugate the east !

I said ; and sudden from the golden throne, 185  
With a submissive step, I hasted down.  
The glowing garland from my hair I took,  
Love in my heart, obedience in my look,

Prepar'd to place it on her comely head,  
 O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I said) 190  
 Receive the honors destin'd to thy brow;  
 And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!  
 Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey,  
 Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away.

What pang, alas! what ecstasy of smart 195  
 Tore up my senses and transfix'd my heart,  
 When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd,  
 Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,  
 Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest; 200 }  
 And sullen, I forsook th' imperfect feast;  
 Ord'ring the eunuchs, to whose proper care  
 Our Eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,  
 To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bow'r,  
 And bid her dress the bed and wait the hour. 205

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid,  
 (Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread)  
 Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,  
 Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;  
 By turns put on the suppliant and the lord; 210  
 Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd.  
 Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,  
 And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her am'rous king desir'd,  
 Far as' she might she decently retir'd, 215  
 And darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,  
 What means, said she, King Solomon the wise?

This wretched body trembles in your pow'r;  
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.  
Free to herself my potent mind remains, 220  
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said that thou canst plausibly dispute,  
Supreme of sears, of angel, man, and brute;  
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,  
Of passion's folly and of reason's force: 225  
That to the Tribes attentive, thou canst know  
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow:  
That thou in science as in pow'r art great,  
And truth and honor on thy edicts wait.  
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,  
With just advice and timely counsel fraught? 231  
Where now, O Judge of Israel, does it rove?—  
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—  
Love? why, 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;  
'Tis all the color of remaining life, 235  
And human mis'ry must begin or end  
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.  
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,  
To the first bride-bed of the world receive }  
A foreigner, a Heathen, and a slave? 240 }  
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,  
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void,  
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,  
His flames and torments only are express,  
His rage can in my smiles alone relent, 245  
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root  
 Must from two hearts with equal vigor shoot,  
 Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives  
 The pleasing ecstasy which each receyves : 250  
 Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows, }  
 Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose, }  
 And round the happy soil diffusive odor flows. }  
 If angry Fate that mutual care denies,  
 The fading plant bewails its due supplies ; 255  
 Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies. }

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd ;  
 The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.  
 Thy useless strength, mistaken King, employ :  
 Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260  
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,  
 Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.  
 Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway ;  
 Contract thy brow, and Is'rael shall obey ;  
 But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease, }  
 Approach his awful throne by just degrees, 265  
 And if thou wouldest be happy, learn to please. }

Not that those arts can here successful prove,  
 For I am destin'd to another's love.  
 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command, 270  
 To my dear equal, in my native land,  
 My plighted vow I gave : I his receiv'd :  
 Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd :  
 The mutual contract was to heav'n survey'd ;  
 In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd 275

Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread  
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poignard stain'd :  
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd ;  
End in a dying virgin's wretched fate, 280  
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate :  
For long as blood informs these circling veins,  
Or fleeting breath its latest pow'r retains,  
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare  
Hate is my part ; be thine, O King ! despair. 285

Now strike ; she said, and open'd bare her  
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confess, [breast ;  
That David's son by impious passion mov'd,  
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed, 290  
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,  
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return ;  
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.  
When I thro' number'd years have pleasure sought,  
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught, 295  
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,  
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.  
Am I a king, great Heav'n ! does life or death  
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath,  
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore, 300  
And one mad damsel dares dispute my pow'r ?

To ravish her ? that thought was soon depress'd,  
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.  
To send her back ? O whither, and to whom ?  
To lands where Solomon must never come ? 305

To that insulting rival's happy arms  
 For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?

Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart,  
 How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!  
 Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway, 310  
 And those are punish'd most who most obey.  
 See Judah's king revere thy greater pow'r;  
 What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?  
 Why then, O Love! with an obdurate ear,  
 Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r?  
 Why to some simple shepherd does she run, 316  
 From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son?  
 Why flies she from the glories of a court,  
 Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,  
 To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320  
 Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,  
 Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,  
 And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove  
 The force, while they erect the shrines of Love. 325  
 In mystic form the artizans of Greece  
 In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;  
 And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,  
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;  
 A quiver by his side sustains his store 330  
 Of pointed darts, sad emblems of his pow'r;  
 A pair of wings he has, which he extends  
 Now to be gone, which now again he bends,  
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton  
 ends. } }

Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd, 335

Since first, alas ! I saw the beauteous maid ;

I felt him strike, and now I see him fly :

Curs'd Daemon ! O ! for ever broken lie

Those fatal shafts by which I inward bleed !

O ! can my wishes yet o'er take thy speed ! 340

Tir'd mayst thou pant, and hang thy flagging }  
wing,

Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring }  
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king.

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,

Unable to enjoy or to forget, 345

I reason'd much, alas ! but more I lov'd,

Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd,

Till hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,

I from necessity receiv'd relief ;

Time gently aided to assuage my pain, 350

And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But, O ! how short my interval of woe ?

Our griefs how swift, our remedies how slow !

Another nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain, 355

To change the manner but renew the pain)

Another nymph, amongst the many fair

That made my softer hours their solemn care,

Before the rest affected still to stand,

And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.

Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste 360

To grace my presence : Abra went the last :

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name,

And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,  
 And laughing gloss'd, that Abraserv'd so well. 365  
 To me her actions did unheeded die,  
 Or were remark'd but with a common eye,  
 Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,  
 More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray, 370  
 When, tir'd with bus'ness of the solemn day,  
 I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,  
 And banquet private in the women's bow'r.  
 I call'd before I sat to wash my hands,  
 For so the precept of the law commands : 375  
 Love had ordain'd that it was Abra's turn  
 To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage and submissive dread  
 The maid approach'd, on my declining head  
 To pour the oils ; she trembled as she pour'd :  
 With an unguarded look she now devour'd 381  
 My nearer face : and now recall'd her eye,  
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.  
 And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain ?  
 What can thy imag'ry of sorrow mean ? 385  
 Excluded from the world and all its care,  
 Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?  
 For sure, I added, sure thy little heart  
 Ne'er felt Love's anger or receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd, she blush'd, and with disorder spoke :  
 Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke. 391

If the great master will descend to hear  
 The humble series of his handmaid's care,

O ! while she tells it let him not put on  
The look that awes the nations from the throne: 395  
O ! let not death severe in glory lie  
In the King's frown and terror of his eye.

Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain ;  
And tho' to mention be to suffer pain,  
If the King smiles whilst I my woe recite, 400 }  
If weeping I find favour in his sight,  
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight. }

O ! witness earth beneath and heav'n above,  
For can I hide it ? I am sick of love ;  
If a<sup>n</sup> adness may the name of passion bear, 405  
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.

Thou sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret will controls  
The inward bent and motion of our souls !  
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees  
Between the cause and cure of thy disease ? 410  
The mighty object of that raging fire,  
In which unpitied Abra must expire,  
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,  
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care, 414  
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,  
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun, }

Still asking where he made his flock to rest at  
noon. }

For him at night, the dear expected guest,  
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast,  
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420  
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain.

Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear, }  
 Till he and joy together should appear, }  
 And the lov'd dog declare his master near. }  
 On my declining neck and open breast 425  
 I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,  
 And from beneath his head at dawning day,  
 With softest care, have stol'n my arm away,  
 To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,  
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep. 430

Or if kind Heav'n, propitious to my flame,  
 (For sure from Heav'n the faithful ardor came)  
 Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour  
 With height of title and extent of pow'r,  
 Without a crime my passion had aspir'd, 435  
 Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,  
 To see the comliest of the sons of men ;  
 To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,  
 And gather honey, falling from his tongue ; 440  
 To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,  
 Sweeter than breezes of her native south,  
 Lik'ning his grace, his person, and his mien,  
 To all that's great or beauteous I had seen.  
 Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams, 445  
 Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams ;  
 Ruddy as gold his cheek ; his bosom fair  
 As silver ; the curl'd ringlets of his hair  
 Black as the raven's wing ; his lip more red  
 Than eastern coral or the scarlet thread ; 450

Even his teeth ; and white like a young flock, }  
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook }  
 Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock. }  
 Iv'ry with sapphires interspers'd, explains  
 How white his hands, how blue the manly veins ;  
 Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set 456  
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet ;  
 His stature all majestic, all divine,  
 Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine ;  
 Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed, 460  
 And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.  
 What utter ! ! where am I ! wretched maid !  
 Die Abra, die ; too plainly hast thou said  
 Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,  
 And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race ; 465  
 To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,  
 With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to  
 come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.  
 O foolish maid ! and, O unhappy tale !  
 My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy, 470  
 New wounds, and danger from a future eye. •  
 O ! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain  
 The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,  
 The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain. }  
 The

As time, I said, may happily efface 475  
 That cruel image of the King's disgrace,  
 Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,  
 And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.

Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,  
 We wisely should exert a double care, 480 }  
 Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then —

I saw her ; 'twas humanity ; it gave  
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.  
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true, 485  
 And gen'rous pity to that truth was due.  
 Well I entreated her who well deserv'd ;  
 I call'd her often, for she always serv'd :  
 Use made her person easy to my sight,  
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight. 490

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'ns  
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours)  
 The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,  
 The cake she kneaded was the sav'ry meat:  
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,  
 If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast : 490  
 Dishonor'd did the sparkling goblet stand,  
 Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand ;  
 And when the virgins form'd the evening choir,  
 Raising their voices to the master-lyre, 500  
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill ;  
 One shew'd too much, and one too little skill ;  
 Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,  
 Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.  
 Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,  
 And better men disclos'd, as better drest : 508  
 A bright tara round her forehead ty'd,  
 To jester bounds confin'd its rising pride :

The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,  
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess, 510  
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,  
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm :  
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,  
And she more lovely grew as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame,  
The several follies of my former flame, 516  
Willing my heart for recompense to prove  
The certain joys that lie in prosp'rous love.  
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,  
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ; 520  
The damsel's sole ambition is to please ;  
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease :  
She sooths, but never can enthrall my mind :  
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?

Great Heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is  
made ! 525

How by himself insensibly betray'd !  
In our own strength unhappily secure,  
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r,  
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,  
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd. 530  
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,  
Masters as yet of our returning way ;  
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,  
And give our conduct to the waves and wind ;  
Then in the flow'ry mead or verdant shade, 535  
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,

We weave the chaplet and we crown the bowl,  
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll,  
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,  
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies,  
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne, 541  
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn ;  
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,  
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands  
 retreat.

O mighty Love ! from thy unbounded pow'r,  
 How shall the human bosom rest secure ? 546  
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare,  
 Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare  
 The diff'rent shapes thou pleasest to employ  
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy ? 550

The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,  
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast :  
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state : }  
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great, }  
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate. }

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our  
 guide, 556

And guard our conduct with becoming pride,  
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,  
 We prize her mind, the image of our own.  
 She that can please is certain to persuade ; 560  
 To-day helov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.  
 We think we see thro' Reason's optics right,  
 Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight :

Struck with her eye whilst we applaud her  
mind,  
And when we speak her great we wish her  
kind. 565

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r ! thou arm'st the ~~fair~~  
With flowing sorrow and dishevell'd hair:  
Sad her complaint, and humble as her tale,  
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail:  
Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast;  
We raise the sad, and succour the distress, 571  
And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,  
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,  
We sicken ~~soon~~ from her contagious care, 574  
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair,  
And against love, too late, those bosoms arm,  
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can  
warm.

Against this-nearest, cruelest of foes,  
What shall wit meditate or force oppose?  
Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid, 580  
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?  
External remedy shall we hope to find,  
When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous  
mind,

Insulting there does Reason's pow'r dash,  
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?

My conq'ror now, my lovely Ahrn, held 586  
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd  
With her, with her alone; in her alone  
It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone

It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay ; 590  
 Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief,  
 away :

Her absence made the night; her presence  
 brought the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed :  
 For her I make the song ; the dance with her I lead :  
 I court her, various, in each shape and dress 596  
 That luxury may form or thought express.

To-day beneath the palm-tree, on the plains,  
 In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns :  
 The wreath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,  
 And lo ! like Barak, at her feet I bow. 601  
 The mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous hand,  
 As she had slain the foe and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,  
 Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war, 605  
 The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,  
 And from the village with the present comes :  
 The youthful band depose their glitt'ring arms,  
 Receive her bounties and recite her charms,  
 Whilst I assume my father's step and mien, 610  
 To meet, with due regard, my future queen.

If hap'ly Abra's will be now inclin'd  
 To range the woods or chase the flying hind,  
 Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court  
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport 615  
 In less'n'd royalty, and humble state,  
 Thy king, Jerusalem ! descends to wait

Till Abra comes. She comes! a milk-white steed,  
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,  
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose 620  
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian use)

And half her knee, and half her breast appear,  
By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare,  
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight:  
A silver bow she carries in her right, 625  
And from the golden quiver at her side,  
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride;  
Saphires and diamonds on her front display  
An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves, 630  
The favorite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.  
Her, as the present goddess, I obey,  
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay;  
The mingled Chorus sing Diana's fame,  
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim 635  
Her mystic praise, the vocal triumphs bound  
Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this ev'ning with the hunted woods,  
To the large fish-pools or the glassy floods  
Her mind to-morrow points, a thousand hands 640  
To-night employ'd obey the King's commands.  
Upon the wat'ry beach an artful pile  
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle!  
A golden chariot in the midst is set,  
And silver cygnets seem to sing its weight. 645  
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,  
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known;

Tritons and sea-green naiads round her move,  
 And sing in moving strains the force of love :  
 Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear, 650  
 And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,  
 I, her adorer, too devoutly stand  
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,  
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive  
 The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave. 655

O subject Reason ! O imperious Love !  
 Whither yet farther would my folly rove ?  
 Is it enough that Abra should be great  
 In the wall'd palace or the rural seat ;  
 That masking habits, and a borrow'd name, 660  
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame ?  
 No, no : Jerusalem combin'd must see  
 My open sau't and regal infamy.  
 Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast ;  
 Abra invites ; the nation is the guest. 665  
 To have the honor of each day sustain'd,  
 The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd ;  
 Arabia's wilds and Egypt's are explor'd ?  
 The edible creation decks the board :  
 Hardly the phoenix 'scapes 670  
 The men their lyres the maids their voices raise.  
 To sing my happiness and Abra's, praise,  
 And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse  
 In lying strains and ignominious verse ; 674  
 While from the banquet leading forth the bride,  
 Whom present love from public eyes should hide,

I show her to the world, confess'd and known  
Queen of my heart and part'ner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatt'lers fill the court ;  
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort ; 680  
They barter places and dispose of grants,  
Whole provinces unequal to th' r wants ;  
They teach her to recede or to exalt ;  
With toys of love to mix affairs of state ;  
By practis'd rules her empire to secure, 685  
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.  
They gave and she transferr'd the curs'd advice, }  
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise, }  
Dissemble and command, be false and wise : }  
By ignominious arts, for servile ends, 690  
Should compliment their foes and shun their  
friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports  
Of legal princes and of honest courts,  
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs, 694  
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,  
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,  
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound :  
And now, unhappy counsel, I prefer  
Those whom my follies only made me fear, 698  
Old Corah's bated and taunting Shimei's race, }  
Miscreants who sw'd their lives to David's grace, }  
Tho' they had spurn'd his rule and car'd him }  
to his face.

Still Abra's pow'r, my scandal still increas'd ;  
Justice submitted to what Abra pleased :

Her will alone could settle or revoke      705  
 And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care ;  
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.  
 I durst not reason with my wounded heart :  
 Abra possess'd ; she was its better part.      710  
 O ! had I now review'd the famous cause  
 Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,  
 In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue  
 Had cunning art and sly persuasian hung,  
 And real care in vain and native love,      715  
 In the true parents pen'ning breast had strove,  
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child,  
 Or slain or sav'd. as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,  
 A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay.      720  
 Unheard the injur'd orphans now complain,  
 The widow's cries address the throne in vain.  
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,  
 And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.  
 No more the Elders throng'd around my throne,  
 To hear my maxims and reform their own ;      725  
 No more the young nobility were taught  
 How Moses govern'd and how David fought.  
 Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,  
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day ;      730  
 Porches and schools, design'd for public good,  
 Uncover'd and with scaffolds number'd stood,  
 Or nodded, threat'ning rain—

Half pillars wanted their expected height,  
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight. 735  
The artists grieve; the lab'ring people droop:  
My father's legacy, my country's hope,  
God's temples lie unfinish'd—

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's  
fate

And future mischiefs of a sinking state. 740  
Is this, the serious said, is this the man,  
Whose active soul thro' ev'ry science ran?  
Who by just rule and elevated skill  
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?  
Whose golden sayings and immortal wit, 745  
On large phylacteries expressive writ,  
Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,  
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?  
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain? 749  
Then was our hearing and his preaching vain!  
What from his life and letters were we taught,  
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood, the hum'rous and the gay  
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)  
Sent the full goblet charg'd with Abra's name,  
And charms superior to their master's fame. 756  
Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see  
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:  
Some gloss'd how love and wisdom were at strife,  
And brought my Proverbs to confront my life.  
However, Friend, here's to the King! one cries,  
To him who was the King, the friend replies. 762

The King, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse  
 To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?  
 Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer, 765  
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err.

Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair,  
 And touch the lute and sound the wanton air,  
 Let us the bliss without the sting receive,  
 Free as we will or to enjoy or leave. 770

Pleasures on Levity's smooth surface flow;  
 Thought brings the weight ~~that~~ sinks the soul to  
 Now be this maxim to the King convey'd, [woe.  
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy pow'r exprest, 775  
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!  
 And harsh the rules which we from thee receive, }  
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give,  
 And more to think be only more to grieve: }  
 If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd, 780  
 Forsakes his joy to vindicate his pride,  
 And, changing sorrows, I am only found  
 Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more  
 strictly bound.

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain  
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?  
 While thou, alas! art but an empty name, 786  
 To no two men, who e'er disunited, the same;  
 The idle product of a troubled thought,  
 In borrow'd shapes and airy colors wrought;  
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade; 790  
 A chain which man to fetter man has made,  
 By artifice imposed, by fear obey'd. }

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,  
 Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring, }  
 I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting. 795 }  
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,  
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.  
 Yes, thy insulting dictates shall be heard ;  
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward ;  
 Yes, rebel Israel ! this unhappy maid 800  
 Shall be dismiss'd ; the crowd shall be obey'd :  
 The King his passion and his rule shall leave,  
 No longer Abra's but the people's slave ;  
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate ; }  
 I will, alas ! be wretched to be great, 805 }  
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state. .

I said, resolv'd to plunge into my grief  
 At once so far as to expect relief  
 From my despair alone——  
 I chose to write the thing I durst not speak 810  
 To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.  
 The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove  
 How inconsistent majesty, and love.  
 I always should, it said, esteem her well,  
 But never see her more : it bid her feel 815  
 No future pain for me ; but instant wad  
 A lover more proportion'd to her bed,  
 And quiet dedicate her remant life  
 To the just duties of an humble wife.  
 She read, and forth to me she wildly ran, 820  
 To me, the ease of all her former pain,

She kneel'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd,  
cry'd,

And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd;  
Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,  
And by rude fury from my presence torn, 825  
This only object of my real care  
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,  
In some few passing fatal hours is hurl'd  
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from  
the world. 829

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious Soul!  
What diff'rent sorrows did within thee roll?  
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou  
sustain?

What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?  
How oft', from pomp and state did I remove,  
To feed despair and cherish hopeless love? 835  
How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,  
Her beauty's press'd, and panting in my arms?  
How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,  
Where mimic Fancy might her likeness trace?  
How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne, 840  
And live in shades with her and Love alone?  
How oft', all night, pursued her in my dreams,  
O'er flow'ry valleys and thro' crystal streams,  
And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,  
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone? 845

When thus the gather'd

love,

In my swell'n'd bosom with long war had strove,

At length they broke their bounds ; at length  
their force

Bore down whatever met its stronger course ;  
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste, 850  
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain }  
The congregated snow and swelling rain, }  
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain, }  
Precipitate the furious torrent flows : 855  
In vain would speed avoid or strength oppose :  
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous }  
drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary ground ; }  
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.

And now what impious ways my wishes took, 860  
How they the monarch and the man forsook,  
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,

Thro' crooked paths and sad retreats of ill ;  
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,

By turns my prostituted bed receives, 865  
Thro' tribes of women how I loosely rang'd  
Impatient, lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd,

And by the instinct of capricious lust  
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful or unjust ;

O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,  
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd ! 871

O, be the wanton images convey'd  
To black oblivion and eternal shade !

Or let their sad epitome sleep  
And outward lines, to future age be known, 875

Enough to propagate the sure belief  
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods  
o'er grief.

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay ;  
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.  
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires, 880  
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.  
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd ;  
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.  
No longer now does my neglected mind  
Its wonted stores and old ideas find. 885  
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,  
To take the true, or set the false aside,  
No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the cells  
Where springing Wit or young Invention dwells,  
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails ; 890  
Patience of toil and love of virtue fails.  
Low and Degrees impair'd my vigour dies,  
Till command no longer e'en in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway :  
They ask ; I grant : they threaten ; I obey. 895  
In regal garments now I gravely stride,  
Aw'd by the Persian damsels' haughty pride :  
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,  
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charmed by their eyes, their manners I ac-  
quire, 900  
And shape my foolishness to their desire ;  
Educ'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,  
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.

With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,  
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal. 905  
To each new harlot I new altars dress,  
And serve her god whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?  
Where the high majesty of David's throne?  
Where all the maxims of eternal truth, 910  
With which the living God inform'd my youth,  
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore  
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before  
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,  
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods; 915  
Osiris, Apis, pow'r that chew the cud,  
And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food?  
When in the woody hills' forbidden shade  
I carv'd the marble and invok'd its aid:  
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal 920  
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;  
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,  
And set the bearded leek to which I pray'd;  
When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n,  
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n? 925

Thro' these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,  
Some seeds of light at length began to roll;  
The rising motion of an infant ray  
Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.  
And now one moment able to reflect, 930 }  
I found the King abandon'd to neglect,  
Men without awe, and serv'd without respect. }

I found my subjects amicably join  
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.  
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race, 935  
 And left his text to dwell on my disgrace.  
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,  
 The sad examples which he ought to shun  
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.  
 Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing, 940  
 A wise child better than a foolish king.

    Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd,  
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.  
 A mighty king I am, an earthly god,  
 Nations obey my word and wait my nod; 945  
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free,  
 And life or death depends on my decree.  
 Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;  
 O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign,  
 Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill, 950  
 Insult the master's tributary will,  
 And he from whom the nations should receive  
 Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,  
 Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,  
 Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

    O Reason! once again to thee I call, 955  
 Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.  
 Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her  
 birth,  
 Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:  
 Yet this great empress of the human soul, 960  
 Does only with imagin'd pow'r control,

If restless passion, by rebellious sway,  
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,  
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart 965  
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,  
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft' have I said, The praise of doing well  
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.  
Now if some flies perchance, however small, 970  
Into the alabaster urn should fall,  
The odours of the sweets enclos'd would die,  
And stench corrupt(sad change !)their place supply:  
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,  
Of future ill become the fatal seed ; 975  
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,  
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon ! pursue this thought no more ;  
Of thy past errors recollect the store !  
And silent weep, that while the deathless Muse 980  
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their head diffuse  
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim  
Thy crimes alone, and to thy evil fame  
Impartial,scatter damps and poisons on thy name. }  
Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd, 985  
Much of my women and their gods ashamed,  
From this abyss of exemplary vice  
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise,  
Again I bid the mournful goddess write  
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight ; 990

Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,  
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing  
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,  
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd ;  
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train, 995  
Their wishes, smiles, and looks deceitful all, and  
vain.

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## POWER.

### BOOK III.

#### TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

*OR ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden  
bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the  
fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern,*  
*Eccles. chap. xii. ver. 6.*

*The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and  
hasteth to his place where he arose,* chap. i.  
ver. 5.

*The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth  
about unto the north: it whirleth about con-  
tinually: and the wind returneth again accord-  
ing to his circuit,* ver. 6.

*All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not  
full: unto the place from whence the rivers  
come, thither they return again,* ver. 7.

*Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was;  
and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it,*  
chap. xii. ver. 7.

*Now, when Solomon had made an end of praying,  
the fire came down from heaven, and con-  
sumed the burnt-offering and the sacrifices;  
and the glory of the Lord filled the house,*  
*2 Chron. chap. vii. ver. 1.*

*By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down ; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion, &c. Psal. cxxxvii. ver. 1.*

*I said of laughter, It is mad : and of mirth, What doth it ? Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 2.*

—*No man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end, chap. iii. ver. 11.*

—*Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever : nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it : and God doeth it, that men should fear before him, ver. 11.*

*Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : Fear God, and keep his commandments : for this is the whole duty of man, chap. xii. ver 13.*

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## P O W E R.

### BOOK III.

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#### The Argument.

olomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes, in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects, more particularly, upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power! gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that ALL IS VANITY. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

C O W E, then, my Soul! I call thee by that name,  
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am;  
For knowing that I am I know thou art,  
Since that must needs exist which can impart:  
But how thou can'st to be, or whence thy spring, 5  
For various of thee priests and poets sing?

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,  
Some secret particles of finer earth,  
A plain effect which Nature must beget,  
As motion orders, and as atoms meet, 10  
Companion of the body's good or ill,  
From force of instinct more than choice of will,  
Conscious of fear or valor, joy or pain,  
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;

Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail, 15  
 In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail,  
 Till mingled with thy partner's latest breath  
 Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air and lost in death.

Or if thy great existence would aspire  
 To causes more sublime, of heav'nly fire 20  
 Wer't thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,  
 Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay,  
 With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,  
 To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel ;  
 To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame, 25  
 Pale it with rage, or redaen it with shame ;  
 To guide its actions with informing care,  
 In peace to judge, to conquer in the war ;  
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,  
 As fits the various course of human age, 30  
 Till as the earthly part decays and falls,  
 The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls,  
 Hovers a while upon the sad remains,  
 Which now the pile or sepulchre contains,  
 And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35  
 To paient to regain her native skies ?

Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,  
 (points which we rather may dispute than know)  
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,  
 Wh. h. for thy sake, from passions I divest ; 40  
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife  
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life :  
 tie 'the fair level of thy actions laid  
 't temp'rance wills and prudence may persuade ;

Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,      45 }  
Guided to what may great or good appear,  
And try if life be worth the liver's care.      }

Amass'd in man there justly is beheld  
What thro' the whole creation has excell'd,  
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,  
The angel's forecast and intelligence;      51  
Say, from these glorious seeds what harvest flows?  
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes:  
In its true light let clearest reason see  
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be; 55  
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees  
'To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please,  
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease:  
His tender eye by too direct a ray  
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;      60  
His heart assaulted by invading air,  
And beating servent to the vital war;  
To his young sense how various forms appear,  
That strike his wonder and excite his fear;  
By his distortions he reveals his pains;      65  
He by his tears, and by his sighs complains,  
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,  
By broken words and rudiments of speech,  
His wants in plainer characters to show,  
And paint more perfect figures of his woe,      70  
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years  
To babbling ign'rance and to empty fears;  
To pass the riper period of his age,  
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;

To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares, 75  
 To open dangers, and to secret snares ;  
 To malice which the vengeful foe intends,  
 And the more dang'rous love of seeming friends :  
 His deeds examin'd by the people's will,  
 Prone to forget the good and blame the ill ; 80  
 Or, sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,  
 Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,  
 Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate : }  
 Or would he rather leave this frantic scene,  
 And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men, 85  
 In the remotest wood and lonely grot,  
 Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought, }  
 Diff'rent ideas to his mem'ry brought,  
 Some intricate, as are the pathless woods,  
 Impetuous some, as the descending floods : 90  
 With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,  
 No sweet companion near with whom to mourn,  
 He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,  
 And from himself the frightened hermit flies.

Thus thro' what path e'er of life we rove, 95  
 Rage companies our hate, and grief our love ;  
 Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,  
 Why seek we brightness from the years to come ?  
 Disturb'd and broken, like a sick man's sleep,  
 Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,  
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake ; 101  
 For hope is but the dream of those that wake :  
 But, looking back, we see the dreadful train }  
 Of woes a-new, which were we to sustain,  
 We should refuse to tread the path again. } 105

Still adding grief, still counting from the first,  
Judging the latest evil still the worst,  
And sadly finding each progressive hour  
Heighten their number and augment their pow'r,  
Till by one countless sum of woes opprest, 110  
Hoary with cares and ignorant of rest,  
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,  
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn : }  
Thus thro' the round of age to childhood we }  
return ; }

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb 115  
We yesterday came forth ; that in the tomb  
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,  
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,  
The weight or fall'n or hanging o'er our heads ;  
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain, 121  
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain ;  
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,  
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood ;  
The noisome pest'ience, that in open war 125  
Terrible, marches thro' the mid-day air,  
And scatters death ; the arrow that, by night,  
Cuts the dark mist, and, fatal, wings its flight ;  
The billowing snow, and violence of the show'r, }  
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,  
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour ; 131 }  
The worm that gnaws the rip'ning fruit, sad guest,  
Canker or locust, hurtful to infest

The blade; while hawks elude the tiller's care,  
And eminence of want distinguishes the year. 135

Pass we the slow disease and subtile pain  
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;  
The cruel stoue, with congregated war  
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,  
With frequent impule and continu'd strife 140  
Weak'ning the wasted seats of irksome life;  
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,  
The sad experience of decay, and age,  
Herself the sorest ill, while death and ease,  
Oft' and in vain invok'd, or to appease 145  
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede  
From the vext patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit that the charming fair,  
Angelic, softest work of Heav'n, draws near  
To the cold shaking paralytic hand 150  
Sensless of Beauty's touch or Love's command,  
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil  
The dictates of its feeble master's will.

Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,  
The pleasing song or well-repeated tale, 155  
When the quick spirits the warm march forbear,  
And numbing coldness has unbrae'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,  
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,  
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore, 160  
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,  
When the Lux'd sinews of the weakea'd eye,  
In wat'ry damp, or dim suffusion lie.

Day follows night ; the clouds return again  
 After the falling of the latter rain, 165  
 but to the aged blind shall ne'er return  
 grateful vicissitude ; he still must mourn  
 The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light  
 Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where Age's wretched victim lies ; 170  
 See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes ;  
 Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves ; }  
 To broken sleeps his remnant sense he gives, }  
 And only by his pains awaking, finds he lives. }

Loos'd by devouring Time the silver cord 175  
 Dissever'd lies ; unonor'd from the board  
 The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,  
 And apter utensils their place supply.  
 These things and thou must share one equal lot ;  
 Die, and be lost, corrupt and be forgot ; 180  
 While still another and another race  
 Shall now supply and now give up the place.  
 From earth all came, to earth must all return,  
 frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills supprest, 185  
 And view the man with health and vigour blest.  
 Home he returns with the declining sun,  
 His destin'd task of labor hardly done ;  
 Goes forth again with the ascending ray, }  
 Again his travail for his bread to pay, 190 }  
 And find the ill sufficient to the day.  
 Happ'ly at night he does with horror shun  
 A widow'd daughter or a dying son ;

His neighbour's off'spring he to-morrow sees,  
And doubly feels his want in their increase: 195  
The next day, and the next, he must attend  
His foe triumphant or his buried friend.

In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels  
Public calamities or household ills;  
The due reward to just desert refus'd, 200  
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;  
The judge corrupt, the long-depend ing cause,  
And doubtful issue of misconstru'd laws;  
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,  
And violent will of the wrong-doing great; 205  
The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,  
Which, nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice re-  
claim.

Esteem we these, my Friends! event and chance,  
Produc'd as atoms, form their flutt'ring dance?  
Or higher yet their essence may we draw 210  
From destin'd order and eternal law?  
Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat;  
Spring they, I say, from accident or Fate?  
Yet such, we find, they are as can control  
The nrvile actions of our wav'ring soul; 215  
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;  
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal snare! in which the lab'ring mind,  
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to  
find  
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220  
From years of pain one moment of release;

Hoping, at least, she may herself deceive,  
 Against experience willing to believe,  
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man who now, at last, 225  
 Has thro' this doleful vale of mis'ry past,  
 Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on  
 The tedious load and laid his burden down ;  
 Whom the cut brass or wounded marble shows  
 Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes : 230  
 He happier yet who, privileg'd by Fate  
 To shorter labour and a lighter weight,  
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,  
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death :  
 But, O! beyond description happiest he, 235  
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea ;  
 Who with bless'd freedom, from the gen'ral  
 doom

Exempt, must never force the teeming womb, }  
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks  
 must mourn ; 240  
 And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.  
 Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher hear,  
 Are not these general maxims too severe ?  
 Fay, cannot pow'r secure its owner's bliss ?  
 And is not wealth the potent fire of peace ?  
 Are victors bless'd with same ~~as~~ kings with  
 ease ? 246 }

I tell thee, life is but one common care,  
 And man was born to suffer and to fear.

' But is no rank, no station, no degree,  
From this contagious taint of sorrow free ? ' 250

None, Mortal ! none : yet in a bolder strain  
Let me this melancholy truth maintain :  
But hence, ye Wordly, and Profane, retire,  
For I adapt my voice and raise my lyre  
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd : 255  
Ye still must covet life and be deceiv'd ;  
Your very fear of death shall make ye try  
To catch the shade of immortality,  
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save  
Part of its prey from the devouring grave ; 260  
To those who may survive ye to bequeath  
Something entire, in spite of time and death ;  
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,  
And in a book, or from a building live.  
False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly, 265  
The dome shall moulder and the volume die.  
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it  
strange  
That all the parts of this great fabric change,  
Quit their old station and primeval frame,  
And lose their shape, their essence, and their  
name ? 270

Reduce the song : our hopes, our joys are  
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain. [vain :  
What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort  
bring

The name of wise or great, of judge or king ?  
What is a king ? a man condemn'd to bear 275

The public burden of the nation's care ;  
Now crown'd, some angry faction to appease,  
Now falls a victim to the people's ease ;  
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth  
Nourish'd in flattery and estrang'd from truth :  
At home surrounded by a servile crowd 281  
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;  
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,  
His very state acknowledging his fears ;  
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows  
His secret terror of a thousand foes : 286  
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,  
To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;  
Seeking to settle what for ever flies,  
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize. 290

But he returns with conquest on his brow,  
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :  
The captive generals to his carr are ty'd,  
The joyful citizens' tumultuous tide }  
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. 295 }  
What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and  
noise,  
One great collection of the people's voice.  
The wretches he brings back, in chains relate  
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate :  
The spoils and trophies borne before him show }  
National loss and epidemic woe, 301 }  
Various distress, which he and his may know. }  
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,  
'The heroes, once the glory of the plain,

Left in the conflict of the fatal day, 305

Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?

Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,

Wet with the soldiers' blood and widows' tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!

See millions crowding round the gilded carr!

In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour, 311

And full fruition of successful pow'r,

One moment and one thought might let him scan

The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.

Are the dire images of sad distrust, 315

And pop'lar change, obscur'd, amid the dust

That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?

Can the loud clarion or shrill fife repel

The inward cries of Care? can Nature's voice,

Plaintive, be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise,

Tho' shouts as thunder loud afflict the air, 321

Stun the birds, now releas'd, and shake the  
iv'ry chair?

Yon' crowd (he might reflect) yon' joyful  
crowd,

Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,

(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the vanquish'd go,

Should she depress my arms and raise the foe)

Would for that foe with equal ardour wait

At the high palace or the crowded gate,

With restless rage would pull my statues down,

And cast the brass a-new to his renown. 330

O impotent desire of worldly sway!

That I, who make the triumph of to-day,

May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,  
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !  
Then (vileness of mankind !) then of all these  
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees, 336  
Would one, alas ! repeat me good or great,  
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?  
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile carr,  
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war, 340  
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,  
Or be so poor to own he was my friend ?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise ?  
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes ?  
To know with more distinction to complain, 345  
And have superior sense in feeling pain ?

Let us revolve, that roll with strictest eye  
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie,  
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,  
Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain. 350

Adam, great type, for whom the world was  
made,  
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,  
A charming wife ; an air, and sea, and land,  
And all that move therein, to his command  
Render'd obedient : say, my pensive muse, 355  
What did these golden promises produce ?  
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd :  
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd,  
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue, 359  
Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.

Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,  
 Inclin'd to earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow;  
 His limbs must ake, with daily toils opprest,  
 Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest:  
 Still viewing with regret his darling Eve, 365  
 He for her follies and his own must' griéve.  
 Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice,  
 His ear oft' frightened with the imag'd voice  
 Of Heav'n when first it thunder'd, oft' his view,  
 Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew, 370  
 And the steru cherub stopp'd the fatal road,  
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God,  
 His younger son on the polluted ground,  
 First fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound  
 Giv'n by a brother's hand; his eldest birth 375  
 Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth;  
 Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,  
 Becomes nor man nor angel to inquire.

Each age sinn'd on, and guilt advanc'd with  
 time;  
 The son still added to the father's crime: 380  
 Till God arose, and great in anger, said,  
 Lo ! it repenteth me that man was made.  
 Withdraw thy light, thou Sun ! be dark, ye  
 Skies !  
 And from your deep abyss, ye Waters, rise ! 384  
 The frightened angels heard th' Almighty  
 Lord,  
 And o'er the earth, from wrathful viols, pour'd  
 Tempests and storm, obedient to his word. }

Meantime his Providence to Noah gave  
The guard of all that he design'd to save:  
Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,  
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the  
flood. 391

The winds fall silent and the waves decrease;  
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace:  
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,  
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal. 395  
If on the backward world his views are cast,  
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.  
Present (sad prospect!) can he aught descry  
But (what affects his melancholy eye)  
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost, 400  
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary  
coast?

While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,  
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;  
When of God's image only eight be found  
Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from  
nations drown'd; 405  
And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,  
The seed whence empires must receive their  
birth,

One he foresees excluded heav'nly grace,  
And mark'd with curses fatal to his race. 409

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,  
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load,  
By blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,  
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;

Must deal just Portions of a servile life  
 To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife; 415  
 Must with the mother leave the weeping son,  
 In want to wander and in wilds to groan;  
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,  
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,  
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood, 420  
 Destroy his heir or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld  
 The Deity, in radiant beams conceal'd,  
 And clouded in a deep abyss of light? 424 }  
 While present, too severe for human sight,  
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night: }  
 The following days, and months, and years.  
 decreed

To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed:  
 His youth with wants and hardships must engage,  
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age: 430  
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,  
 Prompter to sink the state than he to save,  
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,  
 That what the Godhead wrote the prophet broke.  
 His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce be-  
 liev'd, 435

In campa, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd,  
 And dy'd obedient to severest law,  
 Forbid to tread the Promis'd land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,  
 A scene of danger and a state of war. 440

Alarm'd, expos'd his childhood must engage  
 The bear's rough gripe and foaming lion's rage.  
 By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear  
 Goliath's lifted sword and Saul's emitted spear.

Forlorn he must, and persecuted, fly,      445 }  
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,  
 And often ask, and be refus'd to die.      }

For ever from his manly toils are known  
 The weight of pow'r and anguish of a crown.  
 What tongue can speak the restless monarch's  
 woes,

When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?  
 When ev'ry object his offence revil'd,      452 }  
 The husband murder'd and the wife defil'd,  
 The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying }

child?

What heart can think the grief which he sus-  
 tain'd,      [the land,  
 When the King's crime brought vengeance on  
 And the inexorable prophet's voice      [choice?  
 Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his

He dy'd, and oh! may no reflexion shed  
 Its poi's'nous venom on the royal dead;      460  
 Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,  
 Which long has labor'd in this pensive breast;  
 Dying, he added to my weight of care;  
 He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;  
 Left his unfinish'd murderer to his son,      465  
 And Joab's blood quencht's on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil  
 The cruel dictates of my parent's will;  
 Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,  
 But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look ; 470  
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,  
 His care of right, his rev'rence to the laws,  
 But could with joy his years of folly trace,  
 Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace ; 474  
 Could follow him where'er he stray'd from }  
 And cite his sad example, whilst I trod [good,  
 Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood. }  
 Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,  
 With smiles I could betray, with temper kill ;  
 Soon in a brother could a rival view, 480  
 Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue :  
 In vain for life he to the altar fled ;  
 Ambition and Revenge have certain speed.  
 Ev'n there, my Soul, ev'n there he should have  
 fell,  
 But that my int'rest did my rage conceal. 485  
 Doubling my crime, I promise and deceive,  
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.  
 Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain ;  
 With a mean lie cur'sd vengeance I sustain,  
 Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r, 490  
 Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,  
 In solemn state to parricide I rise,  
 And, as God lives, this day my'brother dies.  
 Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse !  
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse 495

Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;  
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt :  
The deed was acted by the subject's hand,  
The sword was pointed by the King's command :  
Mine was the murder ; it was mine alone ; 500  
Years of contrition must the crime atone ;  
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,  
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand and trembling heart,  
Her love of truth superior to her art, 505  
Already the reflecting muse has trac'd  
The mournful figures of my actions past.  
The pensive goddess has already taught  
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought ;  
From growing childhood to declining age, 510  
How tedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage.  
This course of vanity almost complete,  
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat 513  
In the still shades of death ; for dread, and pain,  
And grief, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,  
And their points broke, retorted from the head,  
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frightened Reason ! what is death ?  
Blood only stopp'd and interrupted breath ?  
The utmost limit of a narrow span, 520  
And end of motion, which with life began ?  
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires  
Is seen this instant, and the next expires ;  
As empty clouds by rising winds are lost, 524  
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost,

So vanishes our state, so pass our days,  
 So life but opens now, and now decays ;  
 The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,  
 To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die. 529

Cure of the miser's wish and coward's fear,  
 Death only shows us what we knew was near.  
 With courage, therefore, view the pointed hour,  
 Dread not Death's anger, but expect his pow'r,  
 Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,  
 But die, O mortal Man ! for thou wast born. 535

Cautious thro' doubt, by want of courage wise,  
 To such advice the reas'ner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continued space,  
 Ev'ry successive day's repeated race, 539  
 Since Time first started from his pristine goal,  
 Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul  
 Join'd to my body swell'd the womb, I was  
 (At least I think so) nothing ; must I pass  
 Again to nothing when this vital breath  
 Creasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death ? 545  
 Must the whole man, amazing thought ! return  
 To the cold marble or contracted urn ?  
 And never shall those particles agree,  
 That were in life this individual be ? 549  
 But sever'd, must they join the general mass, }  
 Thro' other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass, }  
 Nor thought nor image kept of what he was ? }  
 Does the great Word, that gave him sense, ordain  
 That life shall never wake that sense again ?

And will no pow'r his sinking spirits save 555  
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of  
the grave?

Each ev'ning I behold the setting sun  
With downward speed into the ocean run;  
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)  
Exerts his vigour and renews his pow'rs; 560  
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame  
Rises and sets, returning still the same.

I mark the various fury of the winds,  
These neither seasons guide nor order binds;  
They now dilate, and now contract their force;  
Various their speed, but endless is their course.  
From his first fountain and beginning, ouze 567  
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:  
Tho' sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,  
The whole still runs, with equal pace the same,  
Still other waves supply the rising urns, 571  
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,  
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flower, that does with op'ning morn arise,  
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies; 576  
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er  
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;  
A fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly;  
A meteor shooting from the summer sky; 580  
A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd;  
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;

A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream,  
Are emblems which with semblance apt proclaim  
Our earthly course; but, O my Soul, so fast 585  
Must life run off, and death for ever last!

'This dark opinion, sure, is too contin'd,  
Else whence this hope and terror of the mind?  
Does something still and somewhere, yet remain,  
Reward or punishment, delight or pain? 590  
Say shall our relics second birth receive?  
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?  
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,  
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,  
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead, 595  
The spirit only from the body fled,  
The grosser part of heat and motion void,  
To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd;  
The soul, immortal substance, to remain  
Conscious of joy and capable of pain? 600  
And if her acts have been directed well,  
While with her friendly eye she deign'd to dwell,  
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat,  
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete?  
And while the buried man we idly mourn, 605  
Do angels joy to see his better half return?  
But if she has deform'd this earthly life  
With murd'rous rapine and seditious strife,  
Amar'd, repul's'd, and by those angels driv'n  
From the otherworld seat and blissful heav'n, 610  
In everlasting darkness must she lie,  
Still more unhappy that she cannot die?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,  
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand ;  
On either side our thoughts incessant turn, 615  
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn,  
Losing the present in this dubious haste,  
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the  
past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,  
My reason stagg'ring and my hopes opprest, 620  
Once more I said, once more I will inquire  
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,  
This flutt'ring motion which we call the Mind,  
How does she act ? and where is she confin'd ?  
Have we the pow'r to guide her as we please ?  
Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease ?  
We happiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;  
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain ;  
And while poor nature labours to be blest,  
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest, 630  
Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will,  
Dashes our rising hope with certain ill,  
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see  
That all is destin'd which we fancy free.

That Pow'r superior, then, which rules our  
mind, 635  
Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd ?  
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease ?  
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees ?  
Then let religion aid where reason fails,  
Throw loads of incense in to turn the scales, 640

And let the silent sanctuary show  
 What from the babbling schools we may not }  
 know,  
 How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of }  
 woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our fate ?  
 Anxious we hover in a mediate state 645  
 Betwixt infinity and nothing ; bounds, [ sounds  
 Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense con-  
 Unequal thought, whilst all we apprehend }  
 Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end, }  
 As our Creator deigns to be our friend. 650 }

I said,—and instant bade the priests prepare  
 The ritual sacrifice and solemn pray'r.  
 Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,  
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.  
 The artful youth proceed to form the choir, 655  
 They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.  
 The maids in comely order next advance,  
 They beat the timbrel and instruct the dance :  
 Follows the chosen tribe, from Levi sprung,  
 Chanting by just return the holy song. 660  
 Along the choir in solemn state they pass,  
 —The anxious King came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow  
 I paid, and, bowing at the altar low, 664  
 Father of heav'n ! I said, and judge of earth !  
 Whose word call'd out this universe to birth,  
 By whose kind pow'r and influencing care  
 The various creatures move, and live, and are

But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,  
They move (alas !) and live, and are no more,  
Omniscient master, omnipresent king, 671  
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou that canst still the raging of the seas,  
Chain up the winds and bid the tempests cease,  
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts  
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts ; 676  
From storms of rage and dang'rous rocks of  
pride,

Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide  
(it was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide  
Impetuous of this life ; let thy command 680  
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,  
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,  
It haply be thy will that I should know,  
Glimpse of delight or pause from anxious woe, 685  
From now, from instant now, great Sire ! dispel  
The clouds that press my soul ; from now reveal  
A gracious beam of light ; from now inspire  
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;  
My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise, 690  
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise :  
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait  
Some new hereafter and a future state,  
Permit me strength my weight of woe to bear,  
And raise my mind superior to my care. 695  
Let me, how'e'er unable to explain  
The secret lab'rinths of thy ways to man,

With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r,  
 Still weeping hope, and wond'ring, still adore :  
 So in my conquest be thy might declar'd, 700  
 And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous gloom  
 Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome ;  
 To the beginning miracle succeed  
 An awful silence and religious dread. 705  
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;  
 The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,  
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows—  
 Ambrosial odour, such as never flows  
 From Arab's gum or the Sabean rose, 710  
 Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :  
 The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews :  
 Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,  
 Such Miriam's umbril would in vain require)  
 Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear, 715  
 With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear :  
 And, lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels  
 My wond'ring soul ? an opening cloud reveals  
 An heav'nly form, embody'd and array'd 719  
 With robes of light. I heard ; the angel said :  
 Cease, Man, of woman born, to hope relief  
 From daily trouble and continu'd griefs.  
 Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind ;  
 Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind.  
 Free and familiar with misfortune grow ; 725  
 Be us'd to sorrow and usur'd to woe.

By weak'ning toil and hoary age o'ercome  
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb.  
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,  
Portions of toil and legacies of care, 730  
Send the successive ills thro' ages down,  
And let each weeping father tell his son  
That, deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,  
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child to whose success thy hope is bound,  
Ere thou art scarce interr'd or he is crown'd, 736  
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,  
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind !)  
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,  
And lose his great defence, his people's love : 740  
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,  
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd :  
Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the crown  
With lessen'd rays descending to his son :  
Shall see the wreaths his grandsire knew to resp  
By active toil and military sweat, 746  
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed  
Their falting honors from his giddy head :  
By arms or pray'r unable to assuage  
Domestic horror and intestine rage, 750  
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,  
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear :  
Shall cast his weary limbs on Jordan's flood,  
By brothers' arms distract'd, and stain'd with  
kinred blood. [race,

Hence lab'ring years shall weep their destin'd  
Charg'd with ill omens, sully'd with disgrace : 756

Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go  
 Thro' scenes of war, and epochas of woe:  
 The empire lessen'd in a parted stream  
 Shall lose its course, 760  
 Indulge thy tears; the Heathen shall blas- }  
 pheme,  
 Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame, }  
 And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypt yet, and second bonds remain,  
 A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain. 765  
 Again, obedient to a dire command,  
 Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land;  
 Their name more low, their servitude more vile,  
 Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of  
 Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient  
 sky,  
 Inglorious change! shall in destruction lie 771.  
 Low, levell'd with the dust, their heights unknown,  
 Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,  
 For lasting glory built, design'd the seat  
 Of kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775.  
 Remov'd by the invader's bark'rous hand,  
 Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land:  
 The tyrant shall demand you' sacred land  
 Of gold and vessels set apart to God,  
 Then by vile hands to common use debas'd, 780  
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken }  
 feast,  
 With sacrilegious want and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete ;  
 Empires by various turns shall rise and set,  
 While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know 785  
 A diff'rent master and a change of woe ;  
 With downcast eyelids, and with looks aghast,  
 Shall dread the future or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,  
 Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run, 790  
 Their harps upon the neig'ring willows hung,  
 No joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,  
 Nor cheerful dance their feast ; with toll oppress,  
 Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.  
 In the reflective stream the sighing bride, 795  
 Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide  
 Her pensive head, and in her languid face  
 The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,  
 While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace. }  
 With irksome anguish then your priests shall  
 mourn. } 800

Their long-neglected feasts, despair'd return,  
 And sad oblivion of their solemn days :  
 Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,  
 Louder to weep. By day your frightened seers  
 Shall call for fountains to express their tears, 805  
 And wish their eyes were floods : by night, from  
 dreams } flames,  
 Of opening gulps, black storms, and raging  
 Starting asp's, shall to the people show  
 Embions of know'ly wrath, and mystic types of  
 war.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require 810  
 That they should breathe the song and touch  
 the lyre,

Shall say, Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,  
 Unpan'd the music, and disus'd the voice?  
 What can we play (they shall discourse) how  
 sing

In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king ? 815  
 We and our fathers, from our childhood bred

To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread  
 The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,  
 (Outcast of mortal race) can we conceive

Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay ? 820

Alas ! when we have toil'd the longsome day,  
 The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,  
 Is but some interval from active woe ;

In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,  
 Till morn the tyrant and the scourge return : 825

Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme ? }  
 Our endless anguish does not Nature claim ? }

Reason and sorrow are to us the same. }

Alas ! with wild amazement we require  
 If idle Folly was not Pleasure's sire ? 830

Madness, we fancy, gave the ill-tim'd birth  
 To grinning Laughter and to frantic Mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe  
 Which thou, alas ! and thine are born to know.  
 Illustrious wretch ! repine not nor reply, (eye;) }  
 View not what Heaven ordains with reason's }  
 Too bright the object is, the distance is too high. }

The man who would resolve the work of Fate,  
 May limit number and make crooked straight.  
 Stop thy inquiry, then, and curb thy sense, 840  
 Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.

'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,  
 Born to endure, forbidden to complain:  
 Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil; 844 }  
 What derogates from his command is ill, }  
 And that alone is good which centres in his will. }

Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,  
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,  
 Remark what I, God's messenger, aver  
 From him who neither can deceive nor err. 850  
 The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,  
 Shall from her sad captivity return:  
 Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,  
 And in her courts the law again be read:  
 Again the glorious temple shall arise, 855  
 And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies:  
 The promis'd seat of empire shall again  
 Cover the mountain and command the plain;  
 And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring  
 Greater in act than victor, more than king; 860  
 In dignity and pow'r sent down from Heav'n  
 To succour earth. To him, to him 'tis giv'n  
 Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy:  
 Thro' him soft peace and plenitude of joy  
 Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow;  
 No more may man inquire nor angel know. 866

Now Sólomon, rememb'ring who thou art,  
 Act through thy remnant like the decent part:  
 Go forth ; be strong ; with patience and with care  
 Perform and suffer ; to thyself severe, 870  
 Gracious to others, thy rigours suppress,  
 Diffus'd thy virtues, first of men be best.  
 Thy sum of duty let two words contain,  
 O may they graven in thy heart remain !  
 Be humble and be just. The angel said ; 875  
 With upward speed his agile wings he spread,  
 Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,  
 By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,  
 Or to object : at length (my mournful look  
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spokt :  
 Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate ! 881  
 Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !  
 Enthron'd in Right and immortality,  
 Whom no man fully sees, still none can see !  
 Original of Beings ! Pow'r divine ! 885  
 Since that I live, and that I think, is thine ;  
 Benign Creator ! let thy gen'le hand  
 Dispose its own effect ; let thy wise hand  
 Restore, great Father ! thy instruc'ted son,  
 And in my act may thy grace will be done. 890

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# ALMA:

or

## THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

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Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.  
Πάντα γὰρ οὐκ ἀλόγον οἵτινα γεγονόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobaeus.

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### CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or where,  
From story is not mighty clear:  
Of many knotty points they spoke,  
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took:  
Rats half the manuscript have ate, 5  
Dire hunger! which we still regret;  
O! may they ne'er again digest,  
The horrors of so sad a feast:  
Yet less our grief, what remains,  
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains. 40  
Shall be to future times convey'd:  
It thus begins:

\* \* \* \* \* Here Matthew said,  
Alma in verse, in prose, the mind,  
By Aristotle's pen defin'd, 45  
Throughout the body squat or tall,  
Is ~~done~~ <sup>done</sup> all in all:

And yet slap dash is all again  
In ev'ry sinew, nerve, and vein;  
Rums here and there, like Hamlet's ghost, 20  
While ev'ry where she rules the roost.

This System, Richard ! we are told,  
The men of Oxford firmly hold :  
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny  
With due dist'nc' to comply.

They say, (for in good truth they speak  
With small respect of that old Greek)  
That, putting all his goods together,  
"Tis three bine bawling, ~~one~~ blue bladder.

Alas, they strenuously maintain,  
Sits cock-a-hoop on just Heaven, the brain,  
And from that spot upthrust dispenses  
All the misery and the pain.

Two spectacles, they say, she wears,  
Like spectacles worn on the eyes,  
By which the spirits bring her word  
Whence'er the balls are fix'd or starr'd;  
How quick at park and play they strike;  
The duke they espy; the ~~host~~ they like;  
And at St. James's turn their grecs  
From former friends, now out of place.

Without these aids to be more serious,  
Her pow'r, they bold, had been precarious;  
The eyes might have suspur'd her ruin,  
And she not known what they were doing. — 45  
Foolish it had been and unkind,  
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,  
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :  
Could Alma else with judgment tell  
When cabbage stinks or roses smell ?  
Or who would ask for her opinion  
Between an oyster and an onion ?  
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,  
Some little bits ask leave to grow,  
And as thro' these canals  
Bring up a sample of the  
Like footmen run before  
To tell the inn what law

By nerves about our gills  
She likewise judges of the  
Else (dismal thought !) we  
Migh drink thick Port for  
And our ill-judging wives :  
Mistake small-beer for citron-water.

Hence, too, that she might better hear,  
She sets a drum at either ear,  
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,  
Are but th' strings which they beat.

Last to enjoy her sense of feeling,  
(A thing ab' much delights to dead in)  
A thousand little nerves she sends  
Quite to our toes' and fingers' ends,  
And these, in gratitude, again,  
Return their spicile to the brain,  
In which their figures being printed  
(As just before, I think, I hinted)

Alma inform'd can try the case,  
As she had been upon the place. 79

Thus while the judge gives diff'rent journeys  
To country counsel and attorneys,  
He on the bench in quiet sits,  
Deciding as they bring the writs.

The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome, &  
is very seldom absent from home. 85

**Aspyrite,**  
**Asbyt.**

... friends confess

With **McGraw-Hill** you can go from more to less: The **McGraw-Hill** way, while you sustain

We hold her station in the brain, 95

You grant, at least, she is extended,  
*Ergo*, the whole dispute is ended :

**For till to-morrow should you plead  
Even then, and, moreover, of the day's**

From form and structure of thought,  
The mind, as visibly is seen, 104

Extended thro' the whole machine.  
Why should all honor then be given

Why should the mind need be taken from lower parts to lead the brain,

When other limbs we plainly see  
Each in his way as brisk as he.)

For music, grant the band received well,  
In the month of the summer.

It is the artist's hand that gives it.

And tho' the scull may wear the laurel,  
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.  
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes, 110  
Are not his parts but his allies :  
E'en what you hear the tongue proclaim,  
Comes *ab origine* from them.  
What could the head perform alone,  
If all their friendly aids were gone ? 115  
A foolish figure he must stand,  
Do nothing else but sleep and eat.  
Nor matters it that you will allow  
How to the head the spirits go :  
These spirits started from ~~some~~ goal, 120  
Before they thro' the veins could roll ;  
Now we should hold them ~~guilty~~ to blame,  
If they went back before they came.  
If, therefore, as we must suppose,  
They came from fingers and from toes, 125  
Or toes or fingers in this case,  
Of sumscull's self should take the place ;  
Disputing fair you great this much,  
That all ~~sumscull~~ is but touch.  
Dip but your toes into cold water, 130  
Their ~~correspondent~~ teeth will chatter ;  
And strike the bottom of your feet,  
You set your head into a boat.  
The bully boat and happy bower,  
Confess that feeling lies all over. 135  
Note here, Laocoon dares to teach  
(As all our youth may learn from Croch.)

That eyes were made but could not view,  
Nor hands embrace nor feet pursue,  
But heedless Nature did produce 140  
The members first, and then the use :  
What each must act was yet unknown,  
Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

A man first builds a country seat,  
Then finds the walls not good to eat. 145  
Another plants and wond'ring sees  
Nor books nor medals on his trees.  
Yet poet and philosopher  
Was he who durst such whims aver.  
Blent, for his sake, be human reason,  
That came at all, tho' late in season. 150

But no man ever left his house,  
And saddled Hall, with thoughts so wild  
To bring a midwife to his spouse  
Before he knew she was with child : 155  
And no man ever reapt his corn,  
Or from the oven drew his bread,  
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,  
That taught them both to sow and knead.  
Before they're ask'd can maid's refuse ? 160  
Can — Pray, says Dick, hold in your' Muse,  
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,  
She hobbles in alternate verse.  
Verse ! Matt. reply'd : is that my care ?  
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair. 165

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had  
But reprovd the author's trade,

As if she hap'ly had sat down  
 And cut our clothes for all the town,  
 Then sent them out to Monmouth-street, 170  
 To try what persons they would fit;  
 But ev'ry free and licens'd tailor  
 Would in this thesis find a failure.  
 Should whims like these his head perplex,  
 How could he work for either sex? 175  
 His clothes as atoms might prevail,  
 Might fit a pismire or a whale.  
 No, no: he views with studious pleasure  
 Your shape before he takes your measure:  
 For real Kate he made the bodice, 180  
 And not for an ideal goddess.  
 No error near his shopboard lurk'd;  
 He knew the folks for whom he work'd:  
 Still to their size he aim'd his skill,  
 Else pr'ythee who would pay his bill? 185  
 Next, Dick! if chance herself should vary,  
 Observe how matters would miscarry:  
 Across your eyes, Friend, place your shoes,  
 Your spectacles upon your 'pes,  
 Then you and Memmies shall agree. 190  
 How nicely then would walk or see.  
 But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,  
 Must be oppos'd to be sustain'd;  
 And still your knowledge will increase,  
 As you make other people's less. 195  
 In arms and sciences 'tis the same;  
 Our rivals' hurts create our fame.

At Faubert's, if disputes arise  
 Among the champions for the prize,  
 To prove who gave the fairest butt, 200  
 John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.  
 So for the honor of your book,  
 It tells where other folks mistook,  
 And as their notions you confound,  
 Those you invent get further ground. 205

The commentators on old Ari-  
 Stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary :  
 They to their own conceits have brought  
 The image of his general thought,  
 Just as the melancholic eye 210  
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky,  
 And to the poor apprentice's ear  
 The bells sound Whittington Lord May'r.  
 The conj'r'r thus explains his scheme :  
 These spirits walk and prophes dream, 215  
 North Britons thus have second sight,  
 And Germans free from gun-shot fight.

Theodoret and Origen,  
 And fifty other learned men,  
 Attest that if their comments find  
 The traces of their master's mind,  
 Alma can neither decay nor die ; 220  
 This flatly th' other sect deny.  
 Simplicius, Theophilus, Damasus,  
 Great names but hard in verse to stand ;  
 They wonder men should have mistook  
 The tenets of their master's book, 225

And hold that Alma yields her breath,  
O'ercome by age, and, seiz'd by death. 229  
How which were wise? and which were fools?  
Poor Alma sits between two stools;  
The more she reads the more perplex'd,  
The comment ruining the text:  
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:  
But, Richard! let her look to that 235  
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These diff'rent systems, old or new,  
A man with half an eye may see  
Were only form'd to disagree.  
Now to bring things to fair conclusion, 240  
And save much Christian ink's effusion,  
I let me propose an healing scheme,  
And sail along the middle stream;  
For, Dick! if we could reconcile  
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,  
How many would admire our toil,  
And yet how few would comprehend us?

Here, Richard! let my scheme commence:  
Oh! may my words be true in sense,  
While pleas'd Thalia doth to right 250  
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple system shall suppose  
That Alma enters at the toes;  
That then she mounts, by just degrees,  
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees: 255  
Next as the top of life does rise,  
She lends her vigor to the thighs;

And all these under regions past,  
 She nestles somewhere near the waist;  
 Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter, 230  
 As we shall show at large hereafter:  
 Mature, if not improv'd by time,  
 Up to the heart she loves to climb;  
 From thence compell'd by craft and age,  
 She makes the head her latest stage. 265

‘ From the feet upward to the head—  
 ‘ Pithy, and short,’ says Dick, ‘ proceed.’  
 Dick ! this is not an idle notion ;  
 Observe the progress of the motion :  
 First I demonstratively prove, 270  
 That feet were only made to move,  
 And legs deare to come and go,  
 For they have nothing else to do.

Hence long before the child can crawl,  
 He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl, 275  
 To hinder which, your midwife knows  
 To bind those parts extremely close,  
 Lest Alma, newly swaddl'd in,  
 And stunn'd at her own christ'ning's din,  
 Fearful of future grief and pain, 280  
 Should silently sneak out again.

Full pitious seems young Alma's case,  
 As in a luckless gamester's place,  
 She would not play, yet must not pass. }

\* Again, as she grows something stronger. 285  
 And master's fret are swaddl'd no longer,

If in the night too oft' he kicks,  
Or shows his loco-motive tricks,  
These first assaults fat Kate repays him,  
When half-asleep she overlays him. 290

Now mark, dear Richard ! from the age  
That children tread this worldly stage,  
Lroomstaff or poker they bestride,  
And round the parlour love to ride,  
Till thoughtful father's pious care 295  
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,  
With supplemental hobby-horses,  
And happy be their infant courses !

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still ;  
Their legs, you see, direct their will ; 300  
From op'ning morn till setting sun  
Around the fields and woods they run ;  
They frisk, and dance, and leap and play,  
Nor heed what Friend or Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,  
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,  
With sympathetic pow'r ~~she~~ warms  
Their good allies and friends, the arms ;  
While Hetty dances on the green,  
And Susan is at stoolball seen ; 310  
While John for ninepins does declare,  
And Roger loves to pitch the bar,  
Both legs and arms spontaneous move,  
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes :  
O, need I name the seat she takes ? 315

His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;  
 The sport and race no more he minds;  
 Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,  
 And covies unmolested fly; 320  
 Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,  
 And for the nymph in secret grieves:  
 In dying accents he complains  
 Of cruel fires and raging pains.  
 The nymph, too, longs to be alone, 325  
 Leaves all the swains and sighs for one:  
 The nymph is warm'd with young desire,  
 And feels and dies to quench his fire.  
 They meet each ev'ning in the grove;  
 Their parley but augments their love; 330  
 So to their priest their case they tell;  
 He ties the knot, and all goes well.  
 But, O my Muse! just distance keep,  
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.  
 In nine months' time the bodice loose,  
 And petticoats too short, disclose  
 That at this age the active mind  
 About the waist lies most coudn'd,  
 And that young life and quick'ning sense  
 Spring from his influence darted thence: 335  
 So from the middle of the world  
 The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd;  
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams  
 Which quicken earth with genial flames.  
 Dick, who thus long had passive sat,  
 Here struck'd his chin and couk'd his hat, 345

Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,  
And thus the youth put in'his word.  
Love's advocates, sweet Sir ! would find him  
A higher place than you assign'd him. 350  
Love's advocates, Dick ! who are those ?  
The poets, you may well suppose.  
I'm sorry, :ir, you have discarded  
The men with whom till now you herded.  
Prosemen alone, for private ends, 355  
I thought forsook their ancient friends,  
*In sor stillarit*, cries Lucretius,  
It he may be allow'd to teach us.  
The self-same thing soft Ovid says,  
(A proper judge in such a case.) 360  
Horace his phrase is *torret jecur*,  
And happy was that curious speaker.  
I'ere Virgil, too, has plac'd this passion :  
What signifies too long quotation ?  
In ode and epic plain the case is, 365  
That Love holds one of these two places.  
Dick ! without passion or reflection,  
I'll straight demolish this objection.  
First, poets, all the world agrees,  
Write half to profit, half to please. 370  
Matter and figure they produce,  
For garnish this and that for use :  
And, in the structure of their feasts,  
They seek to feed and please their guests :  
But one may balk this good intent, 375  
And take things otherwise than meant.

Thus, if you dine with my Lord-May'r,  
Roast beef and ven'son is your fare,  
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,  
And persevere in tart and custard: 380  
But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel,  
Help only to adorn the meal;  
And painted flags, superb and neat,  
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.  
The man of sense his meat devours, 385  
But only smells the peel and flow'rs;  
And he must be an idle dreamer  
Who leaves the pie and gnaws the s'reamer.  
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,  
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows, 390  
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,  
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.  
Such images have sometimes shown  
A mystic sense, but oft'ner none;  
For who conceives what bards devise, 395  
That beav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes?  
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,  
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?  
Your Horace owns he various writ,  
As wild or sober maggots bit; 400  
And where too much the poet ranted,  
The sage philosopher recanted.  
His grave Epistles may disprove  
The wanton Odes he made to love.  
Lucretius keeps a mighty pecker 405  
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;

Calls her great Queen of earth and air,  
Declares that winds and seas obey her,  
And, while her honour he rehearses,  
Implores her to inspire his verses.

410

Yet, free from this poetic madness,  
Next page he says, in sober sadness,  
That she, and all her fellow gods,  
Sit idling in their high abodes,  
Regardless of this world below,  
Our health or hanging, weal or woe,  
Nor once disturb their heav'ly spirits  
With Scapin's cheats or Caesar's merits.

415

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove  
Where lies the real seat of love.  
*Ecce* they burn, and *cōr* they pierce,  
As either best supplies their verse ;  
And if folks ask the reason for't,  
Say one was long, and th' other short.  
Thus I presume the British muse

420

May take the freedom strangers use.

In prose our property is greater ;  
Why should it then be less in metre ?  
If Cupid throws a single dart,  
We make him wound the lover's heart ;  
But if he takes his bow and quiver,  
'Tis sure he must transfix the liver :  
For rhyme with reason may dispense,  
And sound has right to govern sense.

425

But let your friends in verse suppose,  
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose,

430

435

Anatomists can make it clear,  
 The liver minds his own affair,  
 Kindly supplies our public uses,  
 And parts and strains the vital juices,      440  
 Still lays some useful bile aside,  
 To tinge the chyle's insipid tide,  
 Else we should want both gibe and satire,  
 And all be burst with pure good-nature ;  
 Now gall is bitter with a witness,      445  
 And love is all delight and sweetness:  
 My logic then has lost its aim,  
 If sweet and bitter be the same ;  
 And he, methinks, is no great scholar  
 Who can mistake desire for choler.      450

The like may of the heart be said ;  
 Courage and terror there are bred.  
 All those whose hearts are loose and low,  
 Start if they hear but the tattoo :  
 All mighty physical their fear is,      455  
 For soon as noise of combat near is,  
 Their heart, descending to their breeches,  
 Must give their stomach cruel twitches :  
 But heroes who o'ercome or die,  
 Have their hearts hung extremely high,      460  
 The strings of which, in battle's beat,  
 Against their very corsets beat,  
 Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,  
 And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.  
 Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart      465  
 That courage does itself exert,

"Twill be prodigious hard to prove  
That this is eke the thone of Love.  
Would Nature make one place the seat  
Of fond desire and foll debate? 470  
Must people only take delight in  
Those hours when they are tir'd with fighting?  
And has no man, but who has kill'd  
A father, right to get a child?  
These notions, then, I think but idle, 475  
And love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,  
Suppose your hero were a lover;  
Tho' he before had gall and rage,  
Which death or conquest must assuage, 480  
He grows dispirited and low,  
He hates the fight and shuns the foe.

In scorful sloth Achilles slept,  
And for his wench, like ~~Talboy~~, wept,  
Nor would return to war and slaughter, 485  
Till they brought back the person's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,  
Augustus pressing Asia lost:  
His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,  
To keep the fair he gave the world. 490  
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,  
Vig'rous in youth, in ~~ages~~ renown'd.  
While England's voice and Warwick's care  
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,  
Clang'd peace and pow'r for rage and war, 495  
Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's Fourth Henry we may see  
 A servant to the fair d'Estree ;  
 When quitting Coutras' prosperous field,  
 And fortune taught at length to yield, 500  
 He from his guards and midnight tent,  
 Disguis'd o'er hills and valleys went,  
 To wan'on with the sprightly dame,  
 And in his pleasure lost his fauie.  
 Bold is the critic who dares prove 505  
 These heroes were no friends love ;  
 The bolder he who dares aver  
 That they were enemies to war :  
 Yet when their thought should, now or never,  
 Have rais'd their heart or fir'd their liver, 510  
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone  
 Which love more justly calls his own.  
 Examples I could cite you more,  
 But be contented with these four ;  
 For when one's proofs are aptly chosen, 515  
 Four are as valid as four dozen.  
 One came from irene, and one from Rome ;  
 The other two grew nearer home :  
 For some in ancient books delight,  
 Others prefer what moderns write ; 520  
 Now I should be extremely loath  
 Not to be thought expert in both.

## CANTO II.

But shall we take the Muse abroad,  
To drop her idly on the road,  
And leave our subject in the middle,  
As Euler did his bear and fiddle?  
Yet be, consummate master, I knew, 5  
When to receive and where pursue:  
His noble negligences teach  
What others' toils despair to reach,  
I'm perfect dancer, climbs the rope,  
And balances your fear and hope: 10  
If at a sonce distinguish'd leap,  
He drops his pole and seems to slip,  
Straight gathering all his active strength,  
He rises higher half his length:  
With wonder you approve his sleight, 15  
And owe your pleasure to your fright:  
But like poor Andrew I advance,  
False mimic of my master's dance;  
Around the cord a while I sprawl,  
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall, 20  
My preface tells you I digress'd:  
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.  
I like, quoth Dick, your smile,  
And, in return, take two from me.  
As masters in the elate-absence 25  
With various light your eyes allure,  
A dawning yellow here they spread,  
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;

Yet from these colours oddly mix'd,  
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd: 30  
 Or as, again, your courtly dames  
 (Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)  
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary,  
 And things are best as most contrary;  
 The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining, 35  
 Looks charming with a slighter lining,  
 The *out-*, if Indian figure stain,  
 The *in-side* must be rich and plain:  
 So you, great authors, have thought fit  
 To make digression temper wit: 40  
 When arguments too fiercely glare,  
 You calm 'em with a milder air:  
 To break their points, you turn their force,  
 And furbelow the plain discourse.

Richard! quoth May, these words of thine 45  
 Speak something sly and something fine,  
 But I shall c'en resume my theme,  
 However thou mayst praise or blame.  
 As people marry now and settle,  
 Fierce love abates his usual mettle; 50  
 Worldly desires and household cares  
 Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:  
 So now, as health or temper changes,  
 In larger compass Alma ranges:  
 This day below, the next above, 55  
 As light or solid whimsies move.  
 So merchant has his house in Town,  
 And country seat near Beasted Down;

From one he dates his foreign letters,  
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors ; 60  
In th' other, at his hours of leisure,  
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,  
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid :  
For story and experience tell us 6.5  
That man grows cold and woman jealous.  
Both would their little ends secure ;  
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r :  
His wishes tend abroad to roam,  
And hers to domineer at home. 70

Thus passion flags by slow degrees,  
And ruffled more, delighted less,  
The busy mind does seldom go  
To those once charming seats below ;  
But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares 75  
For well-bred feasts and futile wars.

The man suspects his lady's crying  
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)  
Was but to gain him to appoint her  
By codicil a larger jointure : 80

The woman finds it all a trick  
That he could swoon when she was sick,  
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd  
On black-eyed Sibyls for his second.

Thus living strove some tedious years, 85  
With feign'd desires and real fears,  
And tir'd with answers and replies  
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,

Leaving this endless altercation,  
The mind affects a higher station. 90

Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,  
I think was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears,  
And gods beat up for volunteers

To Greece and Troy, while Poltis sate  
In quiet governing his state. 95

And whence, said the pacific king,  
Does all this noise and discord spring?

Why, Paris took Atrides' wife.—

With ease I could compose this strife: 100

The injur'd hero should not lose,  
Nor the young lover want a spouse.

But Helen chang'd her first condition,  
Without her husband's just permission.

What from the dame can Paris hope? 105

She may as well from him elope.

Again, How can her old good man  
With honor take her back again?

From hence I logically gather  
The woman cannot live with either. 110

Now I have two right honest wives,  
For whose possession no man strives;

One to Atrides I will send,  
And th' other to my Trojan friend.

Each prince shall thus with honour have  
What both so warmly seem to crave; 115

The wrath of gods and men shall cease,  
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick ! if this story pleaseth thee,  
Pray thank Dan Pope; who told it me. 120

How'er swift Alma's flight may vary,  
(Take this by way of corollary)  
Some limbs she finds the very same  
In place, and dignity, and name ;  
These dwell at such convenient distance,  
That each may give his friend assistance. 125

Thus he who runs, or dances, begs,  
The equal vigour of two legs;  
So much to both does Alma trust,  
She ne'er regards which goes the first. 130

Teague could make neither of them stay,  
When with himself he ran away.

The man who struggles in the fight,  
Fatigues left arm as well as right;  
For whilst one hand exalts the blow, 135

And on the earth extends the foe,  
Th' other would take it wondrous ill,  
If in your pocket he lay still.

And when you shoot, and shut one eye,  
You cannot think he would deny 140

To lend the other friendly aid,  
Or wink as coward, and afraid.

No, Sir ! whilst he withdraws his flame,  
His comrade takes the other aim.

One moment if his beams reingle,  
As soon as e'er the bird is dead, 145

Op'ning again, he lays his claim  
 To half the profit, half the fame,  
 And helps to pocket up the game.  
 'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,  
 To give his partner fairer play.

}

150

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature  
 Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,  
 In concert act, like modern friends,  
 Because one serves the other's ends.  
 The arm thus waits upon the heart,  
 So quick to take the bally's part,  
 That one, tha' warn, decides more slow,  
 Then th' other executes the blow:  
 A stander-by may chance to have it,  
 Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

155

160

The am'rous eyes thus always go  
 A-strolling for their friends below;  
 For long before the 'squire and dame  
 Have tête-à-tête reliev'd their flame  
 Ere visits yet are brought about,  
 The eye by sympathy looks out,  
 Knave Florimel, and longs to meet her,  
 And if he sees is sure to greet her,  
 Tho' at each-window, on the stairs,  
 At court, nay, (authors say) at pray'r—

165

170

The fun'ral of some valiant knight  
 May give this thing its proper light.  
 View his two gendives; these declare  
 That both his hands were us'd to war;

175

And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd  
His feet were equally concern'd :  
But have you not with thought beheld  
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield ?  
Which shows the breast that plate was us'd to,  
Had an ally right arm to trust to ; 181  
And by the peep-holes in his crest,  
Is it not virtually confess'd  
That there his eye took distant aim,  
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,  
In whose delight his hope was centred,  
And for whose glove his life he durst.

Objections to my gen'ral System  
May rise, perhaps, and I have no objection,  
But I can call to my assistance  
Proximity (mark that !) and distance ;  
Can prove that all things, on occasion,  
Love union, and desire adhesion ;  
That Alma merely is a scale,  
And motives, like the weights, prevail ; 195  
If neither side turn down or up,  
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,  
The balance always would hang ev'n,  
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

This, Richard ! is a curious case : 200  
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays  
Upon two distant pots of ale,  
Not knowing which was milt' <sup>the</sup> stale ;  
Is this end state your doubtful choice  
Would never have the casting voice ; 205

Which best or worst you could not think,  
 And die you must for want of drink,  
 Unless some chance inclines your sight,  
 Setting one pot in fairer light ;  
 Then you prefer or A or B,  
 At libes and angles best agree ;  
 Your sense resolv'd impels your will ;  
 She guides your hand to drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid  
 Between two equal panniers sway'd ?  
 Her two arms like and idle,  
 Her head centered in the middle ;  
 Her body in a unactive state,  
 Her weight of equal casual weight,  
 Her hands in 'em clatter,  
 Her eyes right — I left hand matter.

Now, Richard ! this coercive force,  
 Without your choice must take its course.  
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,  
 Like loaded needles to the north,  
 And thou and I, by pow'r unseen,  
 Are barely passive and stuck'd in  
 To Henault's vaults or Celia's chamber,  
 As straw and paper are by amber.

If we set down to play or set  
 (Suppose at Ombre or Homme)  
 Let people call us ghosts or fools,  
 Our cards and we are equal tools.  
 We stay in this the cards command ;  
 Ourselves both cut and shuffled them ;

210

215

220

225

230

235

In vain on fortune's aid rely ;  
 She only is a stander-by.  
 Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they  
 Do some impulsive force obey, }  
 And are but play'd with—do not play. 240 }  
 But space and matter we should blame ;  
 They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus to save further contradiction  
 Against what you may think but fiction,  
 I for attraction, Dick ! declare, } 245  
 Deny it those bold men that dare,  
 As well your motion as your thought  
 Is all by hidden impulse wrought ;  
 E'en saying that you think or walk,  
 How like a country squire you talk ! 250

Mark then ;—Where fancy or desire  
 Collects the beams of vital fire,  
 Into that limb fair Alma slides,  
 And there, *pro tempore*, resides ;  
 She dwells in Nicholini's tongue, } 255  
 When Pyrrhus chants the heav'ly song ;  
 When Pedro does the late command,  
 She guides the young artist's hand ;  
 Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,  
 When the vile glutton dines alone ;  
 And void of modesty and thought, } 260  
 She follows Bubo's endless draught,  
 Thro' the soft sex agale she ranges,  
 As youth, empire, or fashion, change !

Fair Alma, careless and serene, 265  
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen,  
 While they diffuse their infant beams,  
 Themselves not conscious of their flames.

Again, fair Alma sits confest  
 On Florimel's experter breast, 270  
 When she the rising sigh constrains,  
 And by concealing speaks her pains.  
 In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,  
 When the vain thing her jewels shows ;  
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd, 275  
 Fair Alma plays about her waist ;  
 And when the swelling hoop sustains,  
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns  
 Into that lower space to enter,  
 Of the large round her self the centre. 280

Again ; that single limb or feature  
 (Such is the cogent force of Nature)  
 Which now did Alma's passion move,  
 Is the first object of her love,  
 For ever will be found confest, 285  
 And printed on the am'rous breast.

O Abelard ! ill-fated youth,  
 Thy tale will justify this truth ;  
 But well I weet thy cruel wrong  
 Adorns a nobler poet's song :  
 Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd, 290  
 With kind concern and skill has wov'd  
 A offices web, and ne'er shall finde  
 His option ; gently has he laid

The mantle o'er thy sad distress, 235  
And Venus shall the texture bless.  
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn  
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,  
That Love, with equal grief and pride,  
Shall see the crime he strives to hide, 300  
And softly drawing back the veil,  
The gods shall to his v'ries tell  
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,  
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.

Happy the poet, blest the lays, 305  
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,  
A hundred gambols Alma plays.  
If, whilst a boy, Jack runs from school,  
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole, 310  
Tho' gout and age his speed detain,  
Old John halloos his hounds again;  
By his fire-side he starts the hare:  
And turns her in his wicker chair,  
His feet, however lame, you find, 315  
Has got the better of his mind.

If, while the Mind was in her leg,  
The dance affected nimble Pgg,  
Old Madge bewitch'd, at sixty-one  
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joas, 320  
In public mask or private hall,  
From Lincoln's-Inn to Goldsmith's-Hall,  
All Christmas long away she trodges,  
Trips it with 'prentices and judges;

In vain her children urge her stay, 325  
 And age or palsy bar the way :  
 But if those images prevail,  
 Which whilom did affect the tail,  
 She still reviews the ancient scenes,  
 Forgets the forty years between : 330  
 Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,  
 Her scarf pale pink, her headknot cherry,  
 O'erheated with ideal rage,  
 She cheats her son to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young, 335  
 Slipt up too soon into his tongue,  
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,  
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still :  
 On any point if you dispute,  
 Depend upon it he'll confute : 340  
 Change sides, and you increase your pain ;  
 For he'll confute you back again :  
 For one may speak with Tully's tongue,  
 Yet all the while be in the wrong ;  
 And 'tis remarkable that they 345  
 Talk most who have the least to say.  
 Your dainty speakers have the curse  
 To plead bad, cause down to worse :  
 As dames who native beauty want,  
 Still uglier look the more they paint. 350  
 Again ; if in the female sex  
 Alma should on this number fix,  
 (A cruel and a deep'rate case,  
 Among which Heav'n shild my lovely lass !)

For evermore all care is vain, 355  
 That would bring Alma down again.  
 As in habitual gout or stone,  
 The only thing that can be done  
 Is to correct your drink and diet,  
 And keep the inward foe in quiet; 360  
 So if for any sins of ours,  
 Or our forefathers, higher pow'rs,  
 'verè tho' just, afflict our life  
 With that prime ill a talking wife,  
 Till death shall bring the kind relief, 365  
 We must be patient or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick !  
 Who saw me when I last was sick ;  
 She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,  
 Of plastic forms, and mental pow'rs : 370  
 Describ'd our pre-existing station,  
 Before this vile terrene creation ;  
 And, lest I should be weary'd, Madam,  
 To cut things short, came down to Adam ;  
 From whence, as fast as she was able, 375  
 She drowns the world, and builds up Babyl :  
 Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece she goes,  
 And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral Nature ;  
 This is a system not a satire. 380

Turn we this globe, and let us see  
 How diff'rent nations disagree  
 In what we wear, or eat and drink ;  
 Nay, Dick ! perhaps, in what we think.

In water as you smell and taste The soils thro' which it rose and past, In Alma's manners you may read The place where she was born and bred. One people from their swaddling-bands Releas'd their infants' feet and hands : Here Alma to these limbs was brought, And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.	385
Another taught their babes to talk, Ere they could yet in go-carts walk : There Alma settled in the tongue, And orators from Athens sprung.	390
Observe but in these neighb'ring lands The diff'rent use of mouth and hands : As men repos'd their various hopes, In battles these, and those <sup>in</sup> tropes.	395
In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes, The ladies trip in petticoat, Which for the honor of their nation, They quit but on some great occasion. Men there in breeches clad you view ; They claim that garment as their due.	400
In Turkey the reverse appears : Long coats the haughty husband wears, And greets his wife with angry speeches, If she be seen without her breeches.	405
In our fantastick climes the fair, With closely powder dry their hair, And round their lovely breast and head Smooth flow'res their scented odors shed :	410

Your nicer Hottentots think meet With guts and tripe to deck their feet ; With downcast looks on Totta's legs The ogling youth most humbly begs She would not from his hopes remove At once his breakfast and his love ; And if the skittish nymph should fly, He in a double sense must die.	415
We simple toasters take delight To see our women's teeth look white ; And ev'ry saucy ill-bred fellow, Sneers at a mouth profanely yellow. In China none hold women sweet Except their snags are black as jet : King Chihu put nine queens to death, Convict on statute, iv'ry teeth.	420
At Tonquin if a prince should die, (As Jesuits write who never lie) The wife, and counsellor, and priest, Who serv'd him most and lov'd him best, Prepare and light his fun'ral fire, And cheerful on the pile expire. In Europe 'twould be hard to find In each degree one half so kind.	425
Now turn we to the furthest east, And there observe the gentry dress. Prince Giolo and his royal sisters, Scar'd with ten thousand comely blisters, The marks remaining on the skin, To tell the quality within :	430

Distinguish'd slashes deck the great, 445  
 As each excels in birth or state;  
 His oylet-holes are more and ampler;  
 The king's own body was a sampler.  
 Happy the climate where the beau  
 Wears the same suit for use and show; 450  
 And at a small expence your wife,  
 If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair  
 Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:  
 Before you see, you smell your toast, 455  
 And sweetest she who stinks the most.  
 The finest sparks and cleanest beaux  
 Drip from the shoulders to the toes.  
 How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!  
 Their gloves only are not greasy. 460

I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding;  
 Begin we in our children's reading.  
 To Master John the English maid  
 A horn-book gives of gingebread,  
 And that the child may learn the better, 465  
 As he can name he eats the letter;  
 Proceeding thus with vast delight,  
 He spells and gnaws from left to right.  
 But show a Hebrew's hopeful son  
 Where we suppose the book began, 470  
 The child would thank you for your kindness,  
 And read quite backward from our fuds;  
 Soon as he learning ait's so fast,  
 Great A would be rever'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter 475  
 Is in the manners of a daughter.  
 In Europe if a harmless maid,  
 By Nature and by Love betray'd,  
 Should ere a wife become a nurse,  
 Her friends would look on her the worse. 480  
 In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,  
 (Look in his index for Pagelli)  
 Soon as the British ships unmoor,  
 And jolly longboat rows to shore,  
 Down come the nobles of the land, 485  
 Each brings his daughter in his bairn,  
 Beseeching the imperious tar  
 To make her but one hour his care :  
 The tender mother stands affrighted,  
 Lest her dear daughter should be slighted, 490  
 And poor Miss Ysya dreads the shame  
 Of going back the maid she came.  
 Observe how custom, Dick ! compels  
 The lady that in Europe dwells :  
 After her tea she slips away, 495  
 And what to do we need not say.  
 Now see how great Pomone's queen  
 Behav'd herself amongst the men :  
 Pleas'd with her grace, the gallant soul,  
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl, 500  
 And sprinkled in the captain's face  
 The marks of her powder grace—  
 To close this point we need not room  
 For instances so far from home.

What parts gay Romance from sober Spain? 505  
 A little rising rocky chain.  
 Of men born south or north o' the hill,  
 Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.  
 Dick! you love maps, and may perceive  
 Rome not far distant from Geneve. 510  
 If the good Pope remains at home,  
 He's the first prince in Christendom.  
 Choose then good Pope at home to stay,  
 Nor westward, curious, take thy way;  
 Thy way, unhappy, shouldst thou take 515  
 From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake,  
 Thou art an aged priest no more,  
 But a young furing painted whore:  
 'Thy sex is lost; thy town is gone;  
 No longer Rome but Babylon. 520  
 That some few leagues should make this change,  
 To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.  
 But need we, Friend, insist on this,  
 Since in the very Cantons Swiss  
 All your philosophers agree, 525  
 And prove it plain that one may be  
 A heretic or true believer,  
 On this or th' other side a river.  
 Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,  
 Your proof come mighty foul and thick. 530  
 The herd, on this extensive chapter  
 Wound up into peccin nupture,  
 Content'd: Richard! 'nest your eye  
 By night upon a winter-sky;

Cast it by day-light on the strand      535  
 Which compasses fair Albion's land;  
 If you can count the stars that glow  
 Above, or sands that lie below,  
 Into these common-places look,  
 Which from great authors I have took,  
 And count the proofs I have collected,  
 To have my writings well protected:  
 These I lay by for time of need,  
 And thou mayst at thy leisure read:  
 For standing ev'ry critic's rage,  
 I safely will to future age  
 My System, as a gift, bequeath,  
 Victorious over spite and death.

## CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,  
Rous'd nor would longer silence keep;  
And sense like this, in vocal breath,  
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.  
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought,  
Pope! tell the world 'tis not my fault,  
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;  
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prove to losing,  
Say things at first because they're pleasing, 10  
Then prove what they have once asserted,  
Nor care to hear their No damsels.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,  
 And oft' repeating they believe 'em ;  
 Or as, again, those am'rous blades 15  
 Who trifle with their mother's maids,  
 The' at the first their wild desire  
 Was but to quench a present fire,  
 Yet if the object of their love  
 Chance by Lucina's aid to prove, 20  
 They seldom let the bantling roar  
 In basket at a neighbour's door,  
 But by the flatt'ring glass of Nature  
 Viewing themselves in Cakeword's feature,  
 With serious thought and care support 25  
 What only was begun in sport.

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,  
 Who deal in philosophic wares ;  
 Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,  
 To gratify your private pleasure, 30  
 Till airy scud off'nal wit  
 Do some fantastic birth beget ;  
 And please'd to find your system mended  
 Beyond what you at first intended,  
 The happy whimsey you pursue, 35  
 Till you at length believe it true :  
 Caught by your own delusive art,  
 You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew ; Friends far as I,  
 There' Art or Nature cast my eye,  
 This axiom clearly I discern,  
 That one must teach and th' other learn. 40

No fool Pythagoras was thought ;  
 Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,  
 He made his list'ning scholars stand,  
 Their mouth still cover'd with their hand ;  
 Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,  
 Less friend to doctrine than to truth,  
 Might have refus'd to let his ears  
 Attend the music of the spheres,  
 Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,  
 And introduc'd the use of beams.

From great Lucretius take his void,  
 And all the world is quite destroy'd.

Deny Descart his subtle matter,  
 You leave him neither fire nor water.

How oddly would Sir Isaac look,  
 If you, in answer to his book,  
 Say in the front of your discourse,  
 That things have no elastic force ?

How could our chymic friends give  
 To find the philosophic stone,  
 If you more pow'ful reasons bring  
 To prove that there is no such thing ?

Your chiefs in sciences and arts  
 Have great contempt of Alma's pastos.

They said she giddy is or dull,  
 She doubts if things are void or full ;  
 And who should be prouer'd to tell  
 What she herself should see or feel ?  
 She doubts if two and two make four,  
 The' she has told them ten thousand o'er.

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It can't—it may be—and it must;  
 "o which of these must Alma trust?  
 Nay, further yet they make her go,  
 In doubting if she doubts or no. 75

Can syllogism set things right?  
 Not; majors soon with minors fight;  
 Or, both in friendly concert join'd,  
 The consequence limps false behind. 80

So to some cunning man she goes,  
 And asks of him how much she knows;  
 With patience grave he hears her speak,  
 And from his short notes gives her back  
 What from her tale he comprehended; 85

Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the accent the loser brings,  
 The conjuror knows who stole the things.

'Squire! (interrupted Dick) since when  
 Were you amongst these cunning men? 90

Dear Dick! quoth Matt, let not thy force  
 Of eloquence spoil my discourse:  
 I tell thee this is Alma's case.

Still asking what some wise man says,  
 Who does his mind in words reveal,  
 Which all must grant, she' few can spell. 95

You tell your doctor that ye're ill,  
 And what does he but write a bill?  
 Of which you need not send one letter;  
 The worse the aevil, the dear the bill: 100

For if you know but what you take,  
 The' you know-in most hands.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,  
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent sects. 105  
Substance or accident divides  
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now as, engag'd in arms or laws,  
You must have friends to back your cause,  
In philosophic matters so  
Your judgment must with others go : 110  
For as in senates so in schools,  
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,  
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :  
With panting haste and quick surprise, 115  
From ev'ry leaf that stirs she flies,  
Till mingled with the neighbor'ring herd,  
She slights what erst she singly fear'd,  
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,  
She dares pursue if they dare lead ; 120  
As their example still prevails,  
She 'tempts the stream or leaps the pale.

He, then, quoth Dick, who by your rule,  
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool ;  
As party-men who leaves the root, 125  
Is call'd but whismen at best.  
Now, by your favor, Master Matto !  
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.  
I must be listed in your suit,  
Who, the' they touch not, 'em protest. 130  
Right, Richard ! Matto in triumph cry'd,  
So put off all an interest and pride ;

And while my principles I beg,  
Pray answer only with your leg.  
Believe what friendly I advise;  
Be first secure, and then be wise.  
The man within the coach that sits,  
And to another's skill submits,  
Is safer much (whate'r arrives)  
And warmer too, than he that drives. 135

So Dick, adept, tuck back thy hair,  
And I will pour into thy ear  
Remarks which none did e'er disclose  
In smooth-pac'd verse or babbling prose.  
Attend, dear Dick, but don't reply,  
And thou mayst prove as wise as I. 140

When Alma ~~gav~~ in diff'rent ages  
Has finish'd her attending stages,  
Into the head at length she gets,  
And there in public grandeur sits,  
To judge of things, and censure wits.  
Here, Richard ! how could I explain  
The various lab'rinths of the brain ?  
Surprise my readers whilst I tell 'em  
Of cerebrum and cerebellum ? 145

How could I play the commentator  
On *duro* and on *pli* matter ?  
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,  
Strive each the other's place to get,  
And with ironbound gall and strick,  
Would keep generation during life ?  
I could demonstrate ev'ry part,  
Where Mem'ry lays up all her store. 150 }

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And to an inch compute the station  
 'Twixt judgment and imagination. 165

O Friend ! I could display much learning,  
 At least to men of small discerning.  
 The brain contains ten thousand cells,  
 In each some active fancy dwells,  
 Which always is at work, and framing  
 The sev'ral follies I was naming. 170

As in a hive's vimineous dome,  
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,  
 Each does her studious action vary,  
 To go and come, to fetch and carry ;  
 Each still renews her little labour,  
 Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour ;  
 Each—Whilst this thesis I maintain,  
 I fancy, Dick ! I know thy brain. 175

O with the mighty theme affected,  
 Could I but see thy head dissected !  
 My head, quoth Dick, to serve your whim ?  
 Spare that and take some other limb.  
 Sir, in your nice affairs of System,  
 Wise men propose, but fools assist them. 180

Says Matthew : Richard ! keep thy head,  
 And hold thy peace, and I'll proceed.  
 Proceed ? quoth Dick : Sir, I aver  
 You have already gone too far.  
 When people once are in the wrong,  
 Each line they add is much too long.  
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,  
 Is only farthest from his way. 194

Bless your conceits ! must I believe,  
Möwe'er absurd, what you conceive,  
And for your friendship live and die  
A papist in philosophy ? 195

I say, whatever you maintain  
Of Alma in the heart or brain,  
The plainest man alive may tell ye  
Her seat of empire is the belly ; 200

From hence she sends out those supplies  
Which make us either stout or wise :  
The strength of ev'ry other member  
Is founded on your belly-timber : 205

The qualms or raptures of your blood  
Rise in proportion to your food ;  
And if you would improve your thought,  
You must be fed as well as taught :  
Your stomach makes your fabric roll, 210  
Just as the bias rules the bowl.

That great Achilles might enjoy  
The strength design'd to rain Troy,  
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread  
On toasts of ammunition bread ; 215  
But by his mother sent away  
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,  
Efeminate he eat, and quiet ;  
Strange product of a cheesecake diet !

New give my argument fair play,  
And take the thing the other way.  
The youngster who at nine and three  
Drinks with his sister milk and tea, 220

From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,  
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Looke ; 225  
He pays due visits after noon,  
To Cousin Alice and Uncle John ;  
At ten, from coffee-house or play  
Returning, finishes the day :  
But give him port and potent sack, 230  
From milksop he starts up Mohack ;  
Holds that the happy know no hours ;  
So thro' the street at midnight scow'rs ;  
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,  
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes, 235  
Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,  
And first knock'd down, and then led home,  
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,  
And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations 240  
Of food and drink in sev'ral nations.  
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel  
Upon the strength of watergruel ?  
But who shall stand his rage and force,  
If first he rides, then eats his horse ? 245  
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,  
Tune the Italian spark's guitar :  
And if I take Dan Congreve right,  
Padding and Beef make Britons fight.  
Tokay and coffee cause this work 250  
Between the German and the Turk ;  
And both as they provisions want,  
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,  
Give the same death in diff'rent words. 255  
To push this argument no farther,  
To starve a man in law's murder.

As in a watch's fine machine  
Tho' many artful springs are seen,  
The added movements, which declare 260  
How full the moon, how old the year,  
Derive the secondary pow'r  
From that which simply points the hour:  
For tho' those gun-cracks were away,  
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)  
However more reduce'd and plain, 265  
The watch would still a watch remain;  
But if the horal orbit ceases,  
The whole stands still or breaks to pieces;  
Is now no longer what it was, 270  
And you may e'en go sell the case.  
So if, unprejudic'd, you seen  
The goings of this clockwork, man,  
You find a hundred movements made  
By fine devices in his head; 275  
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke  
That tells his being what's o'clock.  
If you take off his rhet'ric trigger,  
He talks no more in mood and figure;  
Or clog his mathematic wheel, 280  
His buildings fall, his ship stands still:  
Or, lastly, break his politic weight,)  
His voice no longer rules the state.

Yet if these finer whims were gone,  
Your clock, tho' plain, would still go on; 285  
But spoil the engine of digestion,  
And you entirely change the question.  
Alma's affairs no pow'r can mend;  
The jest, alas ! is at an end;  
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle, 290  
And you consign the corpse to Russel.

Now make your Alma come or go,  
From leg to hand, from top to toe,  
Your System without my addition,  
Is in a very sad condition. 295  
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse  
Fit for the war, or road, or course:  
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,  
His foot was sure as ever trod;  
One fault he had, a fault indeed, 300  
And what was that ? the horse was dead.

Dick ! from these instances and fetches  
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,  
Quoth Matt, to me thou seem'st to mean  
That Alma is a mere machine: 305  
That telling others what's o'clock,  
She knows not what herself has struck,  
But leaves to standers-by the trial  
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold ; a blow, good Friend ! quoth Dick,  
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick. 310  
Fight fair, Sir : what I never meant  
Don't you infer. In argument.

Similes are like songs in love :  
They much describe, they nothing prove. 315  
 Matt, who was here a little gravell'd,  
Toss'd up his nose, and would have cavill'd ;  
 But calling Hermes to his aid,  
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :  
 Where mind ('tis for the author's fame) 320  
 That Matthew call'd and Hermes came.  
 In danger heroes, and in doubt,  
 Poets find gods to help 'em out.  
 Friend Richard ! I begin to see  
 That you and I shall scarce agree. 325  
 Observe how oddly you behave ;  
 The more I grant the more you crave  
 But Comrade ! as I said just now,  
 I should affirm, and you allow.  
 We System-makers can sustain 330  
 The thesis which you grant was plain,  
 And with remarks and comments tease ye,  
 In case the thing before was easy :  
 But in a point obscure and dark,  
 We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ; 335  
 And when no reason we can show,  
 Why matters this or that way go,  
 The shortest way the thing we try,  
 And what we know not we deny ;  
 True to our own o'erbearing pride, 340  
 And false to all the world beside.  
 That old philosopher grew cross,  
 Who could not tell what motion was :

Because he walk'd against his will,  
He fac'd men down that he stood still. 345  
And he who reading on the heart  
(When all his *quodlibets* of art  
Could not expound its pulse and heat)  
Swore he had never felt it beat.

Chrysippus, fail'd by Epicurus, 350  
Makes bold (Jove bless him !) to assure us,  
That all things which our mind can view,  
May be at once both false and true.  
And Malbranche has an odd conceit  
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate: 355  
Says he, So little can our mind  
Of matter or of spirit find,  
That we by guess, at least, may gather  
Something which may be both or neither.  
(Faith, Dick, I must confess 'tis true  
But this is only *entre nous*) 360  
That many knotty points there are  
Which all discuss but few can clear;  
As Nature slyly had thought fit,  
For some by-ends to cross-bite wit:  
Circles to square, and cubes to double, 365  
Would give a man excessive trouble:  
The longitude uncertain seems,  
In spite of Wh—n and his bombs.  
What System, Dick ! has right averr'd  
The cause why women has no beard ? 370  
Or why, as years our frame attack,  
Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black ?

In points like this we must agree,  
 Our barber knows as much as we : 375  
 Yet still unable to explain,  
 We must persist the best we can ;  
 With care our System still renew,  
 And prove things likely, tho' not true.

I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute, 380  
 By dint of logic strike thee mute ;  
 With learned skill now push now parry,  
 From Darii to Bocardo vary,  
 And never yield, or what is worst,  
 Never conclude the point discours'd : 385  
 Yet that you *hic et nunc* may know  
 How much you to my cantoer owe,  
 I'll from the disputant descend,  
 To show thee I assume the friend :  
 I'll take thy notion for my own— 390  
 (So most philosophers have done)  
 It makes my system more complete :  
 Dick, can it have a nobler fate ?  
 Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear Friend,  
 But bring thy matters to an end. 395

I find, quoth Matt, reproof is vain ;  
 Who first offend will first complain.  
 Thou wishest I should make to shore,  
 Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.  
 What I have told thee fifty times 400  
 In prose, receive for once in rhymes.  
 A huge fat man in country-fair  
 • Or city church, (no matter where)

Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,  
Still bawling out extremely loud, 405  
Lord save us ! why do people press !  
Another, marking his distress,  
Friendly reply'd : Plump gentleman,  
Get out as fast as e'er you can :  
Or cease to push or to exclaim ; 410  
You make the very crowd you blame.

Says Dick, Your moral does not need  
The least return, so e'en proceed :  
Your tale howe'er apply'd was short :  
So far at least I thank you for't. 415

Matt took his thanks, and in a tone  
More majesterial thus went on.

Now Alma settles in the head,  
As has before been sung or said :  
And here begins this farce of life ; 420  
Enter Revenge, Ambition, strife ;  
Behold on both sides men advance,  
To form in earnest Bay's decree.  
L'Avare not using half his store,  
Still grumbles that he has no more ; 425  
Strikes not the present too for fear  
The vintage should be bad next year,  
And eats to-day with inward-sorrow,  
And dread of frosty'd want to-morrow.  
Alroad if the garment you wear 430  
Repels the rigour of the air,  
Would you be warmer if at home  
You had the fabric and the loom ?

And if two boots keep out the weather,  
 Why need you have two hides of leather? 433  
 Could Pedro, think you, make no trial  
 Of a sonata on his viol,  
 Unless he had the total gut  
 Whence ev'ry string at first was cut?

When Rarus shows you his Cartone, 440  
 He always tells you, with a groan,  
 Where two of that same hand were torn,  
 Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,  
 For part of his Petroniss lost, 443  
 That he can never take the pains  
 To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take,  
 What strict inquiries did he make,  
 To get one medal wanting yet,  
 And perfect all his Roman set?  
 'Tis found: and, O, his happy lot!  
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:  
 Of these no more you hear him speak;  
 He now begins upon the Greek. 455

These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns  
 Remain obscure as in their urns.  
 My copper lamps at any rate,  
 For being true antiques, I bought,  
 Yet wisely melted down my plate,  
 On modern models to be wrought: 460  
 And trifles I abhor paucus,  
 Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight  
 For Greg'ry make a paper kite, 463  
 And simple odes, too many, show ye  
 My servile complaisance to Cloe.  
 Parents and lovers are decreed  
 By Nature fools—That's brave indeed ! 469  
 Quoth Dick ; such truths are worth receiving .  
 Yet Dick still look'd as not believing.  
 Now, Alma ! to divines and prose  
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes,  
 Nor think to-night of thy ill nature,  
 But of thy follies, idle creature, 475  
 The turns of thy uncertain wing,  
 And not the malice of thy sting.  
 Thy pride of being great and wise,  
 I do but mention to despise :  
 I view with anger and disdain 480  
 How little gives thee joy or pain :  
 A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root,  
 A shell, a butterfly, can do't ;  
 E'en a romance, a tune, a rhyme,  
 Help thee to pass the tedious time, 485  
 Which else would on thy hand remain ;  
 Tho' flown it ne'er looks back again ;  
 And cards are dealt, and chess-bounds brought  
 To ease the pain of ev'ry thought :  
 Happy result of human wit ! 490  
 That Alma may herself forget.  
 Dick, thus we act, and thus we are,  
 Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.

With endless pain this man pursues  
 What if he gain'd he could not use ; 495  
 And th' other fondly hopes to see  
 What never was nor e'er shall be.  
 We err by use, go wrong by rules,  
 In gesture grave, in action fools :  
 We join hypocrisy to pride, 500  
 Doubting the faults we strive to hide.  
 Or grant that with extreme surprise  
 We find ourselves at sixty wise,  
 And twenty pretty things we known,  
 Of which we can't accomplish one, 505  
 Whilst, as my System says, the Mind  
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd :  
 Should I, my friend, at large repeat  
 Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,  
 The head-roll of her vicious tricks, 510  
 My poem would be too prolix :  
 For could I my numbers sustain,  
 Like Socrates or Miles Montaigne,  
 Who in these times would read my books,  
 But Tom o'Niles, or John o'Nokes ? 515

As Brootford bings, discreet and wise,  
 After long thought and grave advice,  
 Late Landella's cabin peeping,  
 Few sought to cause their mirth or weeping :  
 Her Alma now to joy or grief 520  
 Superior, finds her late soliloquy,  
 Worry'd of being high or great,  
 And nodding in her chair of state,

Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,  
Of Will did this, and Nan said that, 525  
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,  
Which nature forc'd by time must make,  
Thro' which she wings her destin'd way;  
Upward she soars and down drops clay;  
While some surviving friend suppies  
*Hic jacet*, and a hundred lies.

O Richard ! till that day appears,  
Which must decide our hopes and fears,  
Would Fortune calm her present rage,  
And give us playthings for our age; 535  
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,  
And twist our thread with gold and silk;  
Would she in friendship, peace and plenty,  
Spin out our years to four times twenty,  
And should we both, in this condition, 540  
Have conquer'd love and worse ambition;  
(Else these two passions by the way,  
May chance to show us sorry play)  
Then, Richard, there should we set down,  
Far from the tumult of this Town; 545  
I fad of my well-chosen coat,  
My pictures, medals, books, complete;  
Or should we mix our friendly talk,  
O'erhasted in that liv'ly walk  
Which thy own hand had willow planted, 550  
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted;

Yet then, e'en then, one cross reflection  
Would spoil thy grove and my collection :  
Thy son and his e'er that may die,  
And time some uncouth heir supply,        555  
Who shall for nothing else be known,  
But spoiling all that thou hast done.  
Who set the twigs, shall he remember  
That is in haste to fell the timber ?  
And what shall of thy woods remain,        560  
Except the box that threw the main ?

Nay, may not time and death remove  
The near relations whom I love ?  
And my Coz Tom, or his Coz Mary,  
(Who hold the plough or skim the dairy)    565  
My fav'rite books and picture sell  
To Smart, or Doily, by the ell ?  
Kindly throw in a little figure,  
And set their price upon the bigger ?  
Those that could never read their grammar,    570  
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,  
May think books best as richest bound :  
My copper medals by the pound  
May be with learned justice weigh'd ;  
To turn the balance, Otho's head        575  
May be throw'd in : and, for the mettle,  
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle -----  
    Tir'd with these thoughts—less tir'd than I,  
    Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—

That people live and die, I knew 580  
 An hour ago as well as you;  
 And if Fate spins us longer years,  
 Or is in haste to take the shears,  
 I know we must both fortunes try,  
 And bear our evils wet or dry. 586  
 Yet let the goddess smile or frown,  
 Bread we shall eat or white or brown,  
 And in a cottage or a court,  
 Drink fine Champaigne or muddled Port.  
 What need of books these truths to tell, 590  
 Which folks perceive who cannot spell?  
 And must we spectacles apply  
 To view what hurts our naked eye?  
 Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,  
 To make me merrier than I am, 595  
 I'll be all night at your devotion——  
 Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;  
 But if you would depress my thoughts,  
 Your System is not worth a groat——  
 For Plato's fancies what care I? 600  
 I hope you would not have me die,  
 Like simple Cato in the play,  
 For any thing that he can say?  
 I'll let him of Ideas speak  
 To Heathens in his native Greek: 605  
 If to be sad is to be wise,  
 I do most heartily despise  
 Whatever Socrates has said,  
 Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift\* to set our masters right, 610  
Remove these papers from my sight;  
Burn Matt's Descart and Aristotle,  
Here, Jonathan! your master's bottle.

Adrian Drift, Esq. Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor

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# THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

## A POEM.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

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Be it right or wrong, these men among  
On woman do complayne ; 5  
Affirmyng this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vaine,  
To love them wile ; for never a dele  
They love a man againe :  
For lete a man do what he can,  
The favour to attayne ;  
Yet yf a new do them pursue,  
The furest trew lover than . 10  
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thoughts  
He is a banisched man.  
I say not nay, but that all day  
It is bothe wryt and sayde  
That woman's fayth is as who saythe, 15  
All utterly deoyed.  
But nevertheless right good witness  
I' this case might be layde,  
That they love trew, and certeine,  
Record the Nut-brown Mayde ;  
Which from her love (when her to prove  
He came to make his mane) . 20

Wold not depart, for in her herte  
She lovyd but him alone.

Then betweene us lettens discурse,  
What was all the maner

Between them too : we wyl also  
Telle all the peyne and fere  
That she was in. Now I begynne,  
So that ye me answere.

Wherfore all ye that present be  
I pray ye give an eare.

MAN. I am the knyght, I come by nyght  
As secret as I can,  
Slayng, alas ! thus standeth the case,  
I am a banisched man.

wom. And I your wylle for to falfyfle  
In this wyl not refuse,  
Trusting to shew, in wordis fewe,  
That men have an ill use,  
(To ther own shame) women to blame,  
And crusele them accuse :  
Therefore to you I answere now,  
Alle women to excuse.

Myн own herte dore, with you what cheare,  
I pray you tellis anone ;  
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,  
I love but you alone.

MAN. It standeth so : a dode is do,  
Wherfore moche harm shall growe :  
My destaney is far to day  
A shameful deth I trowe ;

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Or ellis to flee: the one must be,  
 None other way I knowe,  
 But to withdrawe, as an outlawe,  
 And take me to my bowe. 55  
 Wherefore adew, my owne herte trewe,  
 None other red I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode goe,  
 Alone, a banishyd man. 60

wom. O Lord! what is this worldis blyse,  
 That chaungeth as the moone?  
 My somer's day, in lusty May,  
 Is derked before the none.  
 There you saye farewell: nay, nay, 65  
 We departe not soo sone.  
 Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goe?  
 Alas! what have ye done?  
 All my welsare to sorrow and care  
 Shoulde chaunge yf ye were gone; 70  
 For in my mynde, of al mykynde,  
 I love but you alone.

man. I can believe it shal you grieve,  
 And shewwhat you distrayne,  
 But aftyrworde your paynes haue, 75  
 Within a day or tweyne,  
 Shal come as lake, and ye shal take  
 Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why shold ye sought? for to make thought,  
 Your labur were in vayne, 80  
 And thus I do, and pray you too,  
 As hertely as I can:

For I must to the grene wode goe,  
Alone, a banishyd man.

wom. Now sythe that ye have shewed to me  
The secret of your mynde, 86  
I shal be plaine to you againe,  
Lyke as ye shal me fynde.

Sythe it is so that ye wyl goe,  
I wol not leve behynde : 90

Shal never be sayd the Nut-brown Mayde  
Was to her love unkynde.  
Make you redy, for so am I,  
Altho' it were alone ;  
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, 95  
I love but you alone.

man. Yet I you rede to take good bede  
What men wyl think and sey ;  
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde  
That he be gone away : 100  
Your wosten wylle fer to falfyfle,  
In grene wode you to play ;  
And that ye myght from your delyte  
Noo lenger make delay.  
Rather than ye shold thus for me 105  
Be called an ylle weman,  
Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,  
Alone, a banishyd man.

wom. The' it be songe of old and yonge  
What I shold be to blisse, 110  
There be the changes that equall as longe  
In hunting of my name :

For I wyll prove that feythal love  
 It is devoyd of shame ;  
 In your distress and hevyness  
 To parte wylth you the same. 115  
 And sure all thoo that doo not so,  
 Trewe lovers are they none ;  
 But in my mynde, of al mankynde,  
 I love but you alone. 120

MAN. I counsel you, remember how  
 It is noo mayden's lawe  
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out  
 To wode with an outlawe :  
 For ye must there in your hand brye 125  
 A bowe redy to drawe ;  
 And as a theef, thus must ye lyve,  
 Ever in dred and awe.  
 Whereby to you gret harme myght growe ;  
 Yet I had never than 130  
 That I had to the grame wode gue,  
 Alone, a banisched man.

wom. I think not nay ; but as ye saye,  
 It is noo mayden's love ;  
 But love may make me for your sake, 135  
 As I have said before,  
 To com on fote to hunte and shotte,  
 To get me mate in stede :  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I ask noo more ; 140  
 From which to parte, it makith ayen herte

As coldie as ony stone ;  
 For in my mynde, of al monkynesse,  
 I love but you alone.

MAW. For an outlawe, this is the lawe, 145  
 That men hym take and binde,

Wythout pytee, hanged to bee,  
 And waver with the wynde.

If I had neede, as God forbede,  
 What reson coude ye finde ?

For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 Shuld drawe fur fur behynde.

And noo merveyle ; for lytel avayle  
 Were in your couenil than :

Wherfore I to the wode wyl goe, 155  
 Alone, a banisched man,

wom. Full well knowe ye that women be  
 But febyl for to fught :

Noo womanhede it is in deede,  
 To bee bold as a knyght :

Yet in such fare yf that ye were  
 With easynys day and nyght,

I wolde withatende wyth bowe in hande,  
 To greve them as I myght,

And you to save, as women have  
 Every dothe many-doe :

For in my mynde, of al monkynesse,  
 I love but you alone.

MAW. Yet take gude biforn the erre I dore  
 That ye coude not sustaine. 165

The thorney weyes, the deep valesis,  
 The snowe, the frost, the reyn ;  
 The cold, the hete, for drye, or wete,  
 We must lodge on the playn,  
 And us above noon other rofe,  
 But a brake, bush, or twayne,  
 Which sone shulde greve you, I believe ;  
 And ye wold gladsely than,  
 That I had to the grene wode goo,  
 Alone, a banisayd man. 175

wom. Sythe I have here been partynesse  
 With you of joy and blysse,  
 I must also parte of your woo  
 Endure, as reson is :  
 Yet I am sure of one plesure, 185  
 And, shortly, it is this,  
 That where ye bee, mec seemeth, par-dy  
 I could not fare assayss.  
 Without more specche I you beseeche  
 That we were soon a-gone ; 190  
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,  
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must assayder,  
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
 Ther shal no mete be for to gote,  
 Nor drink, bera, ale, or wine ;  
 Ne shotis clene, to lys betwonne,  
 Made of thred and twyne,  
 Neen other house but levys and towers,

To kever your hond and myn. 200  
 O myn herte swete, this y<sup>e</sup>re spet  
 Shuld make you pale and wan :  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,  
 Alone, a banisched man.

WOM. Among the wyld dore, such an archier  
 As men say that ye bee, 200  
 We may not fayle of good vitayle,  
 Where is so gret a plante :  
 And watir cleere of the ryveth  
 Shal be full swete to me.

With whiche in hele, I shal right weli  
 Endure, as ye shall see,  
 And er we goe, a hed or two  
 I can provide asone :  
 For in my mynde, of al monkynde, 215  
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Loo ! yet before, ye must do more,  
 Yf ye wyl go with me :  
 An eate your here up by your are,  
 Your curtel by the knee : 220  
 Wyth bowe in honde, for to wythstande  
 Your empes yf neede be :  
 And this same nyght, before day-light,  
 To wode-ward wyl I bee.  
 And yf ye wylle al this faylike, 225  
 Do it shortly as ye can :  
 Kith wyl I to the grone wode goe,  
 Alone, a banisched man.

wom. I shall as now do more for you  
 Than longeth ~~the~~ wonynghede ; 230  
 To short my here, a bow to here,  
 To shote in tyme of nede.  
 O my sweet moder, before al other,  
 For you have I most drade ;  
 But now adew, I must ensue, 235  
 Where fortune dash me lede.  
 All this make ye, and lete us flee,  
 'The day run fast upon ;  
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,  
 I love but you alone. 240

MAN. Nay, nay, not so ; ye shal not goo,  
 And I shal telle ya why ;  
 Your appetyte is to be light  
 Of love, I wile espi ;  
 For right as ye have sayde to me, 245  
 In lykewise hardely  
 Ye wolde answere, whosoeuer  
 In way of company. . . .  
 It is sayd of olde, Some hote, some colde,  
 And so is a woman ; 250  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goo,  
 Alone a banisched man.

wom. Yf ye take heed, yt is goo ande  
 Such wordis to saydys me ;  
 For ofte ye preyd, and long assayd, 255  
 Er I you lovd, yet dyes  
 And thought that I of summytry

A baron's daughter bee,  
 Yet have you proved how I you loved,  
 A squyer of low degree ;  
 And ever shal, what so befall,  
 To dey therefore anone ;  
 For in my mynde, of al mankinde,  
 I love but you alone.

260

MAN. A baron's childe to be begyled, 265

It were a cursed dede :  
 To be felawe with an outlawe,  
 Almighty God syghede !  
 Yt bettyr were the pore squyer  
 Alone to forrest spedde,  
 Than ye shal saye another daye,  
 That by that wycked dede  
 Ye were betrayed. Wherefore good mayde,  
 The best rede that I can,  
 Is that I to the grane wods goe, 275  
 Alone, a banisched man.

270

wom. Whatsoeuer befall, I never shal  
 Of this thing you upbraid ;  
 But yf ye go and leue me so,  
 Then have ye me betrayd. 280  
 Remember ye wile how that ye deale ;  
 For yf ye, as ye sayde,  
 Be so unkynde to leue betaynde .  
 Your love, the Nun-brown Mayde,  
 Trust me truly, that I shal day  
 Sone after ye be gone : 285

For in my mynde, of al mankynde,  
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf that ye went ye shulde repent ;  
For in the forest now 290

I have purveid me of a mayde,  
Whom I love more than you.

Another fayrer then e'er ye were,  
I dare it well avowe ;  
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe 295  
Wyth other, as I trowe,  
It were myn ese to live in pese,  
So wyl I yf I can ;  
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,  
Alone, a banisched man. 300

wom. Tho' in the wode I understande  
Ye had a paramour,  
All this may nought remove my thought,  
But that I will be your :  
And she shall fynde me soft and kynde, 305  
And carteis every hour,  
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle  
Commannde me to my pow'r.  
For had ye loo and hundred meo,  
Yet woldie I be that one ; . 310  
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,  
I love but you alone.

MAN. Myne owne dire love, I see the grome,  
That ye be kynde and trowe ;  
Of mayde and wylle, in al my lyfe, 315

The best that ever I knewe.  
 Be meray and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is changed newe ;  
 For it were ruthe, that for your trouth,  
 Ye shulde have cause to rewre. 320

Be not dismayd whatsoever I sayd  
 To you whan I began !  
 I wyl not to the grene wode goe,  
 I am no banisched man.

wom. Theis tydingis be more glad to me,  
 Than to be made a quene, 326  
 Yf I were sure they shulde endure ;  
 But it is often scene,  
 When men wyl breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordis on the splene.

Ye shape some wylc, me to begyle,  
 And stèle fro me, I wene.  
 Then were the case wurs than it was,  
 And I more woo begone ;  
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde, 335  
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Ye shal not sede further to dredre :  
 I wyl not disparage

You. God defind, syth you desend  
 Of so grete a lysage.

Now understande, to Westmerlunde,  
 Whiche is my berytage,  
 I wyl you bryngre, and wylth a syngre,  
 By wey of maryngre,

I wyl you take, and lady make,  
As shortly as I can.  
Thus have ye wone an eris's own,  
And not a banisched man.

345

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## HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,  
UPON THE MODEL OF  
THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

---

### TO CLOE.

To now, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command  
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)  
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,  
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say ;  
Bright Cloe ! object of my constant vow, 5  
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow ?  
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,  
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains ?  
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,  
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have  
roll'd : 10

At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,  
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be  
prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,  
That he may love and not be lov'd again :  
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue, 15  
Who change the constant lover for the new.  
Whatever has been writ, whatever said  
Of female passion feign'd, or fidd'relay'd,  
Henceforth shall in my verse roll'd stand,  
The said to winds, or writ upon the sand : 20

And while my notes to future times proclaim  
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,  
O, fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse ;  
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse :  
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,      25  
And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen with ev'ry grace  
That once was Emma's has adorn'd thy face,  
And as her son has to my bosom dealt  
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt,  
O let the story with thy life agree,      31  
Let men once more the bright example see ;  
What Emma was to him be thou to me :  
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,  
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove :      35  
But, oh ! with pity long entreated crown  
My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st  
    that one  
Of all mankind, thou lov'st, oh ! think on me  
    alone.

Wenceslaus hospitress Isis and her husband Thesus  
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,      40  
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,  
Great gifts bequeath'd, and great respect receiv'd.  
When Edward Edward with successful arm  
Lod his son Robert to the Gallie way,  
This long-land honored his appointed bound,      45  
In firm obsequies to his king's commands,

And (all due honors faithfully discharged)  
 Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd  
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,  
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil. 50  
 From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,  
 In honorable ease and rural sport  
 The remnant of his days he safely past,  
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast;  
 He made his wish with his estate comply, 55  
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,  
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir:  
 They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame  
 Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name;  
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd, 60  
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd:  
 Yet as when little, round his knees she play'd,  
 He call'd her oft', in sport, his Nut-brown  
 Maid,

The friends and tenants took the sounding word, 65  
 (As still they please who imitate their lord)  
 Urage confirm'd what Fancy had begun;  
 And stately terms around the lands were }  
 known,  
 And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were }  
<sup>both</sup>

As with her sister with her charms bewond'rd,  
 There all the tote her beauty wond'rous'd. 75  
 Oh ! who perdition met that virgin sphere,  
 Who failed to esteem'd where all the eye !

From distant shires repair the noble youth,  
And find report for once had lessen'd trust 75  
By wonder first, and then by passions mov'd,  
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and  
they lov'd.

By public praises and by secret sighs,  
Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.  
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove, 80  
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.  
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,  
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.  
In vain they combated, in vain they writ,  
I sclem their strength, and impotent their wit:  
Great Venus only must direct the dart, one's  
Which else will never reach the fair 86  
heart,

Spite of th' attempts of Force and soft effects  
of Art:  
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;  
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown,  
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him  
alone. 91

While those in public to the castle come,  
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame,  
More secret ways the enterful Henry takes;  
His 'squires, his arms, and equipage furnish. 95  
In horrid'd snags and thine attire array'd,  
Off' he finds means to see the beauties wait.

When happy hours, in hunting's habit dress'd,  
Henry on foot passes the bounding bents;

In ~~tw~~right hand his beechen pole he bears, 100  
 And ~~gl~~ateful at his side his horn he wears.  
 Still to the glade where she has bent her way,  
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey.  
 Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,  
 And shows the path her steed may safest take ; 105  
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,  
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd, }  
 And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks ;  
 With her ~~of~~ lures and of lures he talks : 110  
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,  
 Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands :  
 And when superior now the bird has flown,  
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry  
 down,  
 With humble rev'rence he accepts the flier, 115  
 And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.  
 Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,  
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;  
 And by his look and step is express'd,  
 A nobler game purposed than bird or beast. 120

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,  
 And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.  
 The neighbour swains around the stranger throng,  
 Or to admire or enlaze his song :  
 While with soft accents the summer bays, 125  
 Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise :  
 But soon as Emma's eyes adores the strain,  
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,

With dutiful respect and studious fear,  
Lest any careless sound offend her ear. 130

A frantic gipsey now the house he haunts,  
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants,  
With the fond maids in palmistry he dons ;  
They tell the secret first which he reverst ; 144  
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguyl'd  
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the  
child :

But when bright Emma would her fortune  
know,

A softer look unbends his op'ning brow :  
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,  
And in soft accents forms the kind reply, 140  
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,  
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for  
her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,  
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :  
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame, 145  
And at her feet to breathe his ill-tim'd theme ;  
And oft' the pang of abhorre to remove  
By letters, soft intertôches of love :  
Till time and industry (the mighty two  
That bring our whiles nearer to our wiles) 150  
Made him perdictive that the beauteous fair  
Receiv'd his vow with all voluntary glee ;  
That Venus had confirm'd her equal barge,  
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's  
pains.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,  
 And with the secret kept the love increas'd, 150  
 The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves,  
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.  
 He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again ; 159  
 Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?  
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame,  
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?  
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,  
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds :  
 Another love may gain her easy youth ; 165  
 Time changes thought, and flatt'ry conquers  
 Truth.

O impotent estate of human life !  
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;  
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,  
 And most we question what we most desire. 170  
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow  
 Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw  
 Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught  
 With unavailing grief ; for our ill-judging thought  
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste, 175  
 Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,  
 (Miserable tyrants of the human breast)  
 My own great trial he resolves to prove  
 The faith of women and the force of love : 180  
 If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find  
 That beautious frame enclose a steady mind.

He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,  
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r ;  
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail ; 185 }  
 If pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,  
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail }  
 His mind be vows to free from am'rous care,  
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear, }  
 Resume his asure arms, and shine again in war. }

South of the castle, in a verdant glade, 191  
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade ;  
 Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had  
 heard ;

Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.  
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds, 195  
 And genial Life inform'd the verdant woods,  
 Henry in knots involving Emma's name,  
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame  
 Upon this tree, and as the tender mark  
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,  
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address, 201  
 That as the wound, the passion might increase.  
 As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,  
 And deck'd the various ' mead with eying  
 flow'rs,

Upon this tree the nymph's obliging duty  
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's balm,  
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,  
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her prompt  
 crown'd,

HENRY AND EMMA.

With thro' all the plains he oft' had gone,  
With each swain the mystic honor shown, 210  
With still prais'd, the giver still unknown. }  
With secret note the troubled Henry writes ;  
With bane in tree the lovely maid invites :  
With secret words and dubious terms express  
With unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ; 215  
With he must something to her ear command,  
With which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,  
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd,  
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note 220  
Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote ;  
Which told her all his future hopes were laid  
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;  
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her  
pow'r,

And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more. 225  
Now night advanc'd : the house in sleep were  
laid,

The moon experienc'd, and the prying maid ;  
And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt  
The lover's stage, the sacc'd maiden aunt.  
With dear Henry Emma wings her way, 230  
With question'd pace repairing forc'd delay  
With him, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid  
To wit abroad till wretchedness be laid,  
Enducent then o'er cliff and valleys strays,  
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways, 235

Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find  
Where Cupid goes, tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye  
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh :  
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain 240  
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain ;  
But, oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste ;  
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast :  
His artful bosom heaves dissimbled sighs,  
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes. 245

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love ;  
His painted grief does real sorrow move  
In the afflicted fair : adown her cheek  
Trickling the genuine tears their current break :  
Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man 250  
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,  
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?  
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove  
With the first tumults of a real love ? 255  
Hast thou now dreaded and now blust his sway,  
By turns averse and joyful to obey ?  
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,  
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd,  
And wept the potent god's resistance lost,  
His killing pleasure, his cogitative smart,  
And heav'ly poison thrilling thro' thy heart ?  
If so, with pity view my wretched state,  
At least deplore, and then forget my fates.

To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,  
By Fortune favor'd and successful arms ; 266  
And only as the sun's revolving ray  
Brings back each year this melancholy day,  
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear  
To an abandon'd exile's endless care. 270  
For me, alas ! outcast of human race,  
Love's anger only waits and dire revenge ;  
For, lo ! these hands in murder are imbru'd,  
These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd :  
Fate calls aloud, and hastes me away ; 275  
A shameful death abounds my longer stay ;  
And I this night must fly from thee and love,  
Condemned to lonely woods a banish'd man to

EMMA. What is our bliss that changeth with  
the moon,  
And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon ?  
What is true passion, if unblest it dies ? 281  
And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies ?  
If love, alas ! be pain, the pain I bear  
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare. 284  
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd  
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd :  
The god of Love himself inhabits there,  
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and }  
care,  
His complement of stores and total war. }  
O ! come then coldly to suspect my love, 288  
And let my dread at least my faith approve.

Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share,  
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;  
 No future story shall with truth upbraid  
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid ;  
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run ; 295  
 While careless Emma sleeps on bens of down.  
 View me resolv'd where'er thou lead'st to go,  
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;  
 For I attest fair Venus and her son, 299  
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous  
 way,

And take good heed what men will think and say ;  
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,  
 Her father's house and civil life forsook ; 305  
 That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,  
 She to the woodland with an exile ran.  
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,  
 And virgin-honor once, is always stain'd :  
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun ; 310  
 Better not do the deed than weep it done :  
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame,  
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame :  
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love, 314  
 And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woodlets  
 rove.

EMMA. Let Emma's hapless case be, Galaks  
 told  
 By the rash young or the ill-matur'd old ;  
 s 2

Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose,  
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse ;  
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise, 320  
 And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.  
 Let then thy favor but indulge my flight,  
 O ! let my presence make thy travels light,  
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,  
 Above the rumors of censorious fame ; 325  
 Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r  
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,  
 Than that this typhus should to the world be  
 known,  
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee  
 alone.

HEN. But canst thou wield the sword and bend  
 the bow ? 330  
 With active force repel the sturdy foe ?  
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,  
 And winged death in whistling arrows fly,  
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay, 334  
 Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day ?  
 Then as thy strength decays thy heart will fail,  
 Thy limbs all trembling and thy checks all  
 pale ;

With fruitless sorrow thou, negligent Maid,  
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :  
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'erharg'd, desy 340  
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly ;

Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee  
love  
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to  
rove.

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew  
To send the arrow from the twanging yew : 345  
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,  
Boudica brandish'd high the British spear.  
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame  
Excite the female breast with martial flame ?  
And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire 350  
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire ?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,  
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.  
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow  
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow, 355  
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,  
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.  
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile steel,  
Shouldst thou (but Heav'n avert it !) shouldst  
thou bleed,  
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear, 360  
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my  
hair ;

Blest when my dangers and my toils have shown  
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.  
EMMA. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou  
sustain  
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ? 365

Those limbs, in lawn and softer silk array'd,  
 From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,  
 Can they bear angry Jove ? - can they resist  
 The parching Dog-star and the bleak North-east ?  
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating  
 rain, 370

We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;  
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,  
 Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood,  
 And find among the clifts no other house  
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,  
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye 376  
 Around the dreary waste, and weeping try  
 (Tho' them, alas ! that trial be too late)  
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,  
 And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding }  
 sate ? 380

Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must  
 mourn ;  
 That gate for ever barr'd to thy return ;  
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,  
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to  
 rove ?

EMMA. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed, 385  
 From its decline determin'd to recede ;  
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee  
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,  
 While gentle zephyrs play in propitious gales,  
 And Fortune's favor fills the swelling sail, 390

But would forsake the ship and make the shore,  
 When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?  
 No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has ty'd }  
 Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide, 394 }  
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,  
 To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,  
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,  
 And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.  
 And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer, 400

(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)  
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neig'b'ring wood,  
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;  
 With humble duty and officious haste  
 I'll cull the farthest mead for thy repast ; 405  
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,  
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring :  
 And when at night, with weary toil oppress,  
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,  
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r  
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care : 411  
 And joyous ask at morn's returning day,  
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.  
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend  
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend ;  
 By all these sacred names be Henry known 416 }  
 To Emma's heart ; and, grateful, let him own }  
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him }  
 alone.

HEV. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's  
care

Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare: 420  
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,  
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.

No longer shall thy comely tresses break  
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,  
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round, 425  
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound;  
No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd  
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,  
That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less: 430

Nor shall thy lower garment's artful plait,  
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,  
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,  
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.

Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair 435  
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear  
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide  
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;  
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and  
knee

Licentious, and to common eyesight free: 440  
And with a bolder stride and isoser air,  
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,  
Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find: 445  
'Tis long since Cyathia and her train were there,  
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.

Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,  
For such must be my friends ; a hideous crew,  
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,  
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill ; 450  
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,  
The headle's lash still flagrant on their back ;  
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,  
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :  
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,  
Assist their violence and divide their prey ; 456  
With such she must return at setting light,  
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.  
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds  
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds  
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry, 461  
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply ;  
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,  
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,  
That latest weapon of the wretches' war, 465  
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,  
What thou wouldest follow, what thou must for-  
sake :

By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heav'n,  
No middle object to thy choice is giv'n : 470  
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love, [reva.  
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to  
EMMA. O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates  
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates ;

Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run 475  
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.  
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;  
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :  
 And sure my little heart can never err  
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. 480  
 Our outward act is prompted from within,  
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :  
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,  
 Nor by the force of outward objects moy'd.  
 Who has essay'd no danger, gains no praise. 485  
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,  
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat ; . . .  
 In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :  
 Their flut'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat. }  
 Their flut'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat. }

For thee alone these little charms I drest, 490  
 Condemn'd them or absolv'd them by thy test :  
 In comely figure raag'd, my jewels shone,  
 Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone :  
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;  
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride 495  
 For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for  
 thee,  
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;  
 O fine extreme of human infamy ! }  
 Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear  
 (If that obstructs my sight) this head of hair :  
 Black goat or yellow walnut shall disgrace 501  
 This little red and white of Emma's face : . . .

These nails with scratches shall deform my }  
breast ; }

Lest by my look or color be exprest [drest.] }  
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better }  
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise, 506  
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes }  
Lost to the world, let me to him be known ; }  
My fate I can absolve if he shall own }  
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone. }

HEN. O wildest thought of an abandon'd  
mind ! 511

Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,  
Ev'n honor dubious, thou preferr'st to go  
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so ?  
Or did I dream what Emma never said ? 515  
O guilty error ! and O wretched Maid !  
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same }  
With him who next should tempt her easy fame, }  
And blow with empty words the susceptible }  
fame.

Now why should doubtful terms thy mind  
perplex, 520

Confess thy frailty and avow thy sex :  
No longer loose desire for constant love  
Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou  
long'st to rove.

EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and  
flames, and swords ; 524  
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?

Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,  
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ! }  
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's  
fame. }

And fall these sayings from that gentle  
tongue, 529

Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?  
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,  
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,  
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,  
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd, }  
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown  
Maid ? 535 } }

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite  
Produce my actions to severest light, }  
And tax my open day or secret night.  
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart  
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ? 540  
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,  
Which angels might not hear and virgins tell ?  
And hast thou, Henry ! in my conduct known  
One fault but that which I must ever own, }  
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee  
alone ? 545 } }

Mrs. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone ;  
Each man is man, and all our sex is one :  
False are our words, and fickle is our mind ; }  
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find  
Vows made to last, or promises to bind. 550 } }

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,  
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :  
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,  
 We lift the battle-ax and draw the bow ;  
 When fir'd with passion we attack the fair, 555  
 Delusive sights and brittle vows we bear ?  
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,  
 As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,  
 The only boon departing Love can give. 560  
 To be less wretched be no longer true ;  
 What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou }  
 pursue ? } }

Forget the present flame, indulge a new :  
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;  
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth. 565  
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe) }  
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;  
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and }  
 leave. } }

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right :  
 Be wise and false, sham trouble, seek delight ; }  
 Change thou the first, nor wretched lover's }  
 sight. 571 }

Why shouldst thou weep ? Nature judge  
 our case ;  
 I saw thee young and fair : pass'd the chase  
 Of youth and beauty : I another saw  
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law. 575

Of our all-ruing Mother, I purs'd  
 More youth, more beauty. Blest vicissitude!  
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame,  
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful  
 charms, 580

With present power compels me to her arms ;  
 And much I fear from my subjected mind,  
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)  
 'That years may roll ere in her turn the maid  
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd, 585  
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,  
 With idle clamors of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err  
 So wide to hope that thou mayst live with her ;  
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows ;  
 Cupid averse, rejects divided vows : 591  
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, re-  
 move

An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,  
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods }  
 to rove.

EMMA. Are we in life thro' one great error  
 led ? 595

Is each man pejer'd, and each nymph batny'd ?  
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?  
 Am I of mine the most completely curst ?  
 Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,  
 From what I will ensue, how much I love. 600

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,  
 This happy object of our diff'rent care,  
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,  
 A servant; (she may scorn the name of friend)  
 What she demands incessant I'll prepare; 605  
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:  
 My busy diligence shall deck her board,  
 (For there, at least, I may approach my lord)  
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise  
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes 610 }  
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise. }

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,  
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,  
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;  
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,  
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect, 615  
 With virgin honors let my bier be deckt,  
 And decent emblem; and, at least, persuade  
 This happy nymph that Emma may be laid  
 Where thou, dear author of my death, whoso  
 she

With frequent eye my sepulchre may see. 621  
 The nymph, amidst her joys, thus haply breathes  
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,  
 And the sad fate which she may our day prove,  
 Who hopes from Henry's woes eternal love. 625  
 And thou, forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,  
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy breast,

Thou ~~must~~ must give one thought, and drop one  
tear

To her whom love abandon'd to despair ;  
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone, 630  
Did it in lasting characters be known  
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone. }

xxx. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus  
hear ;  
And thou, bright Maid, believe me whilst I  
swear ;

No time, no change, no future flame shall move  
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love. 636

O pow'rful Virtue ! O victorious Fair !  
At least ~~expose~~ a trial too severe ; }

Receive the triumph and forget the war.

No bas'ch'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,  
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love : 641  
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,  
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,  
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth ;  
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth, 645  
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,  
And found his glory, in his Empire's joy.  
- As me, behold the potent Edgar's heir,  
Illiustrious Earl, him terrible in war,  
Let Lager-weise, for she has felt his sword, 650  
And trembling died before the British lord.  
Him great in peace-and wealth fair Dova knows,  
For she ~~assidet~~ his spacious meadow Scorn,

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,  
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt rise thy  
thought

658

To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought  
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,  
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:  
Music and song shall wake the marriage day, }  
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay, }  
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy ev'ning feasts adorn,  
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn;  
Succeeding years their happy race shall run, 665  
And Age unheeded by delight come on,  
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r;  
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,  
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold, 669  
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever from my Emma's breast  
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)  
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move }  
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,  
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests }  
rove.

675

EMMA. O day! the fairest sure that ever rose!  
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!  
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,  
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight, }  
And give each future morn a tincture of thy }  
white.

680

Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of Love,  
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?  
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?  
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?  
 None, none there is: the thought was rash and  
 vain,

685

A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.  
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,  
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;  
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,  
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care. 690

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,  
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.  
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,  
 And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands,  
 Her present favor cautious I'll embrace, 695  
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace,  
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,  
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,  
 Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,  
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent. 700  
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,  
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:  
 Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior  
 pow'rs,  
 Must mark the color of my future hours, 704  
 From the events which thy commands create,  
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date,  
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate. }

Yet while with close delight and inward pride  
(Which from the world my careful soul shall  
    hide)

I see thee, lord and end of my desire,      710  
Exalted high as virtue can require,  
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,  
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,  
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store  
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;  
Grateful and humble grant me to employ.      710  
My life subservient only to thy joy,  
And at my death to bless thy kindness, shown  
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee  
    alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said, 720,  
Joyful above them and around them play'd  
Angels and sportive loves, a num'rous crowd;  
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they  
    bow'd:

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,  
To choose propitious shafts a precious store, 725  
That when their god should take his future dart,  
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,  
His happy skill might proper arms employ,  
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy,  
And those, they vow'd whose lives should imitate  
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.  
    The Queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,  
    Approv'd the little labor of the loves;

Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear,  
And to the triumph call'd the god of war;  
Soon as she calls, the god is always near. 736 }  
Soon as she calls, the god is always near. 736 }

Now Mars, she said, let fame exalt her voice,  
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice.  
But when she sings great Edward from the field }  
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield }  
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught  
to yield. 741 }

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete  
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,  
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump  
again,

To sing her fav'rite Anna's wondrous reign, 745  
To resollect th' unweary'd Malbord's toils,  
Old Rufus' Hall unequal to his spoils,  
The British soldier from his high command  
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his  
hand,

Let her at least perform what I desire, 750  
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,  
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,  
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I  
gain;

And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,  
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast, 755  
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry prove,  
And Emma-like let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth let all thy sons appear,  
And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity  
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky; 761  
And thou, she smiling said, great god of Days  
And Verse, behold my deed and sing my praise;  
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,  
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile, 765  
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves  
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves,  
From ev'ry annual course let one great day  
To celebrated sports and floral play  
Be set aside; and in the softest lays 770  
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise  
And everlasting marks of honour paid  
To the true Lover and the Nut-brown Maid.

END OF PRIOR'S POEMS.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
GEORGE GRANVILLE,  
LORD LANDSDOWNE:  
WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

---

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,  
Without a spark of his immortal flame ?  
Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,  
Let Bolingbroke, let Anne recommend;  
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,  
You mark the reader, and th' ambitious fire.      YOUNG.

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1807.







LORD LANSDOWN

THE LIFE  
OF  
GEORGE GRANVILLE.

BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

---

OF GEORGE GRANVILLE, or as others write *Greenville*, or *Granville*, afterwards Lord Lansdown of Bideford, in the county of Devon, less is known than his name and rank might give reason to expect. He was born about 1667, the son of Berward Greenville, who was entrusted by Monk with the most private transactions of the Restoration, and the grandson of Sir Bevil Greenville, who died in the King's cause, at the battle of Lansdown.

His early education was superintended by Sir William Ellis; and his progress was such, that before the age of twelve he was sent to Cambridge\*, where he pronounced a copy of his

\* To Trinity College. By the university registers it appears, that he was admitted to his Master's Degree in 1679: we know, therefore, not the year of his birth some years back. H.

own ~~wishes~~ to the Princess Mary d'l st, of Modena, then Duchess of York, when she visited the university.

At the accession of King James, being now at eighteen, he again exerted his poetical powers, and addressed the new monarch in three short pieces, of which the first is profane, and the two others such as a boy might be expected to produce, but he was commended by old Waller, who perhaps was pleased to find himself imitated, in six lines, which, though they begin with nonsense and end with dulness, excited in the young author a rapture of acknowledgment,

In numbers such as Waller's self might use.

It was probably about this time that he wrote the poem to the Earl of Peterborough, upon his accomplishment of the Duke of York's marriage with the princess of Modena, whose charms appear to have gained a strong prevalence over his imagination, and upon whom nothing ever has been charged but imprudent piety, an intemperate and unguided zeal for the propagation of popery.

However faithful Granville might have been to the King, or however enamoured of the Queen, he has left no reason for supposing that he approved either the artifices or the violence with which the King's religion was instigated or obstructed. He endeavoured to be true at once to the King and to the Church.

LIFE OF GRANVILLE.

Of this regulated loyalty he has transmitted to posterity a sufficient proof, in the letter which he wrote to his father about a month before the prince of Orange landed.

‘ To the honourable Mr. Barnard Granville, at  
‘ the earl of Bathie’s, St. James’s.

‘ *Marr, near Doncaster,*

‘ SIR,

Oct. 6, 1688.

‘ Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my desire at this important juncture to venture my life, in some manner or other, for my King and my Country.

‘ I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obscure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

‘ You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth’s rebellion, when no opportunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy : I was too young to be hazarded ; but, give me leave to say, it is glorious at any age to die for one’s country, and the sooner the nobler the sacrifice.

‘ I am now older by three years. My uncle Bathie was not so old when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newbury ; nor you your-

‘ self, Sir, when you made your escape from your  
‘ tutors, to join your brother at the defence of  
‘ Scilly.

‘ The same cause is now come round about  
‘ again. The King has been misled; let those  
‘ who have misled him be answerable for it.  
‘ Nobody can deny but he is sacred in his own  
‘ person; and it is every honest man’s duty to  
‘ defend it.

‘ You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if  
‘ the Hollanders are rash enough to make such  
‘ an attempt; but, be that as it will, I beg leave  
‘ to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his  
‘ majesty, as one whose utmost ambition is to de-  
‘ vote his life to his service, and my country’s,  
‘ after the example of all my ancestors.

‘ The gentry assembled at York, to agree upon  
‘ the choice of representatives for the county,  
‘ have prepared an address, to assure his majesty  
‘ they are ready to sacrifice their lives and for-  
‘ tunes for him upon this and all other occasions;  
‘ but at the same time they humbly beseech him  
‘ to give them such magistrates as may be agree-  
‘ able to the laws of the land; for, at present,  
‘ there is no authority to which they can legally  
‘ submit.

‘ They have been beating up for volunteers at  
‘ York, and the towns adjacent, to supply the re-  
‘ giments at Hull; but nobody will list.

‘ By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King; but they would be glad his ministers were hanged.

‘ The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earnestly, to add this one act of indulgence more to so many other testimonies which I have constantly received of your goodness; and be pleased to believe me always, with the utmost duty and submission, Sir,

‘ Your most dutiful son,

‘ And most obedient servant,

‘ GEO. GRANVILLE.’

Through the whole reign of King William he is supposed to have lived in literary retirement, and indeed had for some time few other pleasures but those of study in his power. He was, as the biographers observe, the younger son of a younger brother; a denomination by which our ancestors proverbially expressed the lowest state of penury and dependance. He is said, however, to have preserved himself at this time from disgrace and difficulties by economy, which he forgot or neglected in life more advanced, and in better fortune.

About this time he became enamoured of the

countess of Newburgh, whom he has celebrated with so much ardour by the name of Mira. He wrote verses to her before he was three-and-twenty, and may be forgiven if he regarded the face more than the mind. Poets are sometimes in too much haste to praise.

In the time of his retirement it is probable that he composed his dramatic pieces, the *She-Gullants*, (acted 1696,) which he revised, and called *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*; *The Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* (1698); *Heroic Love*, a tragedy (1701); *The British Enchanters* (1706), a dramatic poem; and *Peleus and Thetis*, a masque, written to accompany *The Jew of Venice*.

The comedies, which he has not printed in his own edition of his works, I never saw; *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*, is said to be in a great degree indecent and gross. Granville could not admire without bigotry; he copied the wrong as well as the right from his masters, and may be supposed to have learned obscenity from Wycherley, as he learned mythology from Waller.

In his *Jew of Venice*, as Rowe remarks, the character of Skylark is made comic, and we are prompted to laughter instead of detestation.

It is evident that *Heroic Love* was written, and presented on the stage, before the death of Dryden. It is a mythological tragedy, upon the love of Agamemnon and Chryseis, and therefore

easily sunk into neglect, though praised in verse by Dryden, and in prose by Pope.

It is concluded by the wise Ulysses with this speech :

Fate holds the strings, and men like children move  
But as they're led; success is from above.

At the accession of Queen Anne, having his fortune improved by bequests from his father, and his uncle the earl of Bath, he was chosen into parliament for Fowey. He soon after engaged in a joint translation of the *Invectives against Philip*, with a design, surely weak and puerile, of turning the thunder of Demosthenes upon the head of Lewis.

He afterwards (in 1706) had his estate again augmented by an inheritance from his elder brother, Sir Bevil Granville, who, as he returned from the government of Barbadoes, died at sea. He continued to serve in parliament; and in the ninth year of Queen Anne was chosen knight of the shire for Cornwall.

At the memorable change of the ministry (1710), he was made secretary at war, in the place of Mr. Robert Walpole.

Next year, when the violence of party made twelve peers in a day, Mr. Granville became Lord Lansdown Baron Baddeford, by a promotion justly remarked to be not meritorious, because he was the heir of a family in which two peers

that of the earl of Bath and lord Granville of Potheridge, had lately become extinct. Being now high in the Queen's favour, he (1712) was appointed comptroller of the household, and a privy counsellor; and to his other honours were added the dedication of Pope's *Windsor Forest*. He was advanced next year to be treasurer of the household.

Of these favours he soon lost all but his title; for at the accession of king George his place was given to the earl Cholmondeley, and he was persecuted with the rest of his party. Having protested against the bill for attainting Ormond and Bolingbroke, he was, after the insurrection in Scotland, seized, September 26th, 1715, as a suspected man, and confined in the Tower till February 8th, 1717, when he was at last released, and restored to his seat in parliament; where (1719) he made a very ardent and animated speech against the repeal of the bill to prevent occasional conformity, which, however, though it was then printed, he has not inserted into his works.

Some time afterwards (about 1722), being perhaps embarrassed by his profusion, he went into foreign service, with the usual pretence of recovering his health. In this state of leisure and retirement, he received the first volume of Burnet's *History*, of which he cannot be supposed to have approved the general tendency, and

where he thought himself able to detect some particular falsehoods. He therefore undertook the vindication of General Monk from some calumnies of Dr. Burnet, and some misrepresentations of Mr. Echard. This was answered civilly by Mr. Thomas Burnet, and Oldmixon; and more roughly by Dr. Coldbatch.

His other historical performance is a defence of his relation Sir Richard Greenville, whom Lord Clarendon has shewn in a form very unamiable. So much is urged in this apology, to justify many actions that have been represented as culpable, and to palliate the rest, that the reader is reconciled for the greater part; and it is made very probable that Clarendon was by personal enmity disposed to think the worst of Greenville, as Greenville was also very willing to think the worst of Clarendon. These pieces were published at his return to England.

Being now desirous to conclude his labours, and enjoy his reputation, he published (1732) a very beautiful and splendid edition of his works, in which he omitted what he disapproved, and enlarged what seemed deficient.

He now went to court, and was kindly received by queen Caroline; to whom and to the princess Anne he presented his works, with verses on the blank leaves, with which he concluded his poetical labours.

He died in Hanover-square, January 30, 1736,

having a few days before buried his wife, the lady Anne Villers, widow to Mr. Thynne, by whom he had four daughters, but no son.

Writers commonly derive their reputation from their works; but there are works which owe their reputation to the character of the writer. The public sometimes has its favourites, whom it rewards for one species of excellence with the honours due to another. From him whom we reverence for his beneficence we do not willingly withhold the praise of genius; a man of exalted merit becomes at once an accomplished writer, as a beauty finds no great difficulty in passing for a wit.

Granville was a man illustrious by his birth, and therefore attracted notice: since he is by Pope styled "the polite," he must be supposed elegant in his manners, and generally loved: he was in times of contest and turbulence steady to his party, and obtained that esteem which is always conferred upon firmness and consistency. With those advantages, having learned the art of versifying, he declared himself a poet; and his claim to the laurel was allowed.

But by a critic of a latter generation, who takes up his book without any favourable prejudices, the opinion already received will be thought sufficient, for his works do not shew him to have had much comprehension from nature, or illumination from learning. His seems to have had no

ambition above the imitation of Waller, of whom he has copied the faults, and very little more. He is for ever amusing himself with the puerilities of mythology; his King is Jupiter, who, if the Queen brings no children, has a barren Juno. The Queen is compounded of Juno, Venus, and Minerva. His poem on the duchess of Grafton's law-suit, after having rattled a while with Juno and Pallas, Mars and Alcides, Cassiope, Niobe, and the Propetides, Hercules, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, at last concludes its folly with profaneness.

His verses to Mira, which are most frequently mentioned, have little in them of either art or nature, of the sentiments of a lover or the language of a poet: there may be found, now and then, a happier effort; but they are commonly feeble and unaffected, or forced and extravagant.

His little pieces are seldom either sprightly or elegant, either keen or weighty. They are trifles written by idleness, and published by vanity. But his Prologues and Epilogues have a just claim to praise.

The *Progress of Beauty* seems one of his most elaborate pieces, and is not deficient in splendour and gaiety; but the merit of original thought is wanting. Its highest praise is the spirit with which he celebrates King James's consort, when she was a queen no longer.

*The Essay on unnatural Flights in Poetry* is

not inelegant nor injudicious, and has something of vigour beyond most of his other performances; his precepts are just, and his cautions proper; they are indeed not new, but in a didactic poem novelty is to be expected only in the ornaments and illustrations. His poetical precepts are accompanied with agreeable and instructive notes.

The *Masque of Pelcus and Thetis* has here and there a pretty line; but it is not always melodious, and the conclusion is wretched.

In his *British Enchanters* he has bidden defiance to all chronology, by confounding the inconsistent manners of different ages; but the dialogue has often the air of Dryden's rhyming plays; and the songs are lively, though not very correct. This is, I think, far the best of his works; for if it has many faults, it has likewise passages which are at least pretty, though they do not rise to any high degree of excellence.

## MISCELLANIES.

## SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,

*Being then not twelve years of age,*

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

AT TRINITY COLLEGE, IN CAMBRIDGE.

When, join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,  
 Descend to view the Muses' humble seat,  
 Tho' in mean lines they their vast joys declare,  
 Yet for sincerity and truth they dare  
 With your own Tasso's mighty self compare.

Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive  
 From them such praises as to Heav'n they give;  
 Their praises for that gentle influence  
 Which those auspicious lights, your eyes, dispense;  
 Those radiant eyes, whose irresistible flame  
 Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:  
 They can to gazing multitudes give law,  
 Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:  
 They conquer for the Duke; where'er you tread  
 Millions of proselytes behind are led:  
 Thro' crowds of new-made converts still you go,  
 Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious show.  
 Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd  
 A greater conquest than his arms e'er gain'd.

With all war's rage he may abroad o'ercome,  
 But love's a gentler victory at home :  
 Securely here he on that face relies,  
 Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes,  
 And all the glorious actions of his life  
 Thinks well rewarded, bless'd with such a wife.

---

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF  
 MR. EDMUND WALLER,  
 UPON HIS DEATH.

Alike partaking of celestial fire,  
 Poets and heroes to renown aspire,  
 Till, crownd with honour and immortal name,  
 By wit or valour led to equal fame,  
 They mingle with the gods who breath'd the }  
 noble flame.

To high exploits the praises that belong  
 Live but as nourish'd by the poet's song.

A tree of life is sacred poetry ;  
 Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye :  
 Many there are who nibble without leave,  
 But none who are not born to taste survive.

Waller shall never die, of life secure  
 As long as Fame or aged Time endure :  
 Waller ! the Muse's darling, free to taste  
 Of all their stores, the master of the feast ;

Not like old Adam, stinted in his choice,  
But lord of all the spacious paradise.

Those foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,  
Fav'ring his fame, once to do justice join'd ;  
No carping critic interrupts his praise,  
No rival strives but for a second place ;  
No want constrain'd (the writer's usual fate)  
A poet with a plentiful estate ;  
The first of mortals who before the tomb  
Struck that pernicious monster, Envy, dumb ;  
Malice and Pride, those savages, disarm'd ;  
**Not Orpheus with such pow'ful magic charm'd.**  
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more  
Than, living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muse employ'd her gen'rous rage }  
In crowning virtue, scorning to engage }  
The vice and follies of an impious age. }  
No Satyr lurks within this honest'd ground, }  
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods, abound : }  
Glorv, and arms, and love, is all the sound. }  
His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,  
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken men his Muse of that'ry blame,  
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name.  
We raise our own by giving fame to foes :  
The valour that he prais'd he did oppose.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,  
The state and bus'ness shar'd his ample mind :  
As all the fair were captives to his wit,  
So senates to his wisdom would submit.

His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,  
Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his song.

Our British kings are rais'd above the hearse,  
Immortal made in his immortal verse :  
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,  
But the celestial Charles's and just James :  
Juno and Pallas, all the shining race  
Of heav'nly beauties, to the Queen give place :  
Clear like her brow, and graceful, was his song,  
Great like her mind, and like her virtue strong.

Parent of gods ! who dost to gods remove,  
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy seat above ?  
Waller the god of Verse we will proclaim ;  
Not Phœbus now, but Waller, be his name :  
Of joyful bards the sweet seraphic quire  
Acknowledge thee their oracle and sire ;  
The spheres do homage, and the Muses sing  
Waller the god of Verse who was the King.

---

## ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

Or the rude Indians, artless and untaught,  
So brightest jewels are with trifles bought :  
Deceiv'd Zion's fate revers'd is show'd,  
Imperial Jaho gin'n for a cloud.

## ON THE QUEEN.

WHEN we reflect upon our charming Queen,  
 Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mien,  
 Majestic Juno in her air we find,  
 The form of Venus, with Minerva's mind:  
 Who was so grac'd, she, she was fit alone  
 With royal James to fill the British throne.

---

## LOVE.

TO love is to be doon'd on earth to feel  
 What after death the toru'd meet in hell,  
 The vulture dipping in Prometheus' side  
 His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,  
 Is love. The stone that labours up the hill,  
 Mocking the lab'ri's toil, returning still,  
 Is love. Those streams where Tantalus is curst  
 To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst ;  
 Those loaden boughs that with their burthen bend  
 To court his taste, and yet escape his hand ;  
 All this is love, that to dissevered joys  
 Invites vain men, with real grief destroys.

## THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE god of Day, descending from above,  
 Mix'd with the sea, and got the queen of Love.  
 Beauty that fires the world 't was fit should rise  
 From him alone who lights the stars and skies.  
 In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd, 5  
 The lovers' toil she gratefully repaid ;  
 Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,  
 And taught the world that Beauty should be kind.  
 Learn by this pattern, all ye fair ! to charm ; 9  
 Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.

Heleu was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,  
 With much expense of blood and empire sought.  
 Beauty and love the noblest cause afford  
 That can try valour or employ the sword :  
 Not men alone incited by her charms, 15  
 But Heav'u'sconcern'd, and all the gods take arms.  
 The happy Trojan, gloriously possest,  
 Enjoy'd the dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.  
 Your cold reflections, Moralists ! forbear :  
 His title's best who best can please the fair. 20

And now the gods, in pity to the care,  
 The fierce deuises, distractions, and despair  
 Of tortur'd men, whilst Beauty was confi'd,  
 Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.  
 Greece was the land where this bright race began,  
 And saw a thousand rivals to the sun; 25

Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care,  
In new productions, to delight the fair.

To bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd ;  
His wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd. 30  
Those rocks and oaks which such emotions felt,  
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt.  
Music and songs, and ev'ry way to move  
The ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.

The gods, entic'd by so divine a birth, 35  
Descend from heav'n to this new heav'n on earth.  
Thy wit, O Mercury ! is no defence from love;  
Nor, Mars ! thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove !  
The mad immortals, in a thousand shapes, 39 }  
Range the wide globe: some yield, some suffer }  
Invad'd or deceiv'd not one escapes: [rapes;  
The wise, tho' a bright goddess, thus gives place  
To mortal concubines of fresh embrace.  
By such examples were we taught to see  
The life and soul of love is sweet variety. 45

In those first times, ere charming womankind  
Reform'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,  
Rude were their revels, and obscene their joys,  
The broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys:  
Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead, 50  
And Juno, jealous, storms at Ganymede.

Return, my Muse ! and close that odious scene,  
Nor stain thy verse with images unclean :  
Of Beauty sing, her shining progress view,  
From clime to clime the dazzling light pursue, 55 }  
Tell how the goddesses spread, and how in empire }  
grew.

Let others govern or defend the state,  
 Plead at the bar, or manage a debate, 5  
 In lofty arts and sciences excel,  
 Or in proud domes employ their boasted skill; 60  
 To marble and to brass such features give,  
 The metal and the stone may seem to live;  
 Describe the stars and planetary way,  
 And trace the footsteps of eternal day:  
 Be this, my Muse! thy pleasure and thy care, 65  
 A slave to Beauty, to record the fair;  
 Still wand'ring in love's sweet delicious maze  
 To sing the triumphs of some heav'nly face,  
 Of lovely dames, who with a smile or frown  
 Subdue the proud, the suppliant lover crown; 70  
 From Venus down to Mars bring thy song,  
 To thee alone such tender tasks belong.

From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,  
 And ripens with her near approach to light.  
 Frown not, ye Fair! to hear of swarthy dames 75  
 With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;  
 Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,  
 Is of all colours, and by none defin'd:  
 Jewels that shine, in gold or silver set,  
 As precious and as sparkling are in jet. 80  
 Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,  
 Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;  
 The first who gave recruited slaves to know  
 That the rich pearl was of more use than show;  
 Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught, 85  
 Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.

Julius and Anthony, those lords of all,  
 Each in his turn, present the conquer'd ball ;  
 Those dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the light  
 From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her sight : 90  
 Nor was her death less glorious than her life,  
 A constant mistress, and a faithful wife.  
 Her dying truth some gen'rous tears would cost,  
 Had not her fate inspir'd 'The World Well Lost'.\*  
 With secret pride the ravish'd Muscs view 95  
 The image of that death which Dryden drew.

Pleas'd in such happy climates, warin and bright,  
 Love for some ages revell'd with delight,  
 The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd,  
 Invent new arts to make their charmers kind. 100  
 See ! in the lists, by golden barriers bound,  
 In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's sound ;  
 Some love-device is wrought on ev'ry sword,  
 And ev'ry riband bears some mystic word :  
 As when we see the winged winds engage, 105  
 Mounted on coursers foaming flame and rage,  
 Rustling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,  
 North, east, and west, in airy swiftness vie,  
 One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare  
 To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring war : 110  
 So when the trumpet sounding gives the sign,  
 The justling chiefs in rude encounter join ;  
 So meet, and so renew the dext'rous fight,  
 Each fair beholder trembling for her knight,

\* All for Love ; or, The World Well Lost. Written by Mr. Dryden.

Still as one falls another rushes in, 115  
 And all must be o'ercome or none can win :  
 The victor, from the shining daine whose eyes  
 Guided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

Thus flourish'd Love, and beauty reign'd in state,  
 Till the proud Spaniard gave these glories date :  
 Past is the gallantry, the fame remains 121  
 Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes :  
 Granada\* lost beheld her pomps restor'd,  
 And Almahide† once more by kings ador'd.

Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies, 125  
 And with bright nymphs the distant sun supplies ;  
 Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,  
 The loves and prowess of advent'rous knights,  
 To animate their rage, a kiss record  
 From Britain's fairest nymph was the reward. 130  
 Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim  
 Of British beauty, and so wide the fame,  
 Which, like our flag upon the seas, gives law  
 By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

Our gallant kings, ~~of whom~~ large annals prove  
 The mighty deeds, stand ~~up~~ known'd for love : 135  
 A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,  
 Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.  
 Thy Rosamond, great Henry ! on the stage  
 By a late Muse presented in her age, 140  
 With aching hearts and gazing eyes we view,  
 While that disengaged death presents the true :

\* The Conquest of Granada. Written by Mr. Dryden.

† The part of Almahide performed by Mr. Davenant.

In Bracegirdle\* the persons so agree,  
That all seems real the spectators see.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings  
Thy captives, Edward! Faune for ever sings; 140  
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,  
Who hast to Love the noblest trophy rais'd.  
Thy statues, Venus! tho' by Phidias' hand  
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand; 150  
The magic of thy shining zone is past,  
But Salisbury's garter shall for ever last,  
Which, thro' the world by living monarchs worn,  
Add's grace to sceptres, and does crowns adorn.

If such their faune who gave these rights divine  
To sacred Love, O what dishonour's thine, 150  
Forgetful Queen! who sever'd that bright head†  
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?‡  
Hadst thou been born a man, thou hadst not err'd;  
Thy fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd 180  
But, O! what mighty magic can assuage  
A woman's envy and a bigot's rage?

Love tir'd at length, Love! that delights to smile,  
Evil from scenes of horror, quits our isle;‡  
With Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone, 165  
In exile live, for Love and Charles were one:  
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;  
But, O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!

\* A famous actress.

† Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

‡ The rebellion, and death of King Charles I.

As eager flames, with opposition pent,  
 Break out impetuous when they find a vent ; 170  
 As a fierce torrent bounded in his race,  
 Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace ;  
 From the loud palace to the silent grove,  
 All by the King's example live and love ;  
 The Muses with diviner voices sing, 175  
 And all rejoice to please the godlike king.

Then Waller in immortal voice proclaims  
 The shining court, and all the glitt'ring dames.  
 Thy beauty, Sidney\*, like Achilles' sword,  
 Resistless stands upon us sure record ; 180  
 The fiercest hero and the brightest dame,  
 Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same.

And now, my Muse ! a nobler flight prepare,  
 And sing so loud that heav'n and earth may hear.  
 Rebolt from Italy an awful ray 185  
 O ! heav'ly light illuminates the day,  
 Northward she bend's, majestically bright,  
 And here she fixes her imperial light.  
 Be bold, be bold, my Mu<sup>se</sup> ! nor fear to raise  
 Thy voice to her who giv's thy earliest praise, 190  
 What tho' the sullen Fates refuse to shine,  
 Or frown severe, up thy audacious line ?  
 keep thy bright theme within thy steady sight, }  
 'T<sup>is</sup> clouds shall fly before the dazzling light, }  
 And everlasting day direct thy lofty flight. 195 }

\* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of Richardson.

Thou who hast never yet put on disguise  
 To flatter faction, or descend to vice,  
 Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,  
 But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.

As when our eye some prospect would pursue,  
 Descending from a hill, looks round to view, 201  
 Passes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains  
 Some fav'rite spot, and, fixing, there remains ;  
 With equal rapture my transported Muse  
 Flies other objects, this bright theine to choose. 205

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,  
 A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight ;  
 Princess ador'd and lov'd ! if verse can give  
 A deathless name, thine shall for ever live ;  
 Invok'd where'er the British Lion roars, 210  
 Extended as the seas that gird the British shore.  
 The wise immortals in their seats above,  
 To crown their labours, still appointed Love :  
 Phœbus enjoy'd the goddess of the Sea,  
 Alcides had Omphale, James has thee. 215  
 O happy James ! content thy mighty mind,  
 Grudge not th~~e~~ world, for still thy queen is kind,  
 To lie but at whose feet more glory brings  
 Than 't is to trend on sceptres and on kings :  
 Secure of empire in that beauteous breast, 220  
 Who would not give their crowns to be so blest ?  
 Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,  
 Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.  
 But, ah ! what strange vicissitudes of fate,  
 What chance, attends on ev'ry worldly state ! 225



With what delight my Muse to Sandwich flies,  
 Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes ! 256  
 Ah ! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,  
 And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond sings,  
 Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be  
 The successor of beauteous Ossory ! 260

Richmond 's a title, that, but name'd, implies  
 Majestic graces and victorious eyes.  
 Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stewart came,  
 And Brudenel now no less adorus the name.  
 Dorset already is immortal made 266  
 In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.

By Bentinck and fair Ruteenberg we find  
 That beauty to no climate is confi'd.

Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace  
 Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face. 270

Not Helen with St. Albans might compare,  
 Nor let the Muse omit Scroop, Holme, and Hare,  
 Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare.

Soft and delicious, as a southern sky, 274  
 Are Dashwood's smiles ; when Darsley\* frowns  
 Careless, but yet secure of conquest, still [we dis-  
 Lu'son, unaiming, never fails to kill† :  
 Guiltless of pride, to captivate or shine,  
 Bright without art, she wounds without design.  
 But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart, 280  
 And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart ;

\* Lady Catharine Darsley, Duchess of Buckingham.

† Lady Gower.

Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,  
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake ;  
Asserting the dominion of her eyes,  
As heroes fight for glory, not for prize. 285

The skilful Muse's earliest care has been  
The praise of never-fading Mazarine ;  
The poet\* and his theme, in spite of Time,  
For ever young, enjoy an endless prime.  
With charms so nun'rrous, Mira does surprise, 290  
The lover knows not by which dart he dies ;  
So thick the volley, and the wound so sure,  
No flight can save, no remedy can cure.

Yet dawning in her infancy of light,  
O see another Brud'nel† heav'nly bright, 295  
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,  
And fix Love's empire in that race divine !

Fain would my Muse to Cecil‡ bend her sight,  
But turns astonish'd from the dazzling light,  
Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy flight. 300

O Kueller ! like thy pictures were my song,  
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong,  
These matchless beauties should recorded be  
Immortal in my verse, as in thy gallery§. 304

\* St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madame Mazarine under the name of Hortense.

† Lady Molyneux.

‡ Lady Ranelagh.

§ The gallery of beauties in Hampton Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

## LADY HYDE

HAVING THE SMALL POX,

SOON AFTER THE RECOVERY OF MRS. MOHUN.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,  
 But few attempts show other dangers near;  
 Beauty's attack'd in her imperial fort,  
 Where all her Loves and Graces kept their court;  
 In her chief residence besieg'd at last,  
 Laments to see her fairest fields laid waste.

On things immortal all attempts are vain;  
 Tyrant Disease! 'tis loss of time and pain;  
 Cut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,  
 Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes:  
 Let her but live; as much vermillion take  
 As might a Helen or a Venus make;  
 Like Thetis she shall frustrate thy vain rape,  
 And in variety of charms escape.  
 The twinkling stars drop numberless each night,  
 Yet shines the radiant ornament as bright:  
 So from the ocean should we rivers drain,  
 Still would enough to drown the world remain.

## LADY HYDE

SITTING AT  
 SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S  
 FOR HER PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,  
 Attempts that face whose print's on ev'ry heart,  
 The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,  
 Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind,  
 Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold  
 The secret gems and all the inward gold.  
 Two only patterns do the Muses name  
 Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame :  
 A Venus and a Helen have been seen  
 Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen ;  
 In this, the third, are reconcil'd at last  
 Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste ;  
 With graces that attract, but not ensnare ;  
 Divinely good, as she's divinely fair ;  
 With beauty not affected, vain, nor proud ;  
 With greatness easy, affable, and good.  
 Others, by guilty artifice, and arts  
 Of promis'd kindness, penitise on our hearts,  
 With expectation blow the passion up ;  
 She fans the fire without one gale of hope :

Like the chaste moon she shines to all mankind,  
 But to Endymion is her love confin'd.  
 What cruel destiny on beauty waits,  
 When on one face depend so many fates !  
 Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,  
 Unhappy men by thousands are undone.

---

## LADY HYDE\*.

WHEN fam'd Apelles sought to frame  
 Some image of th' Idalian dame,  
 To furnish graces for the piece  
 He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece ;  
 So many mortals were combin'd,  
 To show how one immortal shin'd.

Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,  
 As Venus then was said to do,  
 Venus herself, and all the train  
 Of goddesses, had summon'd been ;  
 The painter must have search'd the skies  
 To match the lustre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view  
 The ancient Venus and the new,  
 In her we many mortals see,  
 As many goddesses in thee.

\* Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

## THE DESERTION.

Now fly, Discretion ! to my aid,  
 See haughty Mira, fair and bright,  
 In all the pomp of love array'd ;  
 Ah ! how I tremble at the sight !  
 She comes ! she comes !—before her all  
 Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer fierce and young,  
 Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,  
 Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,  
 Sparing nor age nor sex,  
 Commands in chief : well fortify'd he lies,  
 And from her lips, her cheeks, and eyes,  
 All opposition he defies.  
 Reason, Love's old inveterate foe,  
 Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,  
 Reason assists her too.

A wise commander he, far council fit,  
 But nice and coy, nor has been seen to sit  
 In modern synod, nor appear'd of late  
 In courts nor camps, nor in affairs of state ;  
 Reason proclaims them all his foes,  
 Who such resistless charms oppose.

My very bosom-friends make war  
Within my breast, and in her int'rests are :  
Esteem and Judgment, with strong Fancy, join  
To court and call the fair invader in ;  
My darling favourite, Inclination, too,  
All, all conspiring with the foe.

Ah ! whither shall I fly to hide  
My weakness from the conqueror's pride ?  
Now, now, Discretion ! be my guide ;  
But see, this mighty Archimedes too  
Surrenders now ;  
Presuming longer to resist ;  
His very name  
Discretion must disclaim,  
Folly and Madness only would persist.

---

## IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre ; begin my Muse !  
What nymph, what queen, what goddess wilt thou  
choose ?  
Whose praises sing ? what charmer's name  
Transmit immortal down to fame ?  
Strike, strike thy strings ; let Echo take the sound ;  
And bear it far, to all the mountains round ;

Pindus again shall hear, again rejoice,  
And Hæmus too, as when th' enchanting voice  
Of Orpheus charm'd the grove,  
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus nor Diana will we name;  
Mira is Venus and Diana too;  
All that was feign'd of them—apply'd to her is true:  
Then sing, my Muse! let Mira be our theme.  
As when the shepherds would a garland make,  
They search with care the fragrant meadows round,  
Plucking but here and there, and only take  
The choicest flowers, with which some nymph is  
In framing Mira, so divinely fair,      [crown'd;  
Nature has taken the same care;  
All that is lovely, noble, good, we see  
All, beauteous Mira! all bound up in thee.  
Where Mira is, there is the queen of Love,  
Th' Arcadian pastures and th' Idalian grove.  
Let Mira dance, so charming is her mien,  
In every movement ev'ry grace is seen:  
Let Mira sing, the notes so sweetly wound,  
The Syrens would be silent at the sound.  
Place me on mountains of eternal snow,  
Where till is ice, all winter winds that blow;  
Or cast me underneath the burning line,  
Where everlasting sun does shine,  
Where all is scorch'd—Whatever you decree,  
Be gods! wherever I shall be,  
Mira shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me.]

## THE DUCHESS OF ——

UNSEASONABLY SURPRISED IN THE EMBRACES OF  
HER LORD.

FAIREST Zelinda! cease to chide or grieve,  
Nor blush at joys that only you can give;  
Whowith bold eyes survey'd those matchless charms  
Is punish'd, seeing in another's arms:  
With greedy looks he views each naked part,  
Joy feeds his eyes, but eavy tears his heart.  
So caught was Mars; and Mercury aloud  
Proclaim'd his grief that he was not the god:  
So to be caught was ev'ry god's desire;  
Nor less than Venus can Zelinda fire.  
Forgive him, then, thou more than heav'ly fair,  
Forgive his rashness, punish'd by despair.  
All that we know which wretched mortals feel  
In those sad regions where the tortur'd dwell,  
Is that they see the raptures of the blest,  
And view the joys which they must never taste.

## MIRA SINGING.

THE Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;  
They'd to the mast Ulysses sail'd unarm'd:

Had Mira's voice entic'd his list'ning ear,  
 The Greek had stopp'd, and would have dy'd to hear.  
 When Mira sings we seek th' enchanting sound,  
 And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.  
 What music needs must dwell upon that tongue  
 Whose speech is tuneful as another's song !  
 Such harmony, such wit, a face so fair,  
 So many pointed arrows, who can bear !  
 Who from her wit or from her beauty flies,  
 If with her voice she overtakes him dies.  
 Like soldiers so in battle we succeed,  
 One peril 'scaping, by another bleed :  
 In vain the dart or glitt'ring sword we shun,  
 Condemn'd to perish by the slaught'ring gun.

---

### IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF THE COUNTESS OF  
 SANDWICH, DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT,

With Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,  
 The queen of Beauty then she seems to be ;  
 Now fair Adonis in this male-disguise,  
 Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes :  
 No style of empire chang'd by this remove,  
 Who seem : the goddess seems the god of Love.

WRITTEN UNDER

MRS. HARE'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING GLASS.

THE gods of Wine, ~~and~~, Wit, and Love, prepare,  
With cheerful bowls, to celebrate the fair;  
Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toast,  
And Hare's the goddess that delights him most:  
Phoebus approves, and bids the trumpets sound,  
And Bucchus, in a bumper, sends it round.

---

WRITTEN UNDER THE

DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

Love's keenest darts are radious Bolton's care,  
Which the bright goddess poisons with despair;  
The god of Wine the dire effect foresees,  
And sends the juice that gives the lover ease.

WRITTEN UNDER THE  
LADY HARPER'S NAME.

To Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,  
Sweet as the rosy morn in May,  
Fill to the brim, I'll drink up  
To the last drop, were ~~drunk~~ in the cup.

---

WRITTEN UNDER THE  
LADY MARY VILLIERS' NAME.

If I not love you, Villiers ! more  
Than ever mortal lov'd before ;  
With such a passion, fix'd and sure,  
As ev'n possession could not cure,  
Never to cease but with my breath,  
May then this bumper be my death.

## VERSES,

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS,

PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

## THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A muse expiring, who, with earliest voice,  
 Made kings, and queens, and beauty's charms, her  
 choice,—

Now on her death-bed this last homage pays,  
 O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.

So at the approach of death the cygnet tries  
 To warble one note more—and singing dies.

‘Hail, mighty Queen! whose pow’rful smile alone  
 Commands obedience, and secures the throne.  
 ‘Contending parties and plebeian rage  
 ‘Had puzzled loyalty for half an age;  
 ‘Conquering our hearts, you end the long dispute;  
 ‘All who have eyes confess you absolute:  
 ‘To Tory doctrines even Whigs resign,  
 ‘And in your person own a right divine.’

Thus sang the Muse, in her last moments stricken  
 With Carolina’s praise—and then expir’d.

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE SAME POEMS,  
 PRESENTED TO  
 THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt some heav'nly fair,  
 To some bright goddess we compare :  
 Minerva, wisdom ; Juno, grace ;  
 And Venus furnishes the face.  
 In royal Anne's bright form is seen  
 What comprehends them all—the Queen.

---

WRITTEN IN  
 CLARINDA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

IS vain, Clarinda ! night and day  
 For pity to the gods you pray  
 What arrogance on Heav'n to call  
 For that which you deny to all !

---

MIRA'S PARROT.

IN those first times, when nymphs were rude and  
 The gods, dugs'n'd, laid ambuses for joy : [coy,  
 From Jove in feathers, harmless to the sight,  
 Leda, without a blush, accepts delight.

Mira! as chaste as Ieda, and more fair,  
 Forgive an anxious lover's jealous care;  
 And, O take heed! for, if such tales were true,  
 The gods may practise these designs on you:  
 Then heav'n and all their brightness they will quit  
 For any form that may to you admit.  
 See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,  
 Spreads his gay plumes, who feels an am'rourance!  
 Press'd by that hand, he melts at ev'ry touch;  
 Press'd by that hand, who would not melt as much?  
 The queen of Beauty shall forsake the dove;  
 Henceforth the Parrot be the bird of Love.

---

## MIRA

## AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

Less meane beauties conquer singly still,  
 But haughty Mira will by thousands kill;  
 Thro' armed ranks triumphantly she drives,  
 And with one glance commands a thousand lives;  
 The trembling heroes nor retreat nor fly,  
 But at the head of all their squadrons die.

## THE VISION.

In lonely walks, distracted by despair,  
 Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,  
 My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind  
 Rack'd with wild thoughts, swelling with sighs the  
 Thro' paths untrodden day and night I rove, [wind,  
 Mourning the fate of my successless love.  
 Who most desire to live, untimely fall :  
 But when we beg to die, Death flies our call.  
 Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breast,  
 In midst of joy, where Venus wont to rest :  
 That fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be  
 Pity, relief, and happiness, to me.  
 When will my sorrows end? In vain, in vain,  
 I call to Heav'n, and tell the gods my pain ;  
 The gods averse, like Mira, ~~so~~ my pray'r,  
 Consent to doom whom she denies to spare.  
 Why do I seek for foreign tids, when I  
 Bear ready by my side the pow'r to die?  
 Be keen, my Sword! and serve thy master well;  
 Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.  
 Straight up I rose, and to my aching breast,  
 My bosom bare, the ready point I prest;  
 Whin, lo! astonish'd, an unusual light  
 Pierc'd the thick shade, and all around grew bright:  
 My dazzled eyes a radiant form\* behold,  
 Splendid with light like beams of burning gold;

\* Apollo.

Eternal rays his shining temples grace,  
 Eternal youth sat blooming on his face ;  
 Trembling I listen, prostrate on the ground, [sound,  
 His breath perfumes the grove, and music's in the  
 ' Cease, Lover ! cease thy tender heart to vex  
 ' In fruitless plaints of an ungrateful sex ;  
 ' In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ  
 ' That women ever shall be foes to wit.  
 ' With proper arts their sickly minds command,  
 ' And please 'em with the things they understand :  
 ' With noisy fopperies their hearts assail ; }  
 ' Renounce all sense : how should thy songs pre- }  
 ' When I, the god of Wit, so oft could fail ? [vail,  
 ' Remember me ; and in my story find  
 ' How vainly merit pleads to womankind.  
 ' I, by whom all things shine, who tune the spheres,  
 ' Create the day, and gild the night with stars,  
 ' Whose youth and beauty from all ages past  
 ' Sprang with the world, and with the world shall  
     last,  
 ' How oft with fruitless tears have I implor'd  
 ' Ungrateful nymphs ! and, tho' a god, ador'd I  
 ' When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,  
 ' Move a hard heart ? or, mov'd, secure its truth ?  
     Here a proud nymph with painful steps I chase,  
 ' The winds outflying in our nimble race ;  
 ' Stay, Daphne ! stay — In vain, in vain, I try  
 ' To stop her speed, redoubling at my cry :  
 ' O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills she climbs,  
 ' And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs,

'Till caught at length, just as my arms I fold,  
 'Turn'd to a tree, she yet escapes my hold,  
 'In my next love a diff'rent fate I find :  
 'Ah ! which is worse, the false, or the unkind ?  
 'Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis chose,  
 'A kinder nymph—too kind for my repose.  
 'The joys I give but more provoke her breast ;  
 'She keeps a private drudge\* to quench the rest :  
 'How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim  
 'Her black pollution, and reveal my shame.  
 'Hard lot of beauty ! fatally bestow'd,  
 'Or given to the false, or to the proud ;  
 'By diff'rent ways they bring us equal pain ;  
 'The false betray us, and the proud disdain.  
 'Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,  
 'To seek more truth in my own native sky.  
 'Venus, the fairest of immortal loves,  
 'Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,  
 'With glowing eyes, confessing warm desires,  
 'She sunnous heav'n and earth to quench her fires :  
 'Me she excludes ; and I in vain adore  
 'Who neither god nor man refus'd before :  
 'Vulcan, the very monster of the skies,  
 'Vulcan she takes, the god of Wit denica.  
 'Then cease to murmur at thy Mira's pride,  
 'Whimsey, not reason, is the female guide :

\* The nymph Coronis was beloved by Apollo, but at the same time had a private intrigue with her brother, which was discovered by a crow.

' The fate of which their master does complain,  
 ' Is of bad omen to th' inspired train: [mourns,  
 ' What vows have fail'd ! Hark, how Catullus  
 ' How Ovid weeps, and slighted Gallus burns !  
 ' In melting strains see gentle Waller bleed ;  
 ' Unmov'd she heard what none unmov'd can read.  
 ' And thou who, oft with such ambitious choice,  
 ' Hast rais'd to Mira thy aspiring voice,  
 ' What profit thy neglected <sup>1</sup> zeal repays ?  
 ' Ah ! what return ? ungrateful to thy praise !  
 ' Change, change thy style, with mortal rage re-  
 ' Unjust disdain, and pride oppose to scorn : [turn  
 ' Search all the secrets of the fair and young,  
 ' And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy tongue ;  
 ' The sharp detractor with success assails,  
 ' Sure to be gentle to the man that rails.  
 ' Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,  
 ' Are only fierce when they discover fear.'

Thus spake the god, and upward mounts in air,  
 In just resentment of his past despair.  
 Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call  
 The Furies round, and dip my pen in gall :  
 Not one shall 'scape of all the co'ning sex ;  
 Vex'd shall they be who so delight to vex.  
 In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move  
 My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender love ;  
 Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write,  
 Turns all to soft complaint and un'rous flight.  
 Begone, fond thoughts, begone ! be bold, said I,  
 Satire's thy theme—in vain again I try :

So charming Mira to each sense appears,  
My soul adores, my rage dissolves in tears.

So the gall'd lion, smarting with his wound,  
Threatens his foes, and makes the forest sound;  
With his strong teeth he bites the bloody dart,  
And tears his side with more provoking smart,  
Till, having spent his voice in fruitless cries,  
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

---

## MEDITATION ON DEATH.

### I.

ENOUGH, enough, my Soul ! of worldly noise,  
Of airy pumps and fleeting joys.  
What does this busy world provide at best  
But brittle goods that break like glass ;  
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,  
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass.  
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,  
And study how to die, not how to live.

### II.

How frail is beauty ! ah ! how vain,  
And how short-liv'd, those glories are  
That vex our nights and days with pain,  
And break our hearts with care !  
In dust we no distinction see :  
Such Helen is, such, Mira ! thou must be.

## III.

How short is life ! why will vain courtiers toil,  
 And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile ?  
 What is that monarch but a mortal man,  
 His crown a pageant, and his life a span ?  
 With all his guards and his dominions, he  
 Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

## IV.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings  
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things :  
 One destin'd period men in common have,  
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave, }  
 All food alike for worms, companions in the grave. }  
 The prince and parasite together lie :  
 No fortune can exalt but Death will climb as high.

## BEAUTY AND LAW.

## A POETICAL PLEADING

THE princes sat. Beauty and Law contend :  
 The queen of Love will her own cause defend.  
 Secure she looks, as certain none can see  
 Such Beauty plead and not her captive be.

\* King Charles II. having made a grant of the revision of all offices in the Court of King's Bench to his son the Duke of York, the Lord Chief Justice laying claim to it, as a prerogative property belonging to his office, the cause came to be heard before the Queen of Justice, between the Duke, relif of the said Duke, and the Chief Justice.

What need of words with such commanding eyes?  
 ' Must I then speak? O Heav'ns ! ' the charmer cries:  
 ' O barbarous clime ! where Beauty borrows aid  
 ' From Eloquence to charm or to persuade !  
 ' Will Discord never leave, with envious Care,  
 ' To raise debate ? But Discord governs here.  
 ' To Juno, Pallas, wisdom, fame, and pow'r,  
 ' Long since preferr'd, what trial needs there more ?  
 ' Confess'd to sight, three goddesses descend  
 ' On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend ;  
 ' Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue  
 ' A gift that only could be Beauty's due.  
 ' Honours and wealth the gen'rous judge denies,  
 ' And gives the triumph to the brightest eyes.  
 ' Such precedents are numberless : we draw  
 ' Our right from custom ; custom is a law :  
 ' As high as heav'n, as wide as seas or land,  
 ' As ancient as the world, is our command.  
 ' Mars and Alcides would this plea allow ;  
 ' Beauty was ever absolute till now.  
 ' It is enough that I pronounce it mine,  
 ' And, right or wrong, he should his claim resign.  
 ' Not bears nor tigers sure so savage are  
 ' As these ill-manner'd monsters of the bar.  
 ' Land Rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine  
 ' Whose matchless form, to counterbalance mine,

\* A report spread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord Chief Justice, who would appear at the bar of the House of Lords, and eclipse the charms of the Duchess of Grafton. No such lady was ever there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

' By dint of beauty shall extort your grace :  
 ' Let her appear, this rival, face to face ;  
 ' Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this strife decide :  
 ' Now when I lighten let her beams be try'd.  
 ' Was 't a vain promise and a gownsman's he ?  
 ' Or stands she here unmark'd when I am by ?  
 ' So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Els round  
 ' Another Jupiter was said to sound ;  
 ' On brazen floors the royal actor tries  
 ' To ape the thunder rattling in the skies ;  
 ' A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,  
 ' Affects the fork'd lightning's pointed rays :  
 ' Thes borne aloft, triumphantly he rode  
 ' Thro' crowds of worshippers, and acts the god.  
 ' The Sire Omnipotent prepares the brand  
 ' By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,  
 ' The flaming hurls it hissing from above,  
 ' And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove.  
 ' Presumptuous Wretch ! with mortal art to dare  
 ' Immortal pow'r, and brave the Thunderer.  
 ' Cassiope preferring, with disdain,  
 ' Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain :  
 ' The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,  
 ' Is doom'd to be devour'd : the mother's borne  
 ' Above the clouds, where, by immortal light  
 ' Never'd, she shines, expos'd to human sight,  
 ' And to a shameful posture is confin'd,  
 ' As an eternal terror to mankind.  
 ' Did then the gods such private nymphs respect ?  
 ' What vengeance might the queru of Love expect ?'

' But grant such arbitrary pleas are vain,  
 ' Wav'd let them be; mere justice shall obtain.  
 ' Who to a husband justlier can succeed  
 ' Than the soft partner of his nuptial bed?  
 ' Or to a father's right lay stronger claim  
 ' Than the dear youth in whom survives his name?  
 ' Behold that youth, consider whence he springs,  
 ' And in his royal veins respect your Kings;  
 ' Immortal Jove, upon a mortal she,  
 ' Begat his sire; second from Jove is he.

' Well did the father blindly fight your cause,  
 ' Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,  
 ' If by those laws, for which he lost his life  
 ' You spoil ungratefully the son and wife.  
 ' What need I more? 'tis treason to dispute:  
 ' The grant was royal; that decides the suit.  
 ' Shall vulgar laws imperial pow'r constrain?  
 ' Kings and the gods can never act in vain.'

She huish'd here, the queen of ev'ry grace!  
 Disdain vermillioning her heav'ly face:  
 Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult rise,  
 And one wish sparkles in a thousand eyes.  
 O might some champion finish these debates,  
 My sword should end what now my pen relates!  
 Up from the Judge, on each side bending low,  
 A crafty smile accompanies his bow;  
 Ulysses-like, a gruffe pause he makes,  
 Then, raising by degrees his voice, he speaks.

\* The Duke of Choiseul, alias M. de Choiseul, about the beginning of the Revolution.

' In you, my Lords who judge ! and all who hear,  
 ' Methinks I read your wishes for the fair :  
 ' Nor can I wonder ; even I contend  
 ' With inward pain, unwilling to offend ;  
 ' Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence  
 ' That may displease such heav'nly excellence.  
 ' Might we the Laws on any terms abuse,  
 ' So bright an influence were the best excuse.  
 ' Let Niobe's\* just fate, the vile disgrace  
 ' Of the Proprietors† polluted race,  
 ' Let death, or shame, or lunacy surprise  
 ' Who dare to match the lustre of those eyes.  
 ' Aloud the fairest of the sex complain  
 ' Of captives lost, and loves involv'd in vain ;  
 ' At her appearance all their glory ends,  
 ' And not a star but sets when she ascends.  
 ' Where Love presides still may she bear the prize,  
 ' But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes :  
 ' Charms to which Mars and Hercules would bow,  
 ' Minos and Rhadamanthus‡ disavow :  
 ' Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,  
 ' Deaf to persuasion, to temptation blind,  
 ' Determines without favour, and the laws  
 ' O'erlook the parties to decide the cause.

\* Niobe, turned into a stone for presuming to compare beauty with Diana.

† Proprietors, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open prostitution, and afterwards turned into stones.

‡ Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legislators, who, for their strict administration of justice, were, after their death, made chief judges in the infernal regions.

'What then avails it that a beardless boy  
 'Took a rash fancy for a female toy?  
 'Th' insulted Argives, with a num'rous host,  
 'Pursue revenge, and seek the Dardan coast.  
 'Tho' the gods built, and tho' t'ye gods defend,  
 'Those lofty tow'rs, the hostile Greeks ascend,  
 'Nor leave they till the town in ashes lies,  
 'And all the race of royal Priam dies.  
 'The queen of Paphos<sup>4</sup>, mixing in the fray,  
 'Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;  
 'In person in the foremost ranks she stands,  
 'Provokes the charge, directs, assists, commands.  
 'Stern Diomed, advancing high in air  
 'His lofty juv'lin, strikes the heav'ny fair;  
 'The vaulted skies with her loud shrieks resound,  
 'And high Olympus trembles at the wound.  
 'In causes just would all the gods oppose,  
 'Twere honest to dispute; so Cato chose.  
 'Dismiss that plea, and what shall blood avail?  
 'If Beauty is deny'd, shall Birth prevail?  
 'Blood and high deeds in distant ages done  
 'Are our forefathers' merit, not our own.  
 'Might now a just possession be allow'd  
 'But who could bring desert, or burst of blood,  
 'What numbers, ev'n here, might be condemn'd,  
 'Stripp'd and despoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd  
 'Take a just view, how many may remark  
 'Who now's a peer his grandfathers a clerk.

' Some few remain, ennobled by the sword  
 ' In Gothic times: but now, to be My Lord,  
 ' Study the law; nor do these robes despise;  
 ' Honour the gown, from whence your honours rise,  
 ' Those fam'd Dictators who subdu'd the globe  
 ' Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe.  
 ' The mighty Julius pleading at the bar  
 ' Was greater than when, thund'ring in the war,  
 ' He conquer'd nations. 'Tis of more renown  
 ' To save a client than to storm a town.  
 ' How dear to Britain are her darling laws!  
 ' What blood has she not lavish'd in their cause  
 ' Kings are like common slaves to slaughter led,  
 ' Or wander thro' the world to beg their bread.  
 ' When regal pow'r aspires above the laws,  
 ' A private wrong becomes a public cause.'

He spoke. The nobles differ, and divide;  
 Some join with Law, and some with Beauty side.  
 Mordaunt, tho' once her slave, insults the fair  
 Whose fotters 'twas his pride in youth to wear.  
 So Lucifer, revolting, brav'd the Power  
 Whom he was wont to worship and implore:  
 Like impious is their rage who have in chase  
 A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.  
 But Rochester, undaunted, just, and wise,  
 Asserts the goddess with the charming eyes:  
 And, O! may Beauty never want reward  
 For thee, her noble champion and her guard.  
 Beauty triumphs, and Law submitting lies;  
 The tyrant taun'd, aloud for mercy cries:  
 Conquest can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes. }

## ESSAY

## UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when some image of a charming face,  
 In living paint, an artist tries to trace,  
 He carefully consults each beauteous line,  
 Adjusting to his object his design ;  
 We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,  
 But as the just resemblance speaks the name.  
 Poets are limners of another kind,  
 To copy out ideas in the mind ;  
 Words are the paint by which their thoughts are  
 And Nature sits the object to be drawn : { shown,  
 The written picture we applaud, or blame,  
 But as the due proportions are the same.

Who driven with ungovernable fire,  
 Or, void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,  
 Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone  
 Produce, which Nature, shock'd, despairs to own.  
 By true reflection I would see my face ;  
 Why brings the fool a magnifying-glass ?  
 ' (1) But poetry in fiction takes delight,  
 ' And, mounting in bold figures out of sight,  
 ' Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight : }

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction ; Persons, Po-  
 gues, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimeras : but being  
 however a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be  
 contrived or invented upon this foundation according to Nature  
 shall be received as truth ; but whatsoever shall diminish grace,  
 or overthrow the just proportions of Nature, shall be rejected as false,  
 and given for extravagancy, as dwarfs and giants for monsters.

‘ Fables and metaphors that always lie,  
 ‘ And rash hyperboles that soar so high,  
 ‘ And every ornament of verse must die.’ }  
 Mistake me not ; no figures I exclude,  
 And but forbid intemperance, not food.  
 Who would with care some happy fiction frame,  
 So mimicks truth, it looks the very same ;  
 Not rais’d to force, or feign’d in Nature’s scorn,  
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.  
 Important truths still let your fables hold,  
 And moral mysteries with art unfold.  
 Ladies and beaux to please is all the task,  
 But the sharp critic will instruction a-k.

(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide,  
 Such metaphors appear when right apply’d ;  
 When thro’ the phrase we plainly see the sense,  
 Truth, where the meaning’s obvious, will dispense ;  
 The reader, what in reason’s due, believes ;  
 Nor can we call that false which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,  
 Distraining bounds, are yet by rules controll’d :

(4) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a Lion,  
 this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though  
 the several names be false, the poet intending thereby to give his  
 reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had  
 he said that wolf, or that bear, this had been false, by presenting  
 an image not conformable to the nature and character of a  
 hero, *etc.*

(5) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of intro-  
 ducing them is different : some are, as it were, naturalized and  
 established by a customary way of expression ; as when we say  
 such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like.  
 Homer, speaking of Nestor, calls him beauty itself ; Martial of  
 Seville, invincible himself. Such hyperboles be indeed, but deserve

Above the clouds, but still within our sight,  
 They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight;  
 Presenting things impossible to view,  
 They wander, thro' incredible, to true :  
 Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are resin'd,  
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.

Thus poetry has ample space to soar,  
 Nor needs forbidden regions to explore :  
 Such vaunts as his who can with patience read,  
 Who thus describes his hero slain and dead :  
 ' (4) Kill'd as he was, insensible of death,  
 ' He still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath

is not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for hyperbole; for example, by irony, as when we say of some infamous woman, she is a civil person, where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the letter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight, I remember one of British growth of the like nature.

See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,  
 Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I chance rather to correct gently, by foreign example, hoping that such as are examples of the like excess will take the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some temper to maintain rage and indignation to the last gasp, but the soul and body once parted, this must necessarily be a determination of action.

Quidvisque ostendit nigli sic incredulus est.

I cannot forbear quoting, on this occasion, one example for the present purpose, from noble lines of Jasper More's, in the collection of the *Excell'd & true* printed in the year 1642, upon the death of my grandfather Sir Bessil Granville, slain in the heat of

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,  
And bursts unanning in the reeded sky.  
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,  
And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Cannibal, weigh'd down with chains,  
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains ;  
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,  
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,  
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies, [dies.  
With looks still threat'ning, mocks their rage and  
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,  
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.

Beauty's the theme ; some nymph divinely fair  
Excites the Muse : let truth be even there :  
As painters flatter so may poets too,  
But to resemblance must be e'er true.

\* (3) The day that she was born the Cyprian Queen  
\* Had like t' have died thro' envy and thro' spleen ;

action at the battle of Lansdowne. The poet, after having described the fight, the soldiers, annihilated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes :

Thus he bring shame, his action fraught anew,  
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living slew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature : it is then only that the dead can act.

(3) Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venus blesa qu' impertinelle,  
Pensa securit de homin, en le voyant si belle,  
Les Graces a Persevi descendirent des cieux  
Pour avertir l'heureuse d'accompagner ses young  
Et l'Amour, qui ne put entrer dans son coeur,  
Voulut chastetement hoper sur son temps.

This is a lover's description of his mistress by the great Ovide ; even, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body thinke o'er. Waist, and he will see how much more naturally

‘ The Graces in a hurry left the skies  
 ‘ To have the honour to attend her eyes ;

and delicately the English author treats the article of love than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not however be thought, by any derogatory question, to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and justly established in all nations; but, as I said before, I rather choose, where any feelings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings—*humanum est errare*. I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I., King of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus :

Under this marble who lies buried here?  
 Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.  
 Why has so great a king so small a stone?  
 Of that great king here's but the heart alone.  
 Then of this conqueror here lie but part?  
 No----here he lies all---for he was all heart.

The author was a Caxton, to whom I can properly oppose nobody so well as a Welshman: for which purpose I am farther furnished from the fore-mentioned collection of Oxford Verses, with an epigram by Mair n Llueilin upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very seat and nursery of the Muses?

Thus slain thy valiant ancestor did lie,  
 When his one bark a navy did defy;  
 When now encompass'd round he victor stood,  
 And bath'd his pinnace in his conqu'ring blood,  
 Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,  
 He fell, and made the waves his monument.  
 Where shall the next fair d Grawville's ashes stand?  
 Thy grandaunce's till the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down, the word *ashes*, metaphorically, can signify ashes but faulz, which is more sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea; the Welshman, however, must be allowed to have outdone the Frenchman. The beauty of the French epigram appears

— Sir Richard Grenville, Vice-admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-eight of Spain's best men of war.

' And love, despairing in her heart a place,  
' Would needs take up his lodging in her face'.  
Tho' wrote by great Corinille, such lines as these,  
Such civil nonsense, sure could never please.  
Waller, the best of all th' inspired train,  
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

(6) The Roman wit, who impiously divides  
His hero and his gods to different sides,  
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,  
Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.  
How oft, alas ! the best of men in vain  
Contend for blessings which the worst obtain !

at first sight; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to beneath, through the incredible to true.

(5. Victoria causa Dei placuit, sed virtus Catoni.

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cain, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the

represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impurity of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero, neither reason nor religion will allow it; and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more exalted than a divine: success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness; to judge right, we must wait on the conduct of the nation; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence; and the violent death of Cesar ex-quiets the gods from heavy compunctions of his iniquities.

Lucas was a determined Republican, no wonder he was a Pro-slavery man.

• **Canada**

↑ **Locom**

## MISCELLANIES.

The gods permitting traitors to succeed,  
None not parties in an impious deed,  
Till by the tyrant's murder we may find  
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such prepost'rous praise,  
Our characters we lessen when we'd raise;  
Like castles built by magic art in air,  
That vanish at approach; such thoughts appear,  
But rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,  
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our King return'd\*, and banish'd Peace re-  
The Muse ran mad to see her evil'd lord; [stor'd;

(7) Mr. Dryden in one of his prologues has these two lines:  
He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows  
There is as much in plays as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain, where he has exposed himself to the critics, he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself, a hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, a penalty for such as would have their writing live as well as themselves. Nor can the poet whose labours are his only bread be delivered from this cruel necessity, unless some to be certain encouragement ought be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre he putt under roof were impartial manuement under the jurisdiction of payers. Who write to live must accordingly comply with their taste in whose appetizing they submit: some generous prince, or prime minister like Richelieu, commonly find a remedy. In his epistle dedicated to The Spanish Friar, this uncomparable poet thus commensurates himself.

I remember some verses of my own Maxims and Amonas  
which are revenge taken upon me for their contumacy, &c. All  
I can say for those passages which are, I hope, not many, is,  
that I know they were written to please even when I wrote  
them; but I repeat of those writing my own, and if any of  
other fellows intrude by chance less my present writings, I  
draw a stroke over those ballads of the theatre, and am re-  
solved I will write against no reputation in the authors of  
England. It is not that I am specious to all ambition, high and mean

\* King Charles II.

On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd,  
 And scarce could speak one reasonable word :  
 Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,  
 Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage :  
 To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,  
 Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice.  
 Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin  
 Almanzor's rage and rants of Maximin :  
 That fury spent, in each elaborate piece  
 He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

First Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next\*, like  
 light,  
 To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight ;  
 With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,  
 They give us patterns, and they set us bounds.  
 The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,  
 Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide :  
 Who seek from poetry a lasting name,  
 May in their lessons learn the road to fame :  
 But let the bold adventurer be sure  
 That ev'ry line the test of truth endure :

\* as much to take it from half-witted judges as I should to raise  
 an estate by cheating of bushels : neither do I disown the  
 lofty style as tragic, which is pompous and magnificent ;  
 but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper.

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr. Dryden  
 against his critics ; and likewise for an unquestionable authority  
 to confirm those principles which the foregoing poem pretends  
 to lay down ; for nothing can be just and proper but what is  
 built upon truth.

\* Most of Wellesley's Essay upon Poetry, and Lord Beacons-  
 ffield's upon Translated Verse.

On this ~~found~~ation may the fabric rise,  
I firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,  
Forsaken Truth seeks shelter in the grove :  
Cherish, ye Muses ! the neglected fair,  
And take into your train the abandon'd wanderer.

---

### THE RELIEF.

Of two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,  
I lava prescribes despair : I urge be kind —  
I lava be kind ; the remedy's as sure ;  
"Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure

---

### DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred  
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,  
Destroy'd by knowledge, and at best  
Lost in the moment 'tis possess.

---

### FOR LIBERALITY.

Two' safe thou think'st thy treasure lies,  
Hidden in chests from human eyes,

A fire may come, and it may be  
 Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.  
 Thy vessel that you' ocean stems,  
 Loaded with golden dust and gems,  
 Purchas'd with so much pains and cost,  
 Yet in a tempest may be lost.  
 Pumps, whores, and bawds, a thankless crew,  
 Priests, pickpockets, and lawyers too,  
 All help by several ways to drain,  
 Thanking themselves for what they gain.  
 The liberal are secure alone,  
 For what we frankly give for ever is our own.

---

## A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

'Why pines my dear?' to Fulvia, his young bride,  
 Who weeping sat, thus aged C'ornus cry'd.  
 'Alas!' said she, 'such visions break my rest,  
 'The strangest thoughts! I think I am possest:  
 'My symptoms I have told to men of skill,  
 'And if I would—they say—I might be well'  
 'Take their advice,' said he, 'my poor dear wife!  
 'I'll buy at any rate thy precious life.'  
 Blushing she would excuse, but all in vain;  
 A doctor must be fetch'd to ease her pain. [Tom's,  
 Hard press'd, she yields. From White's, or Wills, or  
 No matter which, he's summonned, and he comes.

The careful husband, with a kind embrace,  
Entreats his care; then bows, and quits the place;  
For little ailments oft attend the fair  
Not decent for a husband's eye or ear.

Something the dame would say: the ready knight  
Prevents her speech—'Here's that shall set you  
right, [close;

'Madam,' said he—With that the door's made  
He gives deliciously the healing dose.

'Alas!' she cries; 'ah me! O cruel cure!

'Did ever woman yet like me endure?

The work perform'd, uprising gay and light,  
Old Cornus is call'd in to see the sight.

A sprightly red vermillion's all her face,  
And her eyes languish with unusual grace.

With tears of joy fresh gushing from his eyes,

'O wondrous power of art!' old Cornus cries;

'Amazing change! astonishing success!

'Thrice happy I! what a bridle Doctor's this!

Maids, wives, and widows, with such whims oppress,  
May thus find certain ease—Probatum est.

---

### MRS. CLAVERING\* SINGING.

WHEN we behold her angel face,  
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,  
In what we hear or what we see,  
So revivifying 's the harmony,

• *Adelaide Lady Cooper*

The melting soul, in rapture lost,  
Knows not which charm enchant'st it most.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,  
Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,  
Wonders with pun receiv'd for true  
At once find credit, and renew.  
No charms like Clavering's voice surprise,  
Except the magic of her eyes.

---

### A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

Proximus et similis regnav, Ludovice, tonanti,  
Vix summam, quinque cunis pectate, geris;  
Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus armis,  
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones iude seris.  
Quin cocant toto Titania foedera Itheno,  
Illa Aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet,

---

### ENGLISHED,

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

Next to the Thunder let Anne stand,  
In power supreme as in command;  
I am'd for victorious arms and generous aid,  
Young Austria's refuge and France Bourbon's bane.

Titanian leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,  
When to the Eagle you the thunder join.

---

## A MORNING HYMN.

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton ! arise,  
Goddess of Love and of the Day ;  
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,  
And shew the sun a brighter ray :  
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn ;  
He but creates the day which you adorn.  
The lark, that wout with warbling throat  
Early to salute the skies,  
Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,  
Disclaiming day till you arise.  
Goddess ! awake, thy beams display,  
Restore the universe to light :  
When Hamilton appears then dawns the day,  
And when she disappears begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils know,  
(For lovers never, never, ———,  
Wait for the rising of the sun, ———,  
To offer songs and hymns of pray  
Like Persians to the sun :  
E'en life, and death, and fate, are there ;

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

73

For in the rolls of ancient destiny,  
Th' inevitable book, 'twas noted down  
The dying should revive, the living die,  
As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall frown.

CHORUS.

' Awake, bright Hamilton ! arise,  
' Goddess of Love and of the day ;  
' Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,  
' And shew the sun a brighter ray :  
' Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn ;  
' He but creates the day which you adorn.'

---

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Or kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren spilt  
In vain, O Britain ! you'd avert the guilt,  
If crimes which your forefathers blush'd to own,  
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye People ! who your kings distress ;  
Tremble, ye Kings ! for people you oppress :  
Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forty rods.  
The rise and fall of empire's from the gods.

## INSCRIPTION

FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

WHOEVER thou art, thy lord and master see;  
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

---

## HER NAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her name,  
Whose eyes have kindled such a flame;  
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen  
Had ne'er been sung had she been seen:  
Who set the very gods at war  
Were but faint images of her.  
Believe me, for by Heav'n's 'tis true!  
The sun in all his ample view  
Sees nothing half so fair or bright,  
Not ev'n his own reflected light.  
So sweet a face! such graceful mien!  
What can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden.

---

## CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,  
Charm'd to behold her, charn'd to bear her,

As he stood gazing on her face,  
 Enchanted with each matchless grace,  
 Lost in the trance, he drops the dart,  
 Which never fails to reach the heart:  
 She seizes it, and arms her hand,  
 'Tis thus I Love himself command:  
 'Now tremble, cruel Boy!' she said,  
 'For all the mischief you have made.'

The god, recov'ring his surprise,  
 Trusts to his wings, away he flies;  
 Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,  
 And leaves his whole artillery behind.  
 Princess! restore the boy his useless darts,  
 With surer charms you captivate our hearts,  
 Love's captives oft their liberty regain,  
 Death only can release us from your chain.

---

#### EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

### CUPIDON DESARME.

*Fable pour Mademoiselle la Princesse d'Auvergne.*

CUPIDON prenant plaisir de se trouver toujour aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: comme il admirroit un jour ses graces inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame et de ses sens, il laisse tomber ce dart fatal qui ne manque jamais de percer les coeurs. Elle le ramasse soudain, et s'armant la belle main.

‘C'est ainsi,’ dit elle, ‘ que je me rend maîtressee  
de l'Amour: tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux  
vanger tous les maux que tu as fait.’

Le dieu étonné, revenant de sa surprise, se fiant  
à ses ailes, s'échappe, et s'envole vite comme une  
flèche qui rend l'air, et lui laisse la possession de  
toute son artillerie.

Princesse ! rendez lui ses armes; qui veux sont  
inutiles: la Nature vous a donné des charmes  
plus puissants: les captives de l'Amour souvent re-  
courent la liberté; il n'y a que la mort seule qui  
puisse affranchir les vôtres.

---

### CHLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost  
Such sum to sweeten thee is treasure lost:  
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;  
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee,

---

### THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A BOAR who had enjoy'd a happy reign  
For many a year, and fed on many a man,  
Calleth to account, softening his savage eyes,  
There, suppliant, plead, his cause before he dies.  
‘For what am I condemn'd? My crime's no more  
To eat a man than yours to eat a Boar.

' We seek not you, but take what chance provides,  
 ' Nature and mere necessity our guides.  
 ' You murder us in sport, then dish us up  
 ' For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup.  
 ' We lengthen not our meals ; but you must feast,  
 ' Gorge till your bellies burst—Pray, who's the  
 ' With your humanity you keep a fuss, [beast?  
 ' But are in truth worse brutes than all of us.  
 ' We prey not on our kind, but you, dear Brother!  
 ' Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other.  
 ' Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour  
     strives, [wives,  
 ' Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands,  
 ' By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,  
 ' Destroy each other, ev'ry mother's son.'

---

## BACCHUS DISARMED.

*To Mrs. Laure Dillon, now Lady Falkland.*

Bacchus ! to arms, the enemy's at hand,  
 Laura appears ; stand to your glasses, stand ;  
 The god of Love the god of Wine defies,  
 Behold him in full march in Laura's eyes :  
 Bacchus ! to arms ! and, to resist the dart,  
 Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.  
 Fly, Bacchus ! fly, there's treason in the cup ;  
 For Love comes poaring in with ev'ry drop ;  
 I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain,  
 Fly, Bacchus ! fly, resistance is in vain,

Or craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl  
To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

---

### URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

*Spoken by way of Epilogue at the first representation of the British Enchanters.*

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breast,  
And as at Delphos when the foaming priest,  
Full of his god, proclaims the distant doom  
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come,  
My lab'ring mind so struggles to unfold  
On British ground a future Age of Gold ; }  
But lest incredulous you hear—behold :

*Here a scene representing the Queen, and the several triumphs of her Majesty's reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,  
With grace sublime, and with imperial mien,  
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,  
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.  
Next to her side victorious Marib'ro' stands  
Waiting, observant of her dread commands :  
The Queen ordains, and, like Alcides, he  
obeys, and executes her high decrees.  
In ev'ry line of her auspicious face  
Soft mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry grace :  
So angel's look, and so, when Heav'n's decree,  
They stirs the world to piety and peace.

Empress and Conqueror, haif the Fates ordain  
 O'er all the willing world sole arbitress to reign :  
 To no one people are thy laws confin'd,  
 Great Britain's Queen, but guardian of mankind ;  
 Sure hope of all who dire oppression bear,  
 For all th' oppress'd become thy instant care,  
 Natiens of conquest proud thou tam'st, to free,  
 Denouncing war, presenting liberty :  
 The victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize,  
 For in thy triumph their redemption lies :  
 Freedom and peace for ravish'd fame you give,  
 Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve :  
 So the sun scorches and revives by turns,  
 Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be just,  
 Succeeding kings shall well fulfil their trust ;  
 Discord, and war, and tyranny shall cease,  
 And jarring nations be compell'd to peace ;  
 Princes and states, like subjects, shall agree  
 To trust her pow'r, safe in her piety.

---

## ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

*Enscribed to Lord Falkland.*

### I.

① FALKLAND ! offspring of a gentle race,  
 Renow'd for arms and virtue, in war and peace,

GRANVILLE.

II

MISCELLANIES.

My kinsman, and my friend! from whence this  
curse

Has fall'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

II.

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,  
Sees to outdo in guilt preceding times;  
But now we're so unprov'd in all that's bad,  
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, possesses ev'ry heart;  
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art:  
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;  
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

IV.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treach'rous end;  
Your greatest ~~foe~~ <sup>ever</sup> proferring friend;  
The soul ~~reigns~~ <sup>is</sup> unguarded, and secure,  
The wound ~~is~~ <sup>deep</sup> and the stroke most sure.

Justice is bought and sold; the bench, the bar,  
Then and decide, but gold 's th' interpreter.  
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he  
Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

VI.

Sires agl their sons, and sons ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> sires begay;  
And ~~sons~~ <sup>sons</sup> vote, as ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> fight, for pay;

The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,  
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

## VII.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace  
Succeeds, of spurious mould, a puny race :  
From such defenders what can Britain hope ?  
And where, O Liberty ! is now thy prop ?

## VIII.

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,  
And learnt in rugged sports to dare a foe :  
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain  
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

## IX.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,  
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle ;  
True to herself, and to the public weal,  
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

## X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert seen,  
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,  
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain,  
To dye in purple Almenara's plain.

## XI.

The rescu'd empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,  
In Anne's reign, our ancient fame renew'd :  
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,  
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar,

## FORTUNE.

## EPIGRAM.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear  
 Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:  
 Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,  
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.  
 Fickle and false to others she may be,  
 I can complain but of her constancy.

—Virtutem a me,  
 Fortunam ex alia.—

## CHLOE.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,  
 'Tis well her heart is tender;  
 How might such killing eyes perplex,  
 With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,  
 With lib'ral hand to please us,  
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd  
 A boundless bent to ensue us.

## ON THE SAME.

Bless'd as the day, and like the morning fair,  
 Such Chloe is—too common as the air.

## ON THE SAME.

Of injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,  
 Chloe complains, and wond'rously is griev'd.  
 That free, and lavish of a beauteous face,  
 The fairest and the foulest of her race:  
 She's naine, or thine ; and strolling up and down,  
 Sucks in more filth than any sink in town,  
 I not deny ; this I have said, 'tis true :  
 What, wrong ! to give so bright a nymph her due ?

---

## ON THE SAME.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last  
 I ventur'd to lay furins aside :  
 'Twas I was modest, not she chaste ;  
 Chloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,  
 I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear :  
 Say, Love ! how came your slave so dull  
 To read no better there ?

Thus, to ourselves the greatest foes,  
 Altho' the nymph be well inclin'd,  
 For want of courage to propose,  
 By our own folly she's unkind.

## CORINNA.

**CORINNA** in the bloom of youth  
 Was coy to ev'ry lover;  
 Regardless of the tend'rest truth,  
 No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers: all at her feet  
 Lay prostrate and adoring;  
 The witty, handsome, rich, and great,  
 In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair  
 Her loss of time and pleasure,  
 With willing eyes and wanton air  
 Inviting ev'ry gazer.

But love's a summer-flower that dies  
 With the first weather's changing;  
 The lover like the swallow flies,  
 From sun to sun still ranging.

Mira! let this example move  
 Your foolish heart to reason:  
 Youth is the proper time for love,  
 And age is virtue's season.

## ON THE SAME.

So well Corinna likes the joy,  
 She vows she'll never more be coy;  
 She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure:  
 Eternal draughts do not suffice;  
 'O! give me, give me more,' she cries,  
 'Tis all too little, little measure.'

Thus wisely she makes up for time  
 Mispent while youth was in its prime:  
 So travellers who waste the day,  
 Careful and cautious of their way,  
 Noting at length the setting sun,  
 They send their pace as night comes on,  
 Double their speed to reach their inn,  
 And whip and spur thro' thick and thin.

## BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride 's an arrant cheat,  
 A foolish artifice to blind,  
 Some honest glance that scorns deceit,  
 Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and fay'd disdain,  
 She idly acts the saint;  
 We see thro' this disguise as plain  
 As we distinguish paint.

So have I seen grave fools design  
With formal looks to pass for wise;  
But Nature is a light will shine,  
And break thru' all disguise.

## CLEORA.

CEORA has her wish: she weds a peer;  
Her weighty train two pages scarce can bear;  
Persia and both the Indies must provide,  
To grace her pomp and gratify her pride:  
Of rich brocade a shining robe she wears,  
And gems surround her lovely neck like stars.  
Drawn by six grays of the proud Belgian kind,  
With a long train of livery beaux behind,  
She charms the Park, and sets all hearts on fire,  
The ladies envy and the men desire.  
Reholding thus, 'O happy as a queen!'  
We cry. But shift the gaudy flatt'ring scene;  
View her at home in her domestic light,  
For thither she must come, at least at night,  
What has she there? a surly ill-bred lord,  
Who cliques and snaps her up at ev'ry word;  
A brutal scoundrel, while she holds his head,  
With drunkenness subs the nuptial bed:  
Sick to the heart, she breathes the nauseous fume  
(Of odious stings that poison all the room:  
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,  
And counts the tedious hours when she may rise;

But most she fears lest, waking, she should find,  
To make amends, the monster would be kind.  
Those matchless beauties, worthy of a god,  
Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome load.  
What then may be the chance that next ensues?  
Some vile disease fresh reeking from the stews:  
The secret venom, circling in her veins,  
Works thro' her skin, and bursts in bloating stains;  
Her cheeks their freshness lose and wanted grace,  
And an unusual paleness spreads her face:  
Her eyes grow dull, and her corrupted breath,  
Tainting her guins, infects her ivory teeth:  
Of sharp nocturnal anguish she complains,  
And, guiltless of the cause, relates her pains.  
The conscious husband, whom like symptoms seize,  
Charges on her the guilt of their disease,  
Affecting fury, acts a madman's part;  
He'll rip the fatal secret from her heart!  
Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand names;  
In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims;  
Scarce with her life she 'scapes, expos'd to shame,  
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,  
Rots with a vile adulteress's name;  
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,  
And happy only in her innocence.

Such is the vengeance the just gods provide  
For those who barter liberty for pride;  
Who impiously invoke the pow'r above  
To witness to false vows of mutual love.

Thousands of poor Cleoras may be found;  
Such husbands and such wretched wives abound.

Ye guardian Pow'rs ! the arbiters of bliss,  
Preserve Clarinda from a fate like this :  
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,  
But gave, alas ! a spark too much of pride :  
Reform that failing, and protect her still ;  
O save her from the curse of choosing ill !  
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,  
That moves these wishes, or provokes this pray'r.  
Tho' worse than death I dread to see those charms  
Allotted to some happier mortal's arms,  
Tormenting thought ! yet could I bear that pain,  
Or any ill, but hearing her complain :  
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,  
Nor frames one wish but for her sake alone.  
Whome'er the gods have destin'd to prefer,  
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.



## PHYLLIS DRINKING.

### L.

While Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in  
alliance,  
With forces united, bid resistless defiance ;  
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,  
And her eyes by her drinking redouble their fire.

## II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,  
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour ;  
Each dart dipp'd in wine gives a wound beyond curing,  
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flante more enduring.

## III.

Then, Phyllis ! begin, let our raptures abound,  
And a kiss and a glass be still going round ;  
Relieving each other our pleasures are lasting,  
And we never are cluy'd, yet are ever a-tasting.

---

## ON AN ILL-FAVORED LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good let no man dispute,  
Which I, his friend and servant—thus make out :  
In ev'ry line of his perfidious face  
The secret malice of his heart we trace ;  
So fair the warning, and so plainly writ,  
Let none coudren the light that shows a pit.  
Cockles, whose face finds credit for his heart,  
Who can escape so smooth a villain's art ?  
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace that can persuade,  
Seeing, we trust, they're sure to be betray'd :

His looks are snares, but Macro's cry ' beware ;'  
 Believe not tho' ten thousand oaths he swear.  
 If thou 'rt decciv'd, observing well this rule,  
 Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.  
 In this one point he and his looks agree,  
 As they betray their master—so did he.

---

### WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd : we play  
 A round or two ; when us'd we throw away ;  
 Take a fresh pack : nor is it worth our grieving  
 Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

---

### ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thralldom ~~ever~~ ;  
 If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace.  
 Once for the pleasures of an hour,  
 We must endure an age of pain,  
 I'll be this abysm thing no more :  
 Love ! give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast ;  
 Now Folly's here, a more cruel guest.  
 O ! for the peace of banishment,  
 Making women longer true or wiser kind.  
 With justice, or with mercy reign,  
 O Love ! or give me back my heart again.

SENT TO CLARINDA,  
WITH A NOVEL, ENTITLED  
LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

Haste to Clarinda, and reveal  
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;  
When that is done, then tell the fair  
That I endure much more for her.  
Who'd truly know love's pow'r or smart,  
Must view her eyes and read my heart.

---

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE TOWER

WHERE SIR RT. WALPOLE HAD BEEN CONFINED.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;  
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling;  
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

## EPISTLES.

TO THE

## EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

*On his happy accomplishment of the marriage between His Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d' Este, of Modena. Written several years after, in imitation of the style of Mr. Weller.*

His Juno barren, in unfruitful joys  
 Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs;  
 So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,  
 And all our prospects, gallant York! in thee.

By the same wish aspiring queens are led,  
 Each languishing, to mount his royal bed;  
 His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame,  
 Create in ev'ry breast a rival flame;  
 Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,  
 As if no distance could secure their crowns:  
 Fearing his valour, wisely they contend  
 To bribe with beauty so renoun'd a friend:  
 Beauty the price, there need no other art;  
 Love is the surrest bait for heroes' hearts;  
 Nor can the fair conceal as high concern  
 To see the prince for whom, unseen, they burn.

Brave York ! attending to the gen'ral voice,  
At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice :  
To noble Mordaunt, generous and just,  
Of his great heart he gives the sacred trust.  
'Thy choice,' said he, 'shall well direct that heart  
'Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a part :  
'In council oft, and oft in battle try'd,  
'Betwixt thy master and the world decide.'

The chosen Mercury prepares t' obey  
This high command. Gently, ye Winds ! convey,  
And with auspicious gales his safety wait,  
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.  
So Jason, with his Argonauts, from Greece  
To Colchos sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece.  
As when the goddesses came down of old  
On Ida's hill, so many ages told,  
With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,  
And each bade high to win him to her side ;  
So tempt they him, and emulously vie  
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy :  
With balls and banquets his pleas'd sense they bait,  
And queens and kings upon his pleasures wait.

Th' impartial judge survey's, with vast delight,  
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright ;  
Then, strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,  
To radiant Eate gives the royal prize.  
Of antique stock her high descent she brings,  
Born to review the race of Britain's kings.  
Who could deserve like her, in whom we see  
United all that Paris found in three ?

O equal pair ! when both were set above  
 All other merit but each other's love.  
 Welcome, bright Princess ! to Great Britain's shore,  
 As Berecyynthia to high heav'n, who bore  
 That shining race of goddesses and gods  
 That fill'd the skies, and rul'd the blest abodes :  
 From thee my Muse expects, as noble themes,  
 Another Mars and Jove, another Janes :  
 Our future hopes all from thy womb arise,  
 Our present joy and safety from your eyes ;  
 Those charming eyes ! which shine to reconcile  
 To harmony and peace our stubborn Isle.  
 On brazen Memnon Phœbus casts a ray,  
 And the tough metal so salutes the day.

The British dame, fam'd for resistless grace,  
 Contends not now but for the second place ;  
 Our love suspended, we neglect the fair  
 For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.  
 So sang the Syrens, with enchanting sound,  
 Enticing all to listen and be drown'd,  
 Till Orpheus ravish'd in a nobler strain ;  
 They ceas'd to sing, or, singing, charm'd in vain.

This bless'd alliance, Peterborough ! may  
 Th' indebted nation bounteously repay ;  
 Thy statues, for the Genius of our land,  
 With palm adorn'd, on ev'ry threshold stand.

————— Utique modo dicere possem  
 Caro non digna Deo : quare ut Deo exanimis digna.

C. 1747

## TO THE KING,

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, auspicious be,  
 And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!  
 Scarce hadst thou time t' unsheathe thy conqu'ring  
 It did but glitter, and the rebels fled. [blade,  
 Thy sword, the safeguard of thy brother's throne,  
 Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fau'ce, the trembling nations send  
 Throughout the world to court so firin' a friend;  
 The guilty senates that refus'd thy sway,  
 Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;  
 Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,  
 Confess their frenzy, and confirm their king:  
 Who with their venom overspread thy soil,  
 Those scorpions of the state present their oil.

So the world's behaviour, like a mortal dress'd,  
 Altho' by daily miracles confess'd,  
 Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,  
 The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuse;  
 But when they saw such terror in the skies,  
 The temple rent, their King in glory rise,  
 Seiz'd with amaz'c they own'd their lawful Lord,  
 And, struck with guilt, bow'd, trembled, and ador'd.

## TO THE KING.

T<sub>u</sub> so' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,  
 Thou choosest not to conquer men, but hearts ;  
 Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,  
 But thou preferr'st the name of Just to Great.  
 So Jove suspends his subject-world to doom,  
 Which would be please to thunder he'd consume.  
 O ! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead  
 Return on earth, and quit th' Elysian shade,  
 Brutus to James would trust the people's cause ;  
 Thy justice is a stronger guard than laws :  
 Marius and Sylla would resign to thee,  
 Nor Caesar and great Pompey rivals be,  
 Or rivals only who should best obey,  
 And Cato give his voice for regal sway.

---

## TO THE KING.

H<sub>eroes</sub> of old, by rapine and by spoil,  
 In search of fame did all the world embroil.  
 Thus to their gods each thou ally'd his name,  
 This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.  
 With equal valour, and the same success,  
 Dread King ! might'st thou the universe oppress ;  
 But Christian laws constrain thy martial pride ;  
 Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide :

By thy example kings are taught to sway,  
Heroes to fight, and saints may learn to pray.

From gods descended, and of race divine,  
Nestor in council and Ulysses shine ;  
But in a day of battle all would yield  
To the fierce master of the seven-fold shield.  
Their very deities were grac'd no more ;  
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore :  
But all perfections meet in Jaines alone,  
And Britain's king is all the gods in one.

---

### TO MR. WALLER,

IN ANSWER TO MR. WALLER'S VERSES TO THE  
AUTHOR.

WHEN into Lybia the young Grecian came,  
To talk with Hammon, and consult for fame ;  
When from the sacred tripod where he stood,  
The priest, inspir'd, saluted him a god ;  
Scarce such a joy that haughty victor knew,  
Thos own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you.  
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers show,  
Have more than empire, and immortal grow ;  
Ages to come shall scorn the pow'rs of old,  
When in thy verse of greater gods they're told ;  
Our beauteous queen and royal Jaines's name  
For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by fame ;

Thy Charles for Neptune shall the seas command  
And Sacharissa shall for Venus stand ;  
Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,  
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

---

## TO MIR A.

## I.

WARN'D and made wise by others' flame,  
I fled from whence such mischiefs came ;  
Shunning the sex that kills at sight,  
I sought my safety in my flight.

## II.

But ah ! in vain from fate we fly ;  
For, first or last, as all must die,  
So 'tis as much decreed above  
That, first or last, we all must love.

## III.

My heart, which stood so long the shock  
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock,  
By one bright spark from Mira thrown,  
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

## TO MIR A.

## LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

## I.

No warning of th' approaching flame,  
 Swiftly like sudden death it came :  
 Like travellers by lightning kill'd,  
 I burnt the moment I beheld.

## II.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,  
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd ;  
 The case, so shining to behold,  
 Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

## III.

To what my eyes admir'd before  
 I add a thousand graces more,  
 And Fancy blows into a flame  
 The spark that from her beauty came.

## IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,  
 By my own image I am caught :  
 Pygmalion so, with fatal art,  
 Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

## T O M I R A.

## I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my stubborn heart !  
 O Death ! how slow to take my part !  
 Whatever I pursue denies ;  
 Death, Death itself, like Mira flies.

## II.

Love and Despair, like twins, possest  
 At the same fatal birth my breast :  
 No hope could be ; her scorn was all  
 That to my destin'd lot could fall.

## III.

I thought, alas ! that Love could dwell  
 But in warm climes, where no snow fell ;  
 Like plants that kindly heat require  
 To be maintain'd by constant fire.

## IV.

That without hope 'twould die as soon,  
 A little hope—but I have none.  
 On air the poor chameleons thrive ;  
 Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live.

## V.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,  
 And grow in spite of winds, and spread,

The more the tempest tears and shakes  
My love, the deeper root it takes.

## VI.

Despair, that aconite does prove,  
And certain death, to others' love;  
That poison, never yet withstood,  
Does nourish mine, and turns to food.

## VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart  
Conduc'd to suffer deathless smart?  
Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie  
In endless pain, and never die.

## TO MIRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident, and kind,  
In all things that excel some use design'd.  
The radiant sun, of ev'ry heav'nly light  
The first, (did Mira not dispute that right,)  
Sends from above ten thousand blessings down,  
Nor is he set so high for show alone;  
His beams reviving with suspitious fire,  
Freely we all enjoy what all admire.  
The moon and stars, those faithful guides of night,  
Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the sight.

Plants, fruits, and flow'rs, the fertile fields produce,  
Not for vain ornament, but wholesome use ;  
Health they restore, and nourishment they give ;  
We see with pleasure, but we taste to live.

Then think not, Mira ! that thy form was meant  
More to create desire than to content.  
Would the just gods so many charms provide  
Only to gratify a mortal's pride ?  
Would they have form'd thee so above thy sex,  
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex ?  
'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,  
And beauty should be kind as well as charm.

---

### TO MIR A.

Since truth and constancy are vain,  
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,  
Nor force of reason can persuade,  
Then let example be obey'd.

In courts and cities could you see  
How well the wanton fools agree ;  
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find  
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,  
With Venus and the wife of Jove,  
Exposing er'ry beauty bare,  
Descended to the Trojan heir ;

Yet this was she whom poets name  
Goddess of chastity and fame.

Penelope, her lord away,  
Gave am'rous audiences all day ;  
Now round the bowl the suitors sit,  
With wine provoking mirth and wit ;  
Then down they take the stubborn bow ;  
Their strength, it seems, she needs must know ;  
Thus twenty cheerful winters past ;  
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.

Smile, Mira ! then ; reward my flame,  
And be as much secure of fame.  
By all those matchless beauties fir'd,  
By my own matchless love inspir'd,  
So will I sing, such wonders write,  
That, when th' astonish'd world shall cite  
A nymph of spotless worth and fame,  
Mira shall be th' immortal name.

---

## TO MIRA.

### I.

So calm and so serene but now,  
What means this change on Mira's brow ?  
Her anguish love now glows and burns,  
Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

### II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles,  
When on her pity I depend,

My airy hope she soon beguiles,  
And laughs to see my torments never end.

## III.

So up the steepy hill with pain  
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain,  
Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,  
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

---

## TO MIR A.

## I.

Thoughtful nights and restless waking,  
Oh the pains that we endure !  
Broken faith, unkind forsaking,  
Ever doubting, never sure.

## II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,  
What a race has Love to run !  
False protesting, fleeting favours,  
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

## III.

Still complaining, and defending,  
Both to love, yet not agree,  
Fears tormenting, passion reading,  
Oh the pangs of jealousy !

## IV.

From such painful ways of living,  
 Ah! how sweet! could love be free;  
 Still presenting, still receiving,  
 Fierce immortal ecstasy.

---

## TO MIRA.

## I.

PREPARD to rail, resolv'd to part,  
 When I approach the perjur'd fair,  
 What is it awes my tim'rous heart?  
 Why does my tongue forbear?

## II.

With the least glaunce a little kind,  
 Such wond'rous pow'r have Mira's charms,  
 She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,  
 And all my rage disarms.

## III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,  
 When gazing on that form divine,  
 Her injur'd vessel trembling bows,  
 Nor dares her slave repine.

## TO MIRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,  
 Whom now her smiles reviv'd her scorn destroys:  
 She will, and she will not ! she grants, denies,  
 Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies ;  
 Approving and rejecting in a breath,  
 Now proff'ring mercy, now presenting death.  
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,  
 How various are the torments I endure !  
 Cruel estate of doubt ! ah, Mira ! try  
 Once to resolve—Or let me live or die.

---

## TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH, &c.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midst of snow,  
 Of storms and blasts, the choicest fruits do grow ?  
 Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,  
 And strangers to the sun yet ripen here :  
 On frozen ground the sweetest flow'rs arise,  
 Unseen by any light but Flavia's eyes :  
 Where'er she treads, beneath the charmer's feet  
 The rose, the jasmine, and the lily meet.  
 Where'er she looks, behold some sudden birth  
 Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth !

In midst of mountains and unfruitful ground  
 As rich an Eden as the first is found.  
 In this new paradise the goddess reigns  
 In sov'reign state, and mocks the lover's pains :.  
 Beneath those beams that scorch us from her eyes  
 Her snowy bosom still unmelted lies :  
 Love from her lips spreads all his odours round,  
 But bears on ice, and springs from frozen ground.  
 So cold the clime that can such wonders bear,  
 The garden seems an emblem of the fair.

---

## TO FLAVIA.

HER GARDEN HAVING ESCAPED A FLOOD THAT HAD  
 LAID ALL THE COUNTRY ROUND UNDER WATER.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect  
 The torrent spares, and deluges respect ;  
 So when the waters o'er the world were spread,  
 Cov'ring each oak, and ev'ry mountain's head,  
 The chosen Patriarch sul'd within his ark,  
 Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the sacred bark.  
 The charming Flavia is no less, we find,  
 The favourite of Heav'n than of mankind :  
 The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,  
 And vie with mortals to oblige the fair.  
 These favours, thus bestow'd on her alone,  
 Are but the bosome which they send her down.

O Flavia ! may thy virtue from above  
 Be crown'd with blessings endless as my love !

## TO DAPHNE.

A ROMAN and a Greek our praise divide,  
 Nor can we yet who best deserv'd decide.  
 Behold two mightier conquerors appear,  
 Some for your wit, soine for your eyes, declare :  
 Debates arise which captivates us most,  
 And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.  
 The bow and quiver does Diana bear,  
 Cybele the lions, Pallas has the spear :  
 Poets such emblems to their gods assign,  
 Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

---

## TO MRS. GRANVILLE

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,  
 Now for some ages kept the world in pain ;  
 Beauty by vast destructions got renown,  
 And lovers only by their rage were known ;  
 But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,  
 Conqu'ring the heart, as much instructs the mind ;  
 Blest'd in the fate of her victorious eyes,  
 Seeing, we love ; and hearing, we grow wise :

So Rome, for wisdom as for conquest fam'd,  
 Improv'd with arts whom she by arms had tam'd.  
 Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,  
 Nothing lies hid from her inquiring sight;  
 Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,  
 Their language takes new music from her voice,  
 Learning and Love in the same seat we find,  
 So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.

Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,  
 But now descends confess'd to human eyes:  
 Behold in Granville that inspiring queen  
 Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen.

---

TO THE  
 COUNTESS OF NEWBOURGH,

IN-QUIRING EARNESTLY TO BE TOLD WHO I MEANT  
 BY MIRA.

WITH Mira's charms, and my extreme despair,  
 Long had my Muse amaz'd the reader's ear;  
 My friends with pity heard the mournful sound,  
 And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound;  
 Th' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame,  
 Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it cam'  
 So scatter'd fire from scorched' Vesus' fire,  
 Unknown the source from whence those flames arise.

Egyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,  
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.

Mira herself, touch'd with the moving song,  
Would needs be told to whōin those plaints belong;  
My tim'rous tongue, not daring to confess,  
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess:  
Impatient of excuse, she urges still,  
Persists in her demand; she must, she will:  
If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;  
If I obey—ah! what may be my fate?  
Uncertain to conceal or to unfold,  
She smiles—the goddess smiles!—and I grow bold.

My vows to Mira all were meant to thee,  
The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.  
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames  
Were grac'd by poets each with sev'ral names;  
For ~~enus~~ Cytherea was invok'd,  
Akars for Pallas to Tritonia sink'd:  
Such names were theirs; and thou, the most divine,  
Most lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Mira's thine.

---

### TO MRS. HIGGONS,

OCASIONED BY SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY THAT  
LADY, AND SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RE-  
TIREMENT, 1690.

Cruel, tempting Syren! cease thy flattery again,  
Sweet is thy charming song, but song is vain.

When the wiuds blow, and loud the tempests roar,  
What fool would trust the waves and quit the shore?  
Early and vain into the world I came,  
Big with false hopes, and eager after fame,  
Till looking round me cre the race began,  
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran.  
Reclaim'd by times, I from the lists retire,  
And thank the gods who my retreat inspire.  
In happier times our ancestors were bred,  
When virtue was the only path to tread.  
Give me, ye Gods! but the same road to fame;  
Whate'er my fathers dar'd I dare the same.  
Chang'd is the scene; some baneful planet rules  
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.  
Look now around, and with unpartial eyes  
Consider and examine all who rise;  
Weigh well their actions and their treach'rrous ends,  
How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends;  
What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;  
How many crush'd to make one monster great!  
Would you command, have Fortune in your pow'r?  
Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour!  
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie;  
Turn pander, pathic, parasite, or spy;  
Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,  
A minister at least—perhaps a king.

Fortune we most unjustly partial call,  
A patronee free, who bids alike to all;  
But on such terms as only suit the base;  
Honor despise, and abus the soul embrace.

The honest man, who starves and is undone,  
 Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.  
 Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring cause,  
 He might have liv'd to give new Senates laws ;  
 But on vile terms disdaining to be great,  
 He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.  
 Honors and life, th' usurper bids, and all  
 That vain mistaken men Good-fortune call ;  
 Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes  
 An honest death, which he accepts, and dies.  
 O glorious resolution ! noble pride !  
 More honor'd than the tyrant liv'd he dy'd ;  
 More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd, in his  
 doom,  
 Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.  
 The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,  
 And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.

On bones and scraps of dogs let me be fed,  
 My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head }  
 To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed :  
 This, and all other martyrdom, for thee  
 Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honesty !  
 Judge me, ye Pow'rs ! let Fortune tempt or frown,  
 I stand prepar'd ; my honor is my own.

Ye great Disturbers ! who, in endless noise,  
 In blood and rapine, seek unnat'ral joys ;  
 For what is all this bustle but to shun  
 Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone ?  
 As men in misery, oppress'd with care,  
 Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.

Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,  
 Regardless if the cause be bad or good.  
 Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods  
 Of strutting pygmies, who would pass for gods :  
 For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' school,  
 Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool ;  
 Who honour gen'rous Wycherley opprest,  
 Possess'd of little, worthy of the best ;  
 Rich in himself, in virtue that outshines,  
 All but the fame of his immortal lines,  
 More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain  
 The famish'd land, and rolls in impious gain ;  
 What can I hope in courts, or how succeed ?  
 }  
 Tigers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,  
 The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,  
 And ev'ry element exchange its kind,  
 Ere thriving honesty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,  
 Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free ;  
 Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,  
 But lives at peace, within himself content ;  
 In thought or act accountable to none,  
 But to himself and to the gods alone.  
 O sweetness of Content ! seraphic joy !  
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom, of the  
 mind ?  
 Where but in shades remote from human-kind,  
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,  
 But never comes within the palace-gate.

Farewell then, Cities; Courts and Camps, farewell;  
 Welcome, ye Groves! here let me ever dwell;  
 From cares, from bus'ness and mankind, remove,  
 All but the Muses and inspiring Love.

How sweet the morn, how gentle is the night!  
 How calm the ev'ning, and the day how bright!

From hence, as from a hill, I view below  
 The crowded world, a mighty wood in show!  
 Where sev'ral wand'lers travel day and night  
 By diff'rent paths, and none are in the right.

---

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF  
 THE ANCIENTS.

As flow'rs transplanted 'gainst a southern sky  
 But hardly bear, or in the raising die;  
 Missing their native sun, at best retain  
 But a faint odour, and survive with pain;  
 Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,  
 Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote, }  
 Is a dead image and a senseless draught: }  
 While we transfuse the nimble spirit thine,  
 Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.

Who then to copy Roman wit desire,  
 Must imitate, with Roman force and fire,  
 In elegance of style and phrase,—the same,  
 And, in the sparkling genius and the flame :  
 Whence we conclude from thy translated song,  
 So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,  
 Celestial Poet ! soul of Harmony !  
 That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.  
 Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,  
 Never to die, and take to heav'n their flight :  
 Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays, they shine,  
 All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

As Britain,—in rich soil abounding wide,  
 Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,—  
 Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore  
 For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more ;  
 To her own wool the silks of Asia joins ;  
 And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines ;  
 So Dryden, not contented with the fame  
 Of his own Works, tho' an immortal name,  
 To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,  
 The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose.  
 Feasting our sense so many various ways,  
 Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirst of fame ?  
 That, by comparing others, all excell'd,  
 Who most excell'd are yet excell'd by thee.

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN,

## CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

UPON THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE TOWN OF GRAN-  
VILLE IN NORMANDY, BY THE ENGLISH FLEET.

Tho' built by gods, consum'd by hostile flame,  
 Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name ;  
 And so shall thine, tho' with these walls were lost  
 All the record our ancestors could boast.  
 For Latinus conquer'd, and for Turnus slain,  
 Tuscas lives, tho' not one stone remain  
 Where he arose. Nor art thou less renown'd  
 For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian grouud.

Those arms\* which, for nine centuries, had  
 brav'd

The wrath of Time, on antique stone engrav'd,  
 Now turn by mortars, stand yet unlesfac'd  
 On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd :  
 Safe on thy Eagle's† wings they soar, above  
 The rage of war or thunder'd tempest,  
 Borne by the bird of Clouds and of Jove. }

\* The Granville ~~Coat~~ <sup>Arms</sup> were represented at that time on one of the gates of the town. }

† He was created a Baron of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever sign'd the crest of the impaled Sprung Eagle.

## TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTIL,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick!—in ev'ry face we find  
 His danger is the danger of mankind,—  
 Whose art protecting, Nature could expire  
 But by a deluge or the general fire.  
 More lives he saves than perish in our wars,  
 And, faster than a plague destroys, repairs.  
 The bold carouser and advent'rous dame  
 Nor fear the fever nor refuse the flame:  
 Safe in his skill, from all restraint set free,  
 But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.

Sire of all arts\*! defend thy darling son;  
 O! save the man whose life's so much our own;  
 On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,  
 And by restoring Garth preserve mankind.

## TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior chiefs† the voice of Fame divide;  
 Who best deserv'd, not Plutarch could decide:  
 Behold two mighty conquerors appear,  
 Some for your wit, some for your eyes, declare;

\* Apollo, god of Poetry and Physic.

† Alexander and Caesar.

Opposites arise, which captivates us most,  
And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.  
The bow and quiver doés Diana' bear ;  
Venus, the dove ; Pallas, the shield and spear :  
Poets such emblems to their gods assign :  
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

## SONGS.

## THYRSIS AND DELIA.

## SONG IN DIALOGUE.

## THYRSIS.

Delia ! how long must I despair,  
 And tax you with disdain ;  
 Still to my tender love severe,  
 Untouch'd when I complain ?

## DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,  
 And do with equal ardor sue,  
 Thyrsis ! you know but one must move us,  
 Can I be yours and Strophon's too ?

My eyes view both with mighty pleasure,  
 Impartial to your high desert ;  
 To both, alike, esteem I measure ;  
 To one alone can give my heart.

## THYRSIS.

Mysterious guide of inclination,  
 Tell me, Tyrant ! why am I,  
 With equal merit, equal passion,  
 Thus the victim chosen to die ?  
 Why am I  
 The victim chosen to die ?

## DELIA.

On Fate alone depends success,  
 And fancy reason over-rules,  
 Or why should virtue ever miss  
 Reward, so often given to fools ?

'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,  
 But who alone is born to please :  
 Love does predestinate our pity ;  
 We choose but within her first decrees,

—  
SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I :  
 In vain ! in vain ! for when I try, [die,  
 Upon my tim'rous tongue the trembling accents  
 Ales ! a thousand fears  
 Still overwhe me when she appears ;  
 My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd  
 in tears.

## SONG. TO MIRA.

‘ Foolish Love ! begone,’ said I,  
 ‘ Vain are thy attempts on me ;  
 ‘ Thy soft allurements I defy :  
 ‘ Women, those fair dissemblers, fly ;  
 ‘ My heart was never made for thee.’

Love heard, and straight prepar’d a dart :  
 ‘ Mira, revenge my cause,’ said he.  
 Too sure ’twas shot ; I feel the smart,  
 It rends my brain, and tears my heart.  
 O Love ! my conqu’ror, pity me.

---

## SONG. TO MIRA.

Forsaken of my kindly stars,  
 Within this melancholy grove  
 I waste my days and nights in tears,  
 A victim to ungrateful Love.

The happy still, untimely, end :  
 Death flies from grief ; or why should I  
 So many hours in sorrow spend,  
 Wishing, alas ! in vain to die ?

Ye Powers ! take pity of my pain ;  
 This, only this, is my desire ;  
 Ah ! take from Mira her disdain,  
 Or let me with this sigh expire.

---

### SONG. TO MIRA.

Why should a heart so tender break ?  
 O Mira ! give its anguish ease :  
 The use of beauty you mistake,  
 Not meant to vex, but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,  
 That bosom to be prest ;  
 Your eyes to languish and look kind,  
 For am'rous arms your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right  
 Establish'd by the pow'rs above ;  
 The sun to give us warmth and light,  
 Mira to kindle love.

---

### SONG. TO MIRA.

Why, cruel Creature ! why so bent  
 To vex a tender heart ?  
 To gold and title you recline,  
 Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great ;  
For pay let armies move ;  
Beauty should have no other bait  
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay  
The value that 's their due,  
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,  
Without disguise or art,  
Ah, Mira ! if true love's your price,  
Behold it in my heart.

---

## SONG.

The happiest mortals once were we,  
I lov'd Mira, Mira me ;  
Each desire of the blessing,  
Nothing wanting but possessing,  
I lov'd Mira, Mira me ;  
The happiest mortals once were we.

But since cruel Fates dissever,  
 Torn from love, and torn for ever,  
 Tortures end me,  
 Death befriend me .  
 Of all pains, the greatest pain  
 Is to love, and love in vain.

---

## SONG.

Love is by fancy led about,  
 From hope to fear, from joy to doubt ;  
 Whom we now an angel call,  
 Divinely grac'd in ev'ry feature,  
 Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature :  
 Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy shall present  
 Objects of grief or of content,  
 That the lover 's bless'd, or dies.  
 Visions of mighty pain or pleasure,  
 Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,  
 All in pow'rful Fancy lies.

---

## SONG. TO CLARINDA.

In vain a thousand slaves have try'd  
 To overcome Clarinda's pride :

Pity pleading,  
Love persuading,  
When her icy heart is thaw'd,  
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.  
Foolish creature! follow Nature,  
Waste not thus your prime;  
Youth 's a treasure,  
Love 's a pleasure,  
Both destroy'd by time.

---

### SONG. TO THE SAME.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,  
In scornful postures sets her face,  
And looks as she were born, alone  
To give us love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that degree,  
Clarinda! I would die for thee,—  
If you 're too proud to ease my pain,  
I am too proud for your disdain.

---

### DRINKING SONG. TO SLEEP.

Great god of Sleep! since it must be  
That we must give some hours to thee,

Inside me not while the free bowl  
Glow's in my cheeks, and warms my soul ;  
That be my only time to snore  
When I can laugh and drink no more.  
Short, very short, be then thy reign,  
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But, O ! if melting in my arms,  
In some soft dream, with all her charms,  
The nymph belov'd should then surprise,  
And grant what waking she denies ;  
Then, gentle Slumber ! pr'ythee stay,  
Slowly, ah ! slowly bring the day ;  
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,  
Such sweet delusion 's real joy.

## PROLOGUES.

## PROLOGUE

## TO THE SHE-GALLANTS:

OR, ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones,  
 In sports and revels, long had reign'd like drones,  
 Rousing at length, reflect, with guilt and shame,  
 That not one stroke had yet been giv'n for fame,  
 Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the past,  
 To bold attempts and rugged labours haste:  
 Our poet so, with like concern, reviews  
 The youthful follies of a love-sick Muse:  
 To am'rous toils, and to the silent grove,  
 To Beauty's snares, and to deceitful Love,  
 He bids farewell; his shield and lance prepares,  
 And mounts the stage to bid immortal wars.

Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none t' escape,  
 Has scir'd the Town, and varies still her shape.  
 Here, like some general, she struts in state,  
 While crowds in red and blue her orders wait.  
 There, like some passive statesman, grandissime,  
 And smiles, and bags, to make destruction sup:  
 Now under high commodis, with looks erect,  
 Befanc'd downy, in gaudy colours deck'd;

Then ~~all~~ a vizard, to avoid grimace,  
 Knows all freedom but to see the face.  
 In pulpits and at bar she wears a gown,  
 In camps a sword, in palaces a crown.  
 Resolv'd to combat with this motley beast,  
 Our poet comes to strike one stroke at least.

His glass he means not for this jilt or beam,  
 Some features of you all he means to show;  
 On chosen heads nor lets the thunder fall,  
 But scatters his artillery—at all.

Yet to the fair he fain would quarter show;  
 His tender heart recoils at ev'ry blow :  
 If unaware he gives too smart a stroke,  
 He means but to correct, and not provoke.

---

## PROLOGUE

### TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

Poems by observation still it true  
 'Tis harder much to please themselves than you :  
 To weave a plot, to work and to refine  
 A labour'd scene, to ~~plot~~ <sup>mark</sup> a wry line,  
 Judgment must sweat, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> feel a mother's <sup>th</sup>juins.  
 Vain Fools ! thus to distract and rack their brains,  
 When, more indolent to the writer's ease,  
 You are too good to be up hard to please : .  
 No such ~~entitative~~ <sup>entitative</sup> path it will require  
 To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our author then, to please you in your way,  
 Presents you now a bauble of a play ;  
 In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,  
 He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in song.  
 It here and there some evil-fated line  
 Should chance, thro' inadvertency, to shine,  
 Forgive him, Beauty ! he means you no offence,  
 But begs you, for the love of song and dance,  
 To pardon all the poetry and sense. }  
 }  
 ——————

## PROLOGUE

*To Mr. Beau Higgon's excellent Tragedy, called  
 THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR*

Y  
our comic writer is a common sue ;  
 None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau ;  
 Nor wanton wife nor widow can be sped,  
 Not even Russel\* can inter the dead,  
 But straight this censor, in his whim of wit,  
 Bars and presents you naked to the pit.  
 These graces should, like these, be branded fops,  
 Who for the poison only suck the rose :  
 Smirking and carpang, without wit or sense,  
 Improach mistakes, o'erlooking excellence,

\* A famous under-plot for farce, alluding to a comedy written by Mr. Richard Steele, entitled *The Funeral*.

As if to ev'ry sop it might belong,  
Like senators, to censure right or wrong.  
But gen'roas minds have more heroic views,  
And love and honour are the themes they choose.  
From you bright heav'n\* our author fetch'd his  
fire,  
And paints the passions that your eyes inspire;  
Full of that flame, his tender scenes he warms,  
And frames his goddess by your matchless charms.

\* To the ladies.

## EPILOGUES.

## EPILOGUE

## TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRALEGIRDLE IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

I who have been the poet's spark to-day,  
 Will now become the champion of his play.  
 Know all who would pretend to my good grace,  
 I mortally dislike a dunning face :  
 Pleas'd or displeas'd, no matter, now 'tis past,  
 The first who dares be angry breathes his last :  
 Who shall presume to doubt my will and pleasure,  
 Him I defy to send his weapon's measure :  
 If war you chuse, and blood must needs be spilt here,  
 By Jove ! let me alone to match your tilters :  
 I 'll give you satisfaction if I can :  
 Death 'tis not the first time I 've kill'd my man.  
 On pain of being posted to your sorrow,  
 Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow.

## EPILOGUE

## TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

Each in his turn, the poet\* and the priest †,  
 Have view'd the stage, but like false prophets guest.  
 The man of seal, in his religious rage,  
 Would silence poets, and reduce the stage.  
 The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts  
 On kings the scandal, and bespatters courts.  
 Both err; for, without mincing, to be plain,  
 The guilt 's your own of ev'ry odious scene.  
 The present time still gives the stage its mode;  
 The vices that you practise we explode:  
 We hold the glass, and but reflect your shame,  
 Like Spartans, by exposing to reclaim.  
 The scribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,  
 And to your genius must conform his line;  
 Not lewd by choice, but merely to submit—  
 Would you encourage sense, sense would' be writ.

Good plays we try, which, after the first day,  
 Unseen we act, and to bare beaches play.  
 Plain sense, which pleas'd your sires an age ago,  
 Is lost without the garniture of show:  
 At vast expense we labour to our ruin,  
 And court your favour with our own undoing.

\* Mr. Dryden's Prologue to The Pilgrim.

† Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

A war of profit mitigates the evil,  
 But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.  
 How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd,  
 When Timon without music moraliz'd !  
 Shakspeare's sublime in vain entic'd the throng,  
 Without the aid of Purcell's Syren song.

In the same antique loom these scenes were  
 wrought,  
 Embellish'd with good morals and just thought ;  
 True Nature in her noble light you see,  
 Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry  
 To trifling jests and fulsome ribaldry :  
 What rest remains upon the shining mass,  
 Antiquity must privilege to pass.  
 'Tis Shakspeare's play, and if these scenes miscarry ;  
 Let Gordon\* take the stage—or Lady Mary†.

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## EPILOGUE

DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH ENCHANTER.

W<sup>IT</sup> once, like Beauty, without art or dress,  
 Naked, and unadorn'd, could find success,  
 Till by fruition novelty destroy'd,  
 The nymph must find new charms to be enjoy'd.  
 As by his equipage the man you prize,  
 And ladies must have glass beside their eyes ;  
 So fares it too with plays : in vain we write,  
 Unless the music and the dance invite ;  
 Since Hamlet clears the charges of the night.

\* A famous pugilist.

† A famous rope-dancer so called.

Would you but fix some standard how to move,  
We would transform to any thing you love:  
Judge our desire by our cost and pains;  
Sure the expense, uncertain are the gains.

But tho' we fetch from Italy and France  
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,  
Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense.  
Howe'er to foreign fashions we submit,  
Still ev'ry fop prefers his mother-wit.

In only wit this constancy is shown,  
For never was that errant changeling known  
Who for another's sense would quit his own.

Our author would excuse these youthful scenes,  
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:  
Some childish fancies may approve the toy,  
Some like the Muse the more for being a boy;  
And ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,  
To find so young a thing not wholly impotent.  
Our stage-reformers, too, he would disarm,  
In charity so cold, in zeal so warm!  
And therefore, to atone for stage-abuses,  
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muses,

He gives his thuds—to charitable uses.

## IMITATIONS, &amp;c.

## THE ENCHANTMENT.

*In imitation of the Phormacentria of Theocritus.*

Mix, mix the philtres—Quick—she flies, she flies,  
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.  
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?  
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of love?  
Who love with all his force had bound in vain,  
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.  
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the Night, bright empress of the stars,  
The friend of Love! assist a lover's cares:  
And thou, infernal Hecate! be nigh,  
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,  
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries  
Echo from under ground, Arise! arise!  
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,  
So struggling in love's flame her lover dies:  
It bursts, and in a blaze of light expires;  
So may she burn, but with more lasting fire!

IMITATIONS.

Begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As the wax melts which to the flame I hold,  
So may she melt, and never more grow cold.  
Tough iron will yield, and stubborn marble run,  
And hardest hearts by love are melted down.  
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As with impetuous motion whirling round  
Thus magic wheel still moves, yet keeps its ground,  
Ever returning; so may she come back,  
And never more th' appointed round forsake.  
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Dianna! hail; all hail; most welcome thou,  
To whom th' internal king and judges bow:  
O thou! whose art the pow'r of hell disarma,  
Upon a faithless woman try thy charma.  
Hark! the dogs bowl. She comes, the goddess  
comes:  
Sound the loud trump, and beat our braven drums.  
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

How calm 's the sky! how undisturb'd the deep!  
Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep;  
The drowsy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,  
And silent on the beach repose the seas:

Love only wakes: the storm that tears my heart  
 For ever rages, and distracts my rest.  
 O Love! relentless Love! tyrant accur'd!  
 In deserts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd.  
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

This riband that once bound her lovely waist,  
 O that my arms might gird her there as fast!  
 Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more  
 Than the rich zone th' Idaean goddess wore:  
 This riband, this lor'd relic of the fair,  
 So kiss'd, and so preserv'd—thus—thus I tear.  
 O Love! why dost thou thus delight to rend  
 My soul with pain? ah! why torment thy friend?  
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thrice have I sacrific'd, and, prostrate, thrice  
 Ador'd. assist, ye Pow'r! the sacrifice.  
 Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles  
 With guilty glances and with perjur'd smiles,  
 Malignant vapours blast his impious head,  
 Ye lightnings scourch him, thunder strike him dead,  
 Horror of conscience all his slumbers break,  
 Disturb his rest, as love keeps me awake;  
 If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,  
 And curs'd and scorn'd like Mevelius he!  
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;  
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

whose pow'rful drops thrice on the threshold pour,  
 And bathe with this enchanted juice her door;  
 That door where no admittance now is found,  
 But where my soul is ever hov'ring round.  
 Haste and obey; and binding be the spell.  
 Here ends my charm; O Love! succeed it well:  
 By force of magic stop the flying fair,  
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thou'rt now alone, and painful is restraint;  
 Ease thy press'd heart, and give thy sorrows vent;  
 Whence sprang, and how began, these griefs  
 declare,  
 How much thy love, how cruel thy despair.  
 Ye Moon and Stars! by whose auspicious light  
 I haunt these groves, and waste the tedious night,  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Too late for hope, for my repose too soon,  
 I saw, and lov'd; her heart, engag'd, was gone:  
 A happier man possess'd whom I adore:  
 O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

What shall I do? shall I in silence bear?  
 Destroy myself, or kill the revisher?  
 Die, wretched lover! die: but, O! beware,  
 Hurt not the man who is believ'd by her:

Wait for a better hour, and trust thy fate :  
 Thou seek'st her love, beget not then her hate,  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

My life consuming with eternal grief,  
 From herbs and spells I seek a vain relief ;  
 To ev'ry wise magician I repair  
 In vain; for still I love, and I despair.  
 Circe, Medea, and the Sybils' books,  
 Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

As melted gold preserves its weight the same,  
 So burnt my love, nor wasted in the flame.  
 And now, unable to support the strife,  
 A glimm'ring hope recalls departing life ;  
 My rival dying, I no longer grieve,  
 Since I may ask, and she with honour give.  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Witness, ye Hours ! with what unweary'd care  
 From place to place I still pursu'd the fair ;  
 Nor was Occasion to reveal my flame  
 Slow to my succour, for it kindly came :  
 It came, it came, that moment of delight !  
 O gods ! and how I trembled at the sight !  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Blay'd and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,  
 Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;  
 My faint'ring tongue in vain for utt'rance try'd,  
 Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,  
 Or in weak sounds and broken accents came  
 Imperfect, as discourses in a dream.  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Soon she divin'd what this confusion meant,  
 And guess'd with ease the cause of my complaint;  
 My tongue embold'ning as her looks were mild,  
 At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd.  
 O Syren, Syren! fair Deluder I say,  
 Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?  
 So faithless now, why gave you hopes before?  
 Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Secure of innocence, I seek to know  
 From whence this change and my misfortunes  
 grow;  
 Rumour is loud, and ev'ry voice proclaims  
 Her violated faith and conscious flames.  
 Can this be true? ah! faint'ring Mischief! speak;  
 Can you make vows, and in a moment break?  
 And can the space so very narrow be  
 Betwixt a woman's oath and perjury?

O Jealousy ! all other ills at first  
 My love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.  
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,  
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Ungrateful Mira ! urge me thus no more,  
 Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore :  
 If passion, dire revenge, or black despair,  
 Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,  
 Who knows what I ? Ah ! feeble rage, and vain ;  
 With how secure a brow she mocks my pain !  
 Thy heart, fond lover ! does thy threats belie ;  
 Canst thou hurt her for whom thou yet would'st die ?  
 Nor durst she thus thy just resentment brave,  
 But that she knows how much thy soul 's her slave.

But, see ! Aurora rising with the sun  
 Dissolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted  
 moon ;  
 My spells no longer bind at sight of day,  
 And young Endymion calls his love away.  
 Love 's the reward of all on earth, in heav'n,  
 And for a plague to me alone was given.  
 But ills not to be shunn'd we must endure ;  
 Death and a broken heart 's a ready cure.  
 Cynthia ! farewell ; go rest thy weary'd light ;  
 I must for ever 'wake—We'll meet again at night.

## AN IMITATION

*Of the second Chorus*

IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES.

When will the gods, propitious to our prayers,  
 Compose our factions and conclude our wars?  
 Ye sons of Inachus! repent the guilt  
 Of crowns usurp'd, and blood of parents spilt:  
 For impious greatness vengeance is in store;  
 Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r.  
 Give ear, ambitious Princes! and be wise;  
 Listen, and learn wherein true greatness lies:  
 Place not your pride in roofs that shine with gems,  
 In purple robes, nor sparkling diadems,  
 Nor in dominion nor extent of land;  
 He 's only great who can himself command;  
 Whose guard is peaceful Innocence, whose guide  
 Is faithful Reason; who is void of pride,  
 Checking ambition, nor is idly vain  
 Of the false incense of a popular train;  
 Who without strife or envy can behold  
 His neighbour's plenty and his heaps of gold,  
 Nor covets other wealth but what we find  
 In the possessions of a virtuous mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,  
 The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound;  
 Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,  
 On the red scaffold or the blazing throne;

Serenely as he liv'd resigns his breath,  
Meets Destiny half way, nor shrinks at death,

Ye sov'reign Lords! who sit like gods in state,  
Awing the world, and busiling to be great;  
Lords but in title, vassals in effect,  
Whom lust controls, and wild desires direct,  
The reins of empire but such hands disgrace,  
Where Passion, a blind driver, guides the race.

What is this fame, thus crowded round with  
slaves?

The breath of fools, the bait of flatt'ring knaves.  
An honest heart, a conscience free from blame,  
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name.  
In vain we plant, we build, our stores increase,  
If conscience roots up all our inward peace.  
What need of arms, or instruments of war,  
Of batt'ring engines that destroy from far?  
The greatest king and conqueror is he  
Who lord of his own appetites can be;  
Bless'd with a pow'r that nothing can destroy,  
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.

Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure,  
They tread on ice, and find no footing sure.  
Place me, ye Pow'rs! in some obscure retreat!  
O keep me innocent, make others great!  
In quiet shades, content with rural spots,  
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,  
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,  
Unheard of, I may live, and die in peace.

Happy the man who thus, retir'd from sight,  
Studies himself, and seeks no other light ;  
But most unhappy he who sits on high,  
Expos'd to ev'ry tongue and ev'ry eye,  
Whose follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,  
But are a secret to himself alone :  
Worse is an evil fame ; much worse than none.

## DRAMATIC POEMS.

## PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASK. SET TO MUSIC.

## The Argument.

PELEUS, in love with Thetis, by the assistance of Proteus, obtains her favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus, in despair, consults Prometheus, famous for his skill in astrology, upon whose prophecy, that the son born of Thetis should prove greater than his father, Jupiter desists. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the son of Peleus.

## Persons in the Mask:

JUPITER.		PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.		THETIS.

The scene represents Mount Caucasus. Prometheus appears chained to a rock, a tortoise gnawing his breast.

PELEUS enters, addressing himself to PROMETHEUS.

PELEUS.

CONDENT'D on Caucasus to lie,  
Scill to be dying, nill to die,  
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,  
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!

To whose inspecting eye 'tis given |  
 To view the planetary way,  
 To penetrate eternal day,  
 And to revolve the starry heaven :  
 To thee, Prometheus ! I complain,  
 And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROM. From Jupiter sprung all our woes ;  
 Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine :  
 'Tis vain, O Peleus ! to oppose  
 Thy torturer and mine.  
 Contented with despair,  
 Resign the fair,  
 Resign, resign !  
 Or, wretched Man ! prepare  
 For change of torments great as mine.

PER. In change of torment would be ease ;  
 Could you divine what lovers bear,  
 Ev'n you, Prometheus ! would confess  
 There is no vulture like despair.

PROM. Cease, cruel Vulture ! to devour.

PEL. Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

THETIS entering, they repeat together,  
 Cease, cruel Vulture ! to devour.  
 Cease, cruel Thetis ! to disdain.

THET. Peleus ! unjustly you complain.

PROMETHEUS AND PELEUS.

Cease, cruel Vulture ! to devour,  
 Cease, cruel Thetis ! to disdain.  
 THET. Peleus ! unjustly you complain.

The gods, alas ! no refuge find  
 From ills resistless Fates ordain.  
 I still am true—and would be kind.

PEL. To love and to languish,

To sigh and complain,  
 How cruel 's the anguish,  
 How tormenting the pain !

Suing,

Pursuing,

Flying,

Denying,

O the curse of disdain,

How tormenting 's the pain !

To love, &c.

THET. Accursed Jealousy !

Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,  
 Thro' which all objects false we see,  
 Accursed Jealousy !

Thy rival, Peleus ! rules the sky,

Yet I so prize thy love,

With Peleus I would choose to die

Rather than reign with Jove.

*A clap of thunder. Jupiter appears descending, upon his Eagle.*

But see, the mighty Thund'rer's here;  
 Tremble, Peleus ! tremble, thy.

The Thunderer ! this mighty Thunderer !

Tremble, Peleus ! tremble, thy.

*A full chorus of voices and instruments as Jupiter is descending.*

## CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thund'r'er 's here!  
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.  
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!  
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

JUPITER being descended.

JUP. Presumptuous Slave! rival to Jove,  
How dar'st thou, Mortal! thus defy  
A goddess with audacious love,  
And irritate a god with jealousy?  
Presumptuous Mortal!—hence—  
Tremble at Omnipotence.

PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,  
I fear no odds  
Of men or gods,  
But Jove himself defy.  
Jove! lay thy thunder down;  
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,  
There is more terror in her frown,  
And fiercer lightning in her eye.  
I fear no odds  
Of men or gods,  
But Jove himself defy.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;  
Haste, ye Cyclops! with your fisted rods,  
This rebel Love braves all the gods.  
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

*PEL. and THET. holding fast by one another.*

Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

*JUP.* Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

*PEL. and THET.* Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.  
*THET. to JUP.* Thy love still arm'd with fate [der,

Is dreadful as thy hate.

O might it prove to me,

So gentlè Peleus were but free,

O might it prove to me

As fatal as to lost consuming Semele!

Thy love still arm'd with fate

Is dreadful as thy hate.

*PROM. to JUP.* Son of Saturn, take advice

From one to whom thy severe decree

Has furnish'd leisure to grow wise:

'Thou rul'st the gods, but Fate rules thee.

#### THE PROPHECY.

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compressing  
Shall taste joy and reap the blessing,

Thus th' unerring stars advise:

From that auspicious night an heir shall rise,  
Paternal glories to efface,

The most illustrious of his race,

Tho' sprang from him who rules the skies.

*JUP. [Aside.]* Shall then the son of Saturn be  
undone,

Like Saturn, by an impious son?

Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,

Dooming that son to be the sire

Of such another son.  
 Conscious of ills that I have done,  
 My fears to prudence shall advise,  
 And guilt, that made me great, shall make me  
 wise.

The fatal blessing I resign ;  
 Peleus ! take the maid divine : [Giving her to Peleus.  
 Jove consenting, she is thine,  
 The fatal blessing I resign. [Joins their hands.  
 PELEUS. Heaven had been lost had I been Jove ;  
 There is no heaven, there is no heaven, but love.

PELEUS and THETIS together.

There is no heaven but love.

No, no, 'ho ;

There is no heaven but love.

JUP. to PROM. And thou, the stars' interpreter,  
 'Tis just I set thee free  
 Who giv'st me liberty ;  
 Arise, and be thyself a star.  
 'Tis just I set thee free  
 Who giv'st me liberty.

[The VULTURE wings dead at the feet of Prometheus, his wings fall off, and he is borne up by JUPITER, to a loud flourish of drums and trumpets.

PELEUS and THETIS run into each other's arms.

PELEUS. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,  
 Goddess of immortal charms !

To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly;  
 Goddess of transporting joy !  
 But to gaze  
 On thy face,  
 Thy gentle hand thus pressing,  
 Is heavenly, heavenly blessing !  
 O my Soul !  
 Whither, whither art thou flying ?  
 Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,  
 Whither, whither art thou flying,  
 O my Soul !

THEET. You tremble, Pelus—So do I—  
 Ah, stay ! and we'll together die.  
 Immortal, and of race divine,  
 My soul shall take its flight with thine ;  
 Life dissolving is delight,  
 Heaving breasts and swimming sight,  
 Falt'ring speech and gasping breath,  
 Symptoms of delicious death ;  
 Life dissolving in delight,  
 My soul is ready for the flight.  
 O my Soul !  
 Whither, whither art thou flying ?  
 Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,  
 Whither, whither art thou flying,  
 O my Soul !

PELUS and THETIS both together repeat,  
 O my Soul !  
 Whither, whither art thou flying ?

GRANVILLE.

West in sweet tumultuous flying,  
Whither, whither art thou flying,  
O my Soul !

Chorus of all the voices and instruments, singing  
and dancing.

When the storm is blown over  
How bless'd is the swain  
Who begins to discover  
An end of his pain !  
When the storm, &c.

The Mask concludes with variety of dances.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS,  
OR, NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

*With scenes, machines, music, and decorations, &c.*

THE PREFACE.

Of all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an Opera is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a two-fold task upon his hands: in the dramatic and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depend upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients. A bad artist will make but a mere hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent dish.

'The seasoning must be sense. Unless there is something to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.'

The French opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.'

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a repast of nothing but sweetmeats.'

An opera is a kind of *ambigu*—the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, it is odds but the guests break up dissatisfied!'''

'It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters! In this consists the solid and the substantial.'

'The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon a tale story in which Enchancers and Magicians have a principal part. In our modern heroic poems they supply the place of the gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.'

The characters should be great and illustrious;

the figure the actor makes upon the stage is one part of the ornament; by consequence the ornaments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced: if the numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of music to set them off: a good verse, well pronounced, is in itself musical; and speech is certainly more natural for discourse than singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold Cato, Julius Caesar, and Alexander the Great, strutting upon the stage in the figure of songsters, personated by eunuchs?

The singing, therefore, should be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which, by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural recitative, must certainly administer more reasonable pleasure.

The several parts of the entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another as to be actions in name; and the connection should be such, that no one should be able to subsist without the other: like embroidery, so fixed and wrought into the substance, that no part of the ornament could be removed without tearing the stuff.

To introduce singing and dancing by hand and shoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera, though that title is now

promiscuously given to every farce sprinkled here and there with a song and a dance.

The richest lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the English stage: we have several poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the best hands; but, in my opinion, the subjects, for the most part, have been improperly chosen. Mr. Addison's Rosamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather masks than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to outdo our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the splendour of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were so skilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to instruct as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as ravish the sense, there can be no doubt but such an addition would entitle our English opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to foreigners, for a concert of music only, miscalled an opera, would more than effect it.

In the construction of the following Poem the Author has endeavoured to set an example to his rules; precepts are best explained by ex-

amples; an abler hand might have executed it better: however, it may serve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of scenes of low life, and return to a taste of more generous pleasures.

We are reproached by foreigners with such unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces as are shocking to all other nations; even a Swiss has played the critic upon us, without considering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A stranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the sentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees. When Oedipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocasta appears in her bed murdering herself and her children, instead of moving terror or compassion, such spectacles only fill the spectator with horror: no wonder if strangers are shocked at such sights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this reprimand, it is much to be wished our scenes were less bloody, and the sword and dagger more out of fashion. To make some amends for this exclusion, I would be less severe as to the rigour of some other laws enacted by the masters, though it is always advisable to keep as close to them as possible: but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain subjects proper for moving the passions may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, save there may be room for a saving in equity from the severity of the common law of Parnassus as well as of the King's Bench. To sacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a case *sauve tout* may be *sauve injuria*.

Cornelius himself complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: 'There is infinite 'difference,' says he, 'between speculation and 'practice: let the severest critic make the trial, 'he will be convinced by his own experience, 'that upon certain occasions too strict an ad- 'herence to the letter of the law shall exclude a 'bright opportunity of shining, or touching the 'passions. Where the branch is of little moment, 'or can be contrived to be so, it were imper- 'capable in the representation, a gentle dis- 'passion might be allowed.' To those little freedoms he attributes the success of his *Cyd*: but the rigid legislators of the Academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. That pitiful, the French Muse must always flutter like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the same constraint as the construction: not a ~~deliberate~~ course, but an oration; not speaking, but ~~but~~ claiming; not free, natural, and easy, as conversation should be, but precise, set, formal arguing; *pro* and *con*, like disputants in a school. In writing, like dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal? Pleasing negligence I have seen: who ever saw pleasing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French Puritan in the drama, or an English Latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the British Muse is too unruly, the French is too tame: one wants a curb, the other a spur.

By pleading for some little relaxation from the ~~most~~ severity of the rules where the subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such indulgence for the present performance: though the Ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this species of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest lessons.

The unities are religiously observed; the place is the same, varied only into different prospects by the power of enchantment; all the incidents fall naturally within the very time of representation; the plot is one principal action, and of that

kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the same point; the ornaments and illustrations are of a piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other; every act concludes with some unexpected revolution; and, in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of grave tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style; every thought, every character, every subject of different nature, must speak a different language. The humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would ring strangely in the Miltonic dialogue, and the soft harmony of Mr. Walker's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Belecebub. The terrible and the tender must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude: this Dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a task at such hours as were free from other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment: but Mr. Betterton, having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the

stage, where it found so favourable a reception as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors, which soon followed, and the introduction of the Italian opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: however, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say *Scriptus prudet.*

## THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS\*.

## Dramatis Personae.

## MEN.

CELJUS, a British king, father to Oriana.

CONSTANTIUS, a Roman emperor, designed for marriage with Oriana.

AMADIS of Gaul, a famous knight-adventurer, in love with Oriana.

FLORESTAN, his companion, in love with Corisanda.

ARCALAUS, a wicked enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

LUCIUS, a Roman of the emperor's train.

## WOMEN.

ORIANA; in love with Amadis, but given in marriage to Constantius.

CORISANDA, betrothed to Florestan.

URGANDA, a good enchantress, friend to Amadis.

ARCALAUS, sister to Arcalaus.

DELIA, an attendant to Urganda.

Troops of Musicians attending the several Enchanters.

Knights and ladies, captives. Men and women attending the British court. Priests or Druids. Knights attending Constantius. Singers, dancers, &c.

SCENE, the King's Palace and parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, statues, &c. Urganda and Delia performing some solemn ceremony of enchantment. A full stage of singers and dancers.

URGANDA AND DELIA.

URGANDA.

Sound, sound ye Winds! the rended clouds divide,  
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bribe;

\* See the Prologue, p. 162.

Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love ;  
An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

DEL. Successful is our charm : the temple shakes,  
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes      6  
The ballow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's  
side,

Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd,  
URO. Ye sweet Musicians of the sky !      7

Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,      10  
And with enchanting notes all magic else supply.      8

[Urganda and Delia retire down the scene  
waving their enchanted rods, as continuing  
the ceremony.

*A full chorus of instruments and voices.*

' Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,

' Strike the lyre, inspire the flute :

' In harmony,

' Celestial harmony !      15

' All magic charms are found.

' Sound the trumpet, sound.'

{ Here the Statues leap from their pedestals, and  
form variety of dances.

*Chorus of Singers after the dance.*

' Music so charms, and does so sweetly wound,

' That ev'ry sense is ravish'd with the sound.'

*A single voice.*

' When nymphs are coy,      19

' And fly from joy,

‘ The shepherd takes his reed ;  
 ‘ He plays a tune,  
 ‘ She stops as soon,  
 ‘ And straight they are agreed.

15

‘ The battle near  
 ‘ When cowards fear,  
 ‘ The drum and trumpet sounds ;  
 ‘ Their courage warms,  
 ‘ They rush to arms,  
 ‘ And brave a thousand wounds.’

30

## CHORUS.

‘ By harmony our souls are sway’d ;  
 ‘ By harmony the world was made.’

## A second Dance.

Singers again advance.

## A single voice.

‘ When with adoring looks we gaze  
 ‘ On bright Oriana’s heavenly face,  
 ‘ In ev’ry glance and ev’ry grace  
 ‘ What is it that we see  
 ‘ But harmony,  
 ‘ Celestial harmony !  
 ‘ Our ravish’d hearts leap up to meet  
 ‘ The music of her eyes,  
 ‘ The music of her eyes,  
 ‘ And dance around her feet.’

35

40

*Full chorus of voices and instruments as at first.*

‘ Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,  
 ‘ Strike the lyre, inspire the flute ;      45  
 ‘ In harmony,  
 ‘ Celestial harmony !  
 ‘ All magic charms are found.  
 ‘ Sound the trumpet, sound.’

*A third dance.*

URGANDA AND DELIA come forward.

URG. This care for Amadis, ye gods ! approve,  
 For what’s a soldier’s recompense but love ?      51  
 When forc’d from Britain, call’d to distant war,  
 His vanquiish’d heart remain’d a captive here ;  
 Oriana’s eyes that glorious conquest made,  
 Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.      55

DEL. By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,  
 And, like Eneas, driven from coast to coast,  
 The wand’ring hero would return too late,  
 Charg’d by Oriana with the cruves of late,  
 Who, anxious of project, suspecting change,      60  
 Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URG. Just in the moment when resentment  
 fires,

A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires,  
 Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,  
 And she submits to be the Roman’s bride.      65

DEL. Did not your art with timely charms pro-  
 vide,

Oriana were his wife and not his bride.

use. In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,  
The infant world, with monsters overgrown,  
Giants and giants, nurs'd with human blood, 70  
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,  
Vex'd men and gods, but most the fair com-  
plain

Of violated loves, and lovers slain.

To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,  
The nations all elect some patron-knight, 75

Sworn to be true to love, and slaves to fame,

And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;

By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,

And various orders various ensigns wear:

Bound by strict oaths to serve the brightest eyes, 80

Not more they strive for glory than the prize;

While, to invite the toil, the fairest dame

Of Britain is the boldest champion's claim.

del. Of all who in this race of fame delight,  
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardiest knight: 85

Nor Theseus nor Alcides ventur'd more,

Nor be so fain'd, who, bath'd in monster's gore, }

Upon his crested helm the trampled dragon bore. }

use. Ardan, that black enchanter, whose dire  
arts

Enslav'd our knights, and broke our virgin  
hearts;

Met spear to spear, his great deliv'ring hand 91  
Slow the destroyer, and redeem'd the land;

Far from thy breast all care and grief remove,

Orisua's thine by conquest as by love.

DEL. But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood, 95  
 And Arcalus, foes alike to good,  
 Gluttons in murder, wantons to destroy,  
 Their fatal arts as impiously employ :  
 Heirs to their brother's mischiefs, and sworn  
 woes

To Amadis, their magic they oppose 100  
 Against his love and life.

URG. ——With equal care  
 Their vengeance to prevent we thus prepare.  
 Behold the time when tender Love shall be  
 Nor vex'd with doubt nor press'd with tyranny; 105  
 The love-sick hero shall from camps remove  
 To reap reward : the hero's pay is love.  
 The tasks of glory painful are and hard,  
 But, ah ! how blest'd, how sweet, is the reward !

*As she retires, choirs of all the voices and instruments repeat.*

‘ Sound the trumpet, touch the lute, 110  
 ‘ Strike the lyre, inspire the flute ;  
 ‘ In harmony,  
 ‘ Celestial harmony !  
 ‘ All magic charms are found.  
 ‘ Sound the trumpet, sound.’ 115

## SCENE II.

*The scene changes to the inside of a magnificent temple. King Celius and the British court. Men and women magnificently dressed in painted habits, after the ancient manner. The Priests and Druids in their solemnities, seeming in confusion, replacing their idols, and setting their altars in order. Thunder and lightning. In the mean-time CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, and CORISANDA, come forward.*

CONSTANTIUS.

LOVERS consult not stars, nor search the skies,  
But seek their sentence in their charmers' eyes.  
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,  
My only omens from your looks I take.  
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date 120  
My future hope, and when she frowns my fate.  
ori. Cease, Prince! the anger of the gods to  
move;

'Tis now become a crime to mention love:  
Our holy men, interpreting the voice 124  
Of Heav'n in wrath, forewarn the ill-omen'd  
choice.

con. Strange rules for constancy your priests  
devise,

■ love and hate must vary with your skies,  
From such vile servitude set Reason free;  
The gods in ev'ry circumstance agree,  
To suit our union, pointing out to me. 130 }  
To suit our union, pointing out to me. 130 }

In this right hand the sceptre that they place  
 For me to guide was meant for you to graze.  
 Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind !  
 Accept that empire which the gods design'd,  
 And be the charming mistress of mankind. 135 }  
 }

cor. Nuptials of form, of interest, or of state,  
 Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate ;  
 Let happy men for generous love declare,  
 And choose the gentle virgin chaste and fair :  
 Let women to superior fortune born 140  
 For naked virtue all temptation's scorn :  
 The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,  
 If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd ;  
 And Providence, notiggardly but wise,  
 Here lavishly bestows, and there denies, 145 }  
 That by each other's virtue we may rise.  
 Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,  
 But friend and benefactor always bind.

*The KING advances, followed by Priests and train.*

KING. Our priests recover ; 'twas a holy cheat.  
 Lead back the bride ; the ceremonies wait. 150

. ORI. What Heaven forbids—

KING.—'Twas ignorance of my will :  
 Our priests are better taught : what now is all  
 Shall, when I please, be good ; and none shall  
 dare

Preach or expound but what their king would hear.  
 [ Priests bow profoundly low.

Exe they interpret let 'em mark my nod, 156  
 My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.

[*Looking sternly at them, they bow again as before.*  
 Prince! take your bride.

ori. 'Twere impious now to snffer him my hand.  
 [*Refusing her hand.*

king. Now dar'st thou disobey when I com-  
 mand? 160

Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears,  
 A counterfeited qualm of bridal fear.

You'd see, could you her inward motions watch,  
 Feigning delay, she wishes for dispatch.

Into a woman's meaning would you look, 165  
 Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.  
 Priests, to your charge—back to your office go.

[*Spoken with a stern imperious air. Priests re-  
 tire, obsequiously bowing, as before.*

ori. Th' obedience that is due, and which I  
 owe,

Dread Sir! shall ever be assert'd by me:  
 It is not to dispute your high decree 170  
 That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore  
 One moment's short suspense. I own your power,  
 And I submit. Grant but this will delay,  
 And as the prince decides Oriana shall obey.

cor. I have no will but what your eyes ordain,  
 Destin'd to love, as they are destin'd to reign. 176

king. [Aside.] Into what hands, ye Gods! have  
 ye resign'd

Yon world? Are these the masters of mankind?

These supple Romans teach our women scorn :  
 I thank ye, Gods ! that I'm a Briton born. 180  
 Agree these trifles in a short debate. [To them.  
 No more delays. I am not us'd to wait.

[King Celius retires back into the temple.

Oriana, Constantius, and Corisanda, after a short  
 pause.

ori. Your stars and mine have chosen you, to  
 prove

The noblest way how generous men should love :  
 All boast their flames, but yet no woman found 185  
 A passion where self-love was not the ground.  
 Slaves we are made, by false pretences caught ;  
 The Briton in my soul disdains the thought.

con. So much, so tenderly, your slave adores,  
 He has no thought of happiness but yours. 190

ori. Vows may be fergn'd, nor shall mere words  
 prevail ;

I must have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.  
 By arms, by honour, and by all that's dear  
 To heroes, or expecting lovers, swear. 194

con. Needs there an oath ? and can Oriana say  
 Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey ?

ori. Prepare then, I'rance ! to hear a secret told,  
 Which shame would shun, and blushing I unfold,  
 But dangers pressing, cowards will grow bold.  
 Know—then—I love. 200

con. [Eagerly.] Can you command despair, yet  
 love confess, [bliss ?  
 And curse with the same breath with which you

ori. [Dissainfully putting him off.] Mistake me not—

That I do love is true !

But flatter not yourself ; it is not you. 204

con. [Starting]. Forbid it, Gods ! recall the fatal breath

Which spoke that word ; the sound is instant death.

ori. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny ;  
I own the fatal truth.—If one must die,  
You are the judge. Say, is it you—or I ? ]

*A messenger from the temple.*

mess. The king is much displeas'd at this delay.

con. [Walking about in a passion.] And let him wait, while 'tis my will to stay. 211

ori. Bear back a gentler answer : we'll obey.

[ *Exit Mess.*  
con. Hence ev'ry sound that's either soft or kind ;  
O for a war like that within my mind !  
Say, Flaut'rer ! say, ah ! fair Detuder ! speak ; 215  
Answer me this eve yet my heart shal break ;  
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend  
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand ?

ori. To what a father and a king thinks fit,  
A daughter and a subject must submit. 220  
Think not from tyranny that love can grow ;  
I am a slave, and you have made me so.  
Those chains which duty had put on remove ;  
Slaves may obey, but they can never love. 224

con. Cruel Oriana ! much you wrong my flame,  
To think that I could lay so harsh a claim.

Love is a subject to himself alone,  
And knows no other empire but his own.  
No ties can bind which from constraint arise;  
Where either's forc'd all obligation dies. 230

O fatal law! requiring to resign  
The object lov'd or hated, keep her mine.

MR. [Soothingly.] Accuse me not of hate, with  
equal eyes

I judge your merit, and your virtue praise.  
Friendship, esteem, be yours. Beneath before 235  
Of all my love, what can I offer more?  
Your rival's image in your worth I view,  
And what I lov'd in him esteem in you.

Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;  
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd. 240  
Then blive we not, since what decides your fate  
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

MR. Hard fate of wretched fortune holds the scale,  
And still throws in the weight that must prevail.  
Your rival as out of those charms possess'd; 245  
A grain of better luck has made him blis'd.

MR. [Aside.] To love, and have the power to  
possess,

And yet nay, can Nature yield to this?  
Shall Nature, sprung from her first command,  
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand? 250  
By her own act the springs of life destroy,  
The principles and being of her joy?  
Terreneling thought! Can Nature then approve  
Blissings obtain'd by cursing whom we love?

Possessing, she is lost—renouncing—I— 255  
 Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius, die.  
 Honour, and Love ! ye Tyrants ! I obey, [Aloud.  
 Where'er your cruel call directs my way.

To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave, 259  
 Lead on. Unpitying Guides!—behold your slave.

OKI. Tho' love be wanting to relieve your care,  
 Glory may make amends with fame in war.  
 Honour 's the noblest chase pursue that game,  
 And recompense the loss of love with fame :  
 If still against such aids your love prevails, 265  
 Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.

CON. Tyrannic Honour ! what amends canst thou  
 E'er make my heart by flattering my brow ?  
 Vain race of fame, unless the conquest prove  
 In search of beauty to conclude in love : 270  
 I'ral hope of aids ! for time or chance to give  
 That love which spite of cruelty can live !  
 From your disdain since no relief I find,  
 I must love absent whom I love unkind :  
 Tho' seas divide us, and tho' mountains part, 275  
 That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.  
 O ! dire reward of hope which I endure,  
 From sure possession to despair as sure !  
 Farewell, Oriana ! yet, ere I remove,  
 Can you refuse mine ear to bleeding Love ? 280  
 Ah, no ! take heed—turn, turn those eyes away,  
 The charm's so strong I shall for ever stay.  
 Princess ! rejoice—for your next news shall be 285  
 Constantius dies—to set Oriana free. [Ex. severally.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Scene a thick-wooded forest, the trees londed with military ensigns and trophies. A rich pavilion makes the point of view at the farther end.*

ARCALAUS and AR CABON.

ARCAIUS.

ENCHANTRESS! say—whence such replies as these?

Thou answer'st Love. I speak of Amadis. 286

AR CAB. Swiftly he pass'd, and as in sport pursu'd  
The savage herd, and scoured thro' the wood;  
Tigers and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,  
Cut down like poppies by the reaper's hand: 290  
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong,  
Like Jove majestic, like Apollo young;  
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,  
And sure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCAL. Who pass'd? who look'd? 295

AR CAB.—Ah! there's the fatal wound  
Which tears my heart-strings—But he shall be  
found;

Yes, ye Infernals! if there's power in art,  
These arms shall hold him as he grasps my heart.  
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep 300  
The stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous deep,  
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and forests move,  
Shall I—

ARCAL.—Be made a whining fool to love ?  
 Suspend these follies, and let rage surmount ; 305  
 "A brother's death requires a strict account.  
 To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,  
 This moment, now, the murth'rer's in our power.  
 I leave Love in cottages and cells to reign, 309  
 With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain ;  
 Who waste their days and strength for such short  
 joys

Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCAL. They're fools who preach we waste our  
 days and strength :  
 What is a life whose only charm is length ?  
 Give me a life that's short and wing'd with joy, 315  
 A life of love, whose minutes never cloy.  
 What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er ?  
 One little single hour of love is more.

*An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalus.*

ARCAL. See it perform'd—and thou shalt be,  
 Black minister of Hell ! a god to me. 320

[*Attendant flies away through the air*  
 He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.  
 Here Ardan stands on this fatal spot  
 Our brother dyipp'd in flow'd that precious gore,  
 The purple flood, which cries aloud for more.  
 Think on that image, see him on the ground, 325  
 His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.  
 Think on the murth'rer, with insulting pride  
 Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side :  
 Oh ! think —

ARCAB. What need these bloody images to move?  
 Revenge I will, and would secure my love. 331  
 Why should I of a frailty shameful be  
 From which no mortal yet was ever free?  
 Not fierce Medea, mistress of our art,  
 Nor Circe nor Calypso, 'scap'd the smart. 335  
 If hell has power both passions I will please;  
 My vengeance and my love shall both have ease.  
 Lead on, Magician! make revenge secure;  
 My hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure.

[They go off.

ORIANA and CORISANDA entering from the lower  
 part of the scene.

ORI. Thrice happy they who thus in silent groves,  
 From courts retir'd, possess their peaceful loves. 341  
 Of royal maids how wretched is the fate,  
 Born only to be victims of the state!  
 Our hopes, our wishes, all our passions, ty'd  
 For public use, the slaves of others' pride. 345  
 Here let us wait th' event, on which alone  
 Depends my peace: I tremble till 'us known.

COR. So generous this emperor's love does seem,  
 'Twould justify a change to change for him. 349

ORI. Alas! thou knowest not men, their oaths and  
 Of feigning truth, with treason in their hearts. [arts  
 Who now 's ador'd may the next hour displease,  
 At first their cure, and after their disease.

[Flourish of music as in the forest.

COR. Oft we have heard such airy sounds as  
 these.

Select as we pass,

355

*Enter several of Arcalaus' Magicians singing and dancing, representing shepherds, shepherdesses, and païsans.*

*A Shepherd singing.*

'Follow ye' Nymphs and Shepherds all !  
'Come celebrate this festival,  
'And merrily sing, and sport, and play,  
'For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.'

*A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a Shepherdess, addressing to Oriana, sings :*

'Queen of Britain and of Love, 360  
'Be happy as the bless'd above;  
'Graces numberless attend thee,  
'The gods as many blessings send thee.  
'Be happy as the bless'd above,  
'Queen of Britain and of Love!"

*A rural dance of Païsans. [Exeunt dancing.*

ori. Prepost'rous nuptials ! that fill ev'ry breast  
With joy but only hers who should be blest.

cor. Sure some magician keeps his revels here :  
Princess ! retire ! there may be danger near. 369

[Flourish of soft music at a distance.

ori. What danger in such gentle notes can be ?  
Thou friend to Love, thrice-powerful Harmony !  
I 'll follow thee ; play on—  
Music's the balm of love, it charms despair,  
Suspends the smart, and softens ev'ry care.

[Exeunt down the scene, following the music.

ARCALUS enters, with an attendant, observing them as they walk down into the forest.

ARCAL. Finish the rest, and then be free as air,  
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair, 376  
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove  
At once the joys of sweet revenge and love.

[Walks down the scene after them

Enter AMADIS and FLORESTAN.

AMAD. Mistake me not—No—Amadis shall die  
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her joy. 380  
Nice honour still engages to requite  
False mistresses and friends with slight for slight:  
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain  
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign  
In private grief, but with a careless scorn 385  
In public seem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLO. Hard is the task in love or grief to feign;  
When passion is sincere it will complain;  
Doubts which from rumour rise you should  
suspend;  
From evil tongues what virtue can defend? 390  
In love who injures by a rash distrust  
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

AMAD. If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,  
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?  
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind 394  
Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.  
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast,  
His fate inquiring, spoke Atrides' ghost:

‘ Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,  
 ‘ Of ev’ry ill, a woman is the worst. 400  
 ‘ Trust not a woman.’—Well might he advise  
 Who perish’d by his wife’s adulteries.

PLOR. Thus in despair what most we love we  
 wrong;

Not Heaven escapes the impious Atheist’s tongue.

AMAD. Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death ;  
 Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath ; 406  
 Like Egypt’s temples, dazzling to the sight,  
 Pompously deck’d, all gaudy, gay, and bright ;  
 With glitt’ring gold and sparkling gems they shine,  
 But apes and monkies are the gods within. 410

PLOR. My love attends with pain, while you  
 pursue

This angry theine—I have a mistress too ;  
 The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,  
 A beauteous mind, unblemish’d as her face,  
 Not painted and adorn’d to varnish sin, 415  
 Without all angel, all divine within ;  
 By truth maintaining what by love she got,  
 A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

AMAD. [Embracing him.] Forgive the vision, of  
 my frantic brain ;  
 Far from the man I love be all such pain. 420  
 By the immortal gods I swear, my Friend ! }  
 The Fates to me no greater joy could send }  
 Than that your labours meet a prop’rous end ; }  
 After so many glorious toils, that you  
 Have found a mistress beautiful and true. 425

*ORIANA and CORISANDA without.*

ORI. and COR. Help, help: oh! Heavens! help—  
AMAD.—What cries are these?

FLOR. It seem'd the call of Beauty in distress,  
Of savage beasts and men a monstrous brood  
Possess this land—

430

ORI. and COR.—Help, help—  
AMAD.—Again the cry 's renew'd.

Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save,  
Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.

[*Exeunt, drawing their swords.*

*Oriana and Corisanda cross the stage, pursued by  
a party of Arcalaus' Magicians.*

ORI. and COR. Help, help—  
PARTY. Pursue, pursue—

[Florestan crosses the stage, following the pur-  
suit; Arcalaus fighting, and retreating before  
Amadis.

ARCAL. Thou runn'st upon thy fate, Mortal! for  
A more than mortal rules the regions here. [Bear.  
AMAD. Think not my sword shall give the least  
reprieve;

'Twere cruelty to let such monsters live. 440

Florestan re-enters, retreating before another  
party; is seized, disarmed, and carried off.

ARCAL. Yet prone, and beav'rs'd; avoid thy fate;  
Without thy life my vengeance is complete:

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

Hold thy friend borne to eternal chains;  
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMAD. Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall;  
Thus I'll at once revenge and free them all. 446

[Fight: Arcalaus still retreating. A sudden sound of instruments expressing terror and horror, with thunder at the same time, Monsters and Demons rise from under the stage, while others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in confusion, during which the stage is darkened. On a sudden a flourish of contrary music succeeds, the sky clears, and the whole Scene changes to a delightful vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with songs, music, and dances, perform the following enchantment.

To be sung in full CHORUS:

‘ Love ! creator Love ! appear ;  
‘ Attend, and hear.  
‘ Appear, appear, appear.

*A single voice.*

‘ Love ! creator Love !  
‘ Parent of heav'n and earth,  
‘ Delight of gods above ;  
‘ To thee all Nature owes her birth,  
‘ Love ! creator Love !’

450

*Another single voice.*

‘ All that in ambient air does move, 455  
 ‘ Or teems on fertile fields below,  
 ‘ Or sparkles in the skies above,  
 ‘ Or does in rolling waters flow,  
 ‘ Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,  
 ‘ Love! creator Love!’ 460

## CHORUS.

‘ Better in love a slave to be,  
 ‘ Than with the widest empire free.

## Dance.

## ODE TO DISCORD.

*A single voice.*

‘ When Love’s away then Discord reigns:  
 ‘ The Furies he unchains, 465  
 ‘ Bids Æolus unbind  
 ‘ The northern wind,  
 ‘ That fetter’d lay in caves,  
 ‘ And root up trees, and plough the plains.  
 ‘ Old Ocean frets and raves,  
 ‘ From their deep roots the rocks he tears, 470  
 ‘ Whole deluges lets fly,  
 ‘ That dash against the sky,  
 ‘ And seem to drown the stars:  
 ‘ Th’ assaulted clouds return the shock,  
 ‘ Blue lightnings singe the waves, 475  
 ‘ And thunder rends the rock.

Then Jove usurps his father's crown,  
Instructing mortals to aspire ;  
The father would destroy the son,  
The son dethrones the sire. 480

The Titans, to regain their right,  
Prepare to try a second fight ;  
Briareus arms his hundred hands,  
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands :  
Pelion upon Ossa thrown, 485  
Steep Olympus they invade,  
Gods and giants tumble down,  
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.

Horror, confusion, dreadful ire,  
Daggers, poison, sword, and fire, 490 }  
To execute the destin'd wrath conspire :  
The Furies loose their snaky rods,  
To lash both men and gods.'

*CHORUS repeat the last stanza.*

*Then SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.*

*A single voice.*

But when Love bids Discord cease,  
The jarring seeds unite in peace ; 495  
O the pleasures past expressing !  
O the rapture of possessing !  
Melting, dying, hear'nly blessing !  
O the rapture of possessing !  
Hail to Love, and welcome joy !  
Hail to the delicious Boy ! 500

‘ In Cyprus first the god was known ;  
 ‘ Then wand’ring, wand’ring o’er the main,  
 ‘ He in Britannia fix’d his reign,  
 ‘ And in Oriana’s eyes his throne.’

505

*A full chorus.*

‘ Hail to Love, and welcome joy !  
 ‘ Hail to the delicious Boy !  
 ‘ See the sun from Love returning,  
 ‘ Love ’s the flame in which he ’s burning.  
 ‘ Hail to Love, the softest pleasure !  
 ‘ Love and Beauty reign for ever.’

510

*Dance.*

*Then to be sung by a Shepherdess, addressing herself to Amadis.*

‘ Now, Mortal ! prepare,  
 ‘ For thy fate is at hand ;  
 ‘ Now, Mortal ! prepare  
 ‘ And surrender ;  
 ‘ For Love shall arise,  
 ‘ Whom no pow’r can withstand,  
 ‘ Who rules from the skies  
 ‘ To the centre.

516

‘ Now, Mortal ! prepare,  
 ‘ For thy fate is at hand ;  
 ‘ Now, Mortal ! prepare  
 ‘ And surrender.

520

*chorus repeat.*

, Now, Mortal! prepare, &c.

*During the Chorus ORIANA appears rising from under the stage, reposed upon a machine representing a bed of flowers. The chorus ended, she rises, and comes forward.*

ORI. In what enchanted regions am I lost? 525  
Am I alive? or wander here a ghost?

Art thou, too, dead? [Starting at the sight of AMADIS.

AMAD. Where'er you are the realms of bliss  
must be:

I see my goddess, and 'tis heav'n to see!

[Throwing away his sword, is seized and bound.  
Stand off, and give me way— 530

ORI. —No, keep him there,  
Th' ungrateful traitor! let him not come near:  
Convey the wretch where Sisyphus atones  
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans.  
With robbers and with murd'rs let him prove 535  
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd Love.

AMAD. Have I done this?—

ORI. —Base and perfidious man!  
Let me be heard, and answer if you can.  
Was it your love when, trembling, by your side 540  
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,  
Urging your stay?—Was it your love that bore  
Your faithless vessel from the British shore?

What said I not upon the fatal night  
 When you avow'd your meditated flight? 545  
 Was it your love that prompted you to part,  
 To leave me dying, and to break my heart?  
 See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate!  
 Repent your folly—but repent too late:

AMAD. Mistaken Princess! By the stars above,  
 The pow'rs below, and by immortal Jove, 551  
 Unwilling and compell'd— [pretence,

ORI. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain  
 For base neglect and cold indifference.

Was it your love when by those stars above, 555  
 Those pow'rs below, and that immortal Jove,  
 You vow'd before the first revolving moon  
 You would return?—Did you return?—The sun  
 Thrice round the cycled globe was seen to move,  
 You neither came nor sent—Was this your love?

AMAD. Thrice has that sun beheld me on your  
 coast, 561

By tempests beaten, and in shipwrecks lost  
 ORI. And yet you chose those perils of the sea,  
 Of rocks and storms—or any thing—but me.  
 The raging ocean, and the winter wind, 565  
 Touch'd at my passion, with my wishes join'd;  
 No image but of certain fate appear'd;  
 Less I your absence than your danger fear'd:  
 In vain they threaten'd, and I s'd in vain; 569  
 More deaf than storms, more cruel than the main,  
 No pity nor gentle message could prevail  
 To wait a calmer sky or softer gale:

You brav'd the danger, and despis'd the love,  
Nor death could terrify, nor passion move.

AMAD. Of our past lives the pleasure and the pain  
Fix'd in my soul for ever shall remain; 576  
Recall more gently my unhappy state,  
And charge my crime not on my choice, but Fate.  
In mortal breast sure Honour never wag'd  
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd. 580  
You saw my torment, and you knew my heart;  
'Twas infamy to stay, 'twas death to part.

ORI. In vain you 'd cover with the thirst of fame,  
And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name.  
Could Honour such vile perfidy approve? 585  
Is it no honour to be true to love?  
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,  
In Britain too some remnants found a place;  
From Brute descending in a line direct,  
Within these veins thy fav'rite blood respect: 590  
Mother of Love! by men and gods rever'd,  
Confirm these vows, and let this pray'r be heard.  
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth shall bear  
Immortal hatred and eternal war;  
Nor league nor commerce let the nations know, 595  
But seeds of everlasting discord grow;  
With fire and sword the faithless race pursue,  
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:  
Rise from our ashes some avenging hand  
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land; 600  
Waves fight with waves, and shores with shores en-  
And let our sons inherit the same rage. [gaze,

AMAD. Might I be heard one word in my defence— [pretence

ORI. No, not a word. What specious forc'd  
Would you invent to gild a weak defence? 606  
To false Æneas, when 'twas giv'n by Fate  
To tread the paths of Death, and view the Stygian  
Forsaken Dido was the first that stood [state,  
To strike his eye, her bosom bath'd in blood  
Fresh from her wound: pale horror and affright  
Seiz'd the false man; confounded at the sight, 611  
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint words he spoke,  
Some tears he shed, which, with disdainful look,  
Urmov'd she heard and saw, nor heeded more  
Than the firm rock when faithless tempests roar:  
With one last look his falseness she upbraids, 616  
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.  
Lead me, O lead me! where the bleeding queen  
With just reproaches loads perfidious men.  
Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,  
In death involve me, and in endless night, 621  
But keep—that odious object—from my sight.]

Enter ARCALAUS. [Exit.

ARCAL. With her last words she sign'd his dying  
breath;  
Convey him straight to tortures and to death.  
AMAD. Let me not perish with a traitor's name.  
Naked, unarm'd, and single, as I am, 626  
Loose this right hand—

ARCAL. Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear.  
[Sinks under the stage with him.

For him let our infernal priests prepare  
 Their knives, their cords, and altars—But for her  
 Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bow'rs,  
 Music and songs, and all those melting pow'rs 632  
 With which love steals on hearts, and tunes the mind  
 To tenderness and yielding—  
 Superior charms enchant us to be kind. [Exit.]

*The Act concludes with dancing.*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

**ARCALAUS and ALCABON meeting.**

**ARCALAUS.**

WELCOME as after darkness cheerful light, 636  
 Or to the weary wand'rer downy night.  
 Smile, smile, my Arcabon ! for ever smile,  
 And with thy gayest looks reward my toil :  
 That sullen air but ill becomes thee now ; 640  
 Seest thou not glorious conquest on my brow ?  
 Amadis, Amadis !—

**ARCAB.** Dead, or in chains ! quick in thy reply.

**ARCAB.** He lives, my Arcabos ! but lives to die :  
 The gnawing vulture and the restless wheel 645  
 Shall be delight to what the wretch shall feel.

**ARCAB.** Goddess of dire ~~revenge~~, Erinnyes ! rise ;  
 With pleasure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes ;  
 Smile like the queen of Love, and strip the rocks  
 Of pearls and gems to deck thy jetey locks ; 650  
 With cheerful tunes disguise thy hollow throat,  
 And emulate the lark and linnet's note ;

Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,  
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to-day.

ARCAL. Arise, O Ardan ! from the hollow womb  
Of earth arise ; burst from thy brazen tomb ; 656  
Bear witness to the vengeance we prepare ;  
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of care.

ARCA B. Pluto ! arise ; infernal king ! release }  
Thy tortur'd slaves, and let the damn'd have }  
peace,

But double all their pains on Amadis, 661 }

ARCAL. Mourn, all ye heavens ; above yon' azure  
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign, [plain  
The Thunderer with tears bedew his sky,  
For Amadis, his champion, is doom'd to die. 665

ARCA B. Death be my care ; for, to complete his  
woe,

The slave shall perish by a woman's blow ;  
Thus each by turus shall his dire vow fulfil :  
'Twas thine to vanquish, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCA I. So look'd Medea when her rival bride  
Upon her nuptial day consuming dy'd : 671  
O never more let love disguise a face  
By rage adorn'd with such triumphant grace !

ARCA B. In sweet revenge inferior joys are lost,  
And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy coast ; 675  
Rage rules all other passions in my breast,  
And, swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest.  
Should this curs'd wretch, whom most my soul  
abhors,

Prove the dear man whom most my soul adores,

Love should in vain defend him with his dart; 680  
Thro' all his charms I'd stab him to the heart.

[*Excunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter King CRIUS, CONSTANTIUS, IUCIUS a Roman, and a numerous attendance of Britons.*

KING. From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,  
With British faith it suits not to recede.  
How may the world interpret such neglect,  
And on her beauty or her fame reflect? 685  
Roman! consider well what course you run;  
Resolve to be my pris'ner or my son.  
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight  
Those supple arts which foreigners delight,  
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right. 690

[*Exit King and attendants.*]

IUC. Happy extremity! Now, Prince! be bless'd,  
Of all you love and all you ~~will~~ possess'd:  
No censure you incur, ~~conscience~~ to choose,  
Possess'd at once of pleasure and excuse.

COX. If for myself alone I would possess, 695  
T'were sensual joy, and brutal happiness.  
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,  
The particle sublime of bliss is plac'd  
In raptures that we feel the ravish'd charmer

taste.

Oriana! no—tho' certain death ~~it be~~,  
I'll keep my word—I'll die or set thee free.

Haste, Lucius ! haste, sound loud our trumpets, call  
 Our guard to arms ; tho' few, they 're Romans all.  
 Now tremble, savage King ! a Roman hand  
 Shall ne'er be bound that can a sword command. 705

*As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, attended as before.*

KING. Not to be found ! she must, she shall be  
 found ;  
 Disperse our parties, search our kingdoms round.  
 Follow Constantius ! seize him, torture, kill :  
 Traitor ! what vengeance I can have I will.  
 Well have thy gods, O Rome ! secur'd thy peace,  
 Planted behind so many lands and seas, 711  
 Or thou shouldst feel me, City ! in thy fall,  
 More dreadful than the Sannite or the Gaul :  
 But to supply and recompense this want,  
 Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle ! and grant 715  
 That wrath may rise and strife immortal come  
 Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [ *Exeunt*

### SCENE III.

*The Scene changes to a scene of tombs and dungeons, men and women chained in rows, opposite to one another. In the front of the captives, Florestan and Corisanda. A magnificent monument erected to the memory of Ardan, with this inscription in large letters of gold :*

' Rest, age is vow'd ; rest quiet, gentle Shade !  
 ' The living shall be restless till 'tis had.'

## A GUARD OF DEMOS. PLAINTIVE MUSIC.

*To be sung by a captive King.*

‘ Look down, ye Pow’rs! look down, 720  
‘ And cast a pitying eye  
‘ Upon a monarch’s misery.  
‘ Look down, look down.  
‘ Avenge, avenge, avenge  
‘ Affronted majesty. 725

‘ I who but now, on thrones of gold,  
‘ Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroll’d,  
‘ To empire born,  
‘ From empire torn,  
‘ A wretched slave,  
‘ A wretched slave,  
‘ Am now of slaves the scorn.  
‘ Alas! the smiles of fortune prove  
‘ As variable as women’s love. ’

*By a captive Lapp.*

‘ The happiest mortals once were we,  
‘ I lov’d Mira, Mira me ;  
‘ Each desirous of the blessing,  
‘ Nothing wanting but possessing.  
‘ I lov’d Mira, Mira me ;  
‘ The happiest mortals once were we. 740

‘ But since cruel Fates dissever,  
‘ Torn from love, and torn for ever,

‘ Tortures! end me,  
 ‘ Death! befriend me:  
 ‘ Of all pains the greatest pain  
 ‘ Is to love, and love in vain. 745

*By a captive Libertine.*

‘ Plague us not with idle stories,  
 ‘ Whining loves and senseless glories!  
 ‘ What are lovers, what are kings,  
 ‘ What at best but slavish things! 750

‘ Free I liv’d as Nature made me  
 ‘ No proud Beauty durst invade me,  
 ‘ No rebellious slaves betray’d me;  
 ‘ Free I liv’d as Nature made me.

‘ Each by turns, as sense inspir’d me, 755  
 ‘ Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, sir’d me.  
 ‘ I alone have lost true pleasure,  
 ‘ Freedom is the only treasure.’

*CHORUS of Demons.*

‘ Cease, ye slaves! your fruitless grieving.  
 ‘ No, no;  
 ‘ The powers below  
 ‘ No pity know.  
 ‘ Cease, ye slaves! your fruitless grieving.’ 760

*A dance of Demons insulting the prisoners.*

FLOR to COR. To taste of pain, and yet to gaze  
 To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree. (on thee,

Well may the brave contend, the wise contrive; 766  
 In vain against their stars the destin'd strive.

COR. So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair  
 Fly chirping on, unmindful of the snare:  
 Pursuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,  
 The wanton couple in one toil are caught; 771  
 In the same cage in mournful notes complain  
 Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

*A Captive.*

'O Heav'ns! take pity of our pains;  
 'Death is a milder fate than chains.' 775

*A flourish of instruments of horror.* AR CABON de-  
 scends in a chariot drawn through the air by  
 dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She  
 alights and comes forward, armed with a dagger  
 in her hand.

AR CAB. Your vows have reach'd the gods; your  
 Have the same date—— [chains and breath  
 Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.  
 He who so oft has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell, 779  
 Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could }  
 By whom so many bold enchanters fell, [quell, }  
 Amadis! Amadis! this joyful day  
 Your guardian deity 's himself our prey.  
 From all their dungeons let our captives come,  
 Idle spectators of their hero's doom. 785

*Flourish of loud instruments of diverse sorts.  
Other dungeons open and discover more Captives.  
AMADIS chained to an altar, infernal Priests on  
each side of him, with knives uplifted ready for  
the sacrifice. Arcabon advancing hastily to stab  
him, starts and stops.*

ARCAB. 'Thou dy'st—What strange and what re-  
sistless charm

With secret force arrests my lifted arm !  
What art thou, who with more than magic art  
Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart ?

AMAD. One who, disdaining mercy, sues to die;  
I ask not life, for life were cruelty. 791  
Of all the wretched, search the world around,  
A more unhappy never can be found.

Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god ;  
Fain would my soul, encumber'd, cast her load. 795

ARCAB. [Aside.] In every line and feature of that  
face

The dear enchanter of my soul I trace.  
My brother ! had my father too been slain,  
The blood of my whole race should plead in vain.  
The ties of nature do but weakly move ; 800  
The strongest tie of nature is in love.

AMAD. O Florestan ! I see those chains with  
shame

Which I could not prevent—O stain to fame !  
O honour lost for ever ! Theseus fell ;  
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still, 805  
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,

Nor was I overpow'red, but betray'd.  
 O my lov'd Friend ! with better grace we stood  
 In arms repelling death, wading in blood  
 To victories : the manly limb that trod 810  
 Firm and erect beneath a treble load  
 Of pond'rous mail these shameful bonds disdains,  
 And sinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLOR. Where shall the brave and good for refuge  
 When to be virtuous is to be undone ? [run,

ARCAB. He spoke—and ev'ry accent to my heart  
 Gave a fresh wound, and was another dart. 817  
 He weeps ! but redd'ning at the tears that fall,  
 Is it for these ? be quick, and free them all.  
 Let ev'ry captive be releas'd from chains : 820  
 How is it that I love if he complains ?  
 Hence ev'ry grief and ev'ry anxious care,  
 Mix with the seas and winds, breed tempests there :  
 Strike all your strings, to joyful measures move,  
 And ev'ry voice sound liberty and love. 825

*Flourish of all the music. The chains at once fall off from all the captives. Arcabon frees Amadis herself.*

*CHORUS of all the Captives.*

' Liberty ! Liberty !'

*A single voice.*

' Arm, arm ! the gen'rous Britons cry,  
 ' Let us live free, or let us die ;—

‘ Trumpets sounding, banners flying,  
 ‘ Braving tyrants, chains defying. 830  
 ‘ Arm, arm ! the gen’rous Britons cry,  
 ‘ Let us live free, or let us die.  
 ‘ Liberty ! liberty !’

*CHORUS repeat.*

‘ Liberty ! liberty !

*Another single voice.*

‘ Happy Isle ! all joys possessing, 835  
 ‘ Clime resembling heav’n above,  
 ‘ Freedom ’tis that crowns thy blessing,  
 ‘ Land of liberty and love !

‘ When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,  
 ‘ Set themselves and lovers free, 840  
 ‘ In the blessing of obtaining,  
 ‘ Ah ! how sweet is liberty !

*Dance of Captives expressing joy for liberty.*

*Arcabou having freed Amadis, they come forward together, the rest standing in rows on each side of the theatre, boozing as they advance.*

*ARCA.B.* When rage like mine nukes such a sudden  
 Methinks ’twere easy to divine the cause. [pause,  
 The dullest warrior in a lady’s face 845  
 The secret meaning of a blush may trace,  
 When short-breath’d sighs, and catching glances,  
 sent  
 From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent,

Let glory shape but not possess you whole ;  
 Love is the darling transport of the soul. 850

AMAD. The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,  
 Have destin'd Fame no other chance for me :  
 My sullen stars in that rough circle move ;  
 The happy only are reserv'd for love. 854

ARCAB. The stars which you reproach my art can  
 I can direct them to a kinder course. [force ;  
 Trust to my charms, the present time improve ;  
 Select and precious are the hours of love.  
 Unguarded see the virgin treasure stand,  
 Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand. 860  
 Honour his wonted watch no longer keeps ;  
 Seize quickly, Soldier ! while the dragon sleeps.

AMAD. Enchanting are your looks ; less magic  
 lies  
 In your mysterious art than in your eyes :  
 Such melting language claims a soft return ; 865  
 Pity the hopeless flames in which I burn.  
 Fast bound already, and not free to choose,  
 I prize the blessing fated to refuse.

ARCAB. [Aside.] Those formal lover, be for ever  
 curs'd  
 Who fetter'd free-born Love with honour first ; 870  
 Who thro' fantastic laws are Virtue's tools,  
 And against Nature will be slaves to rules.  
 Your captive friends have freedom from this hour ;

[To him.  
 Rejoice for them, but for thyself much more :

Sublimer blessings are reserv'd for thee,      375  
 Whom Love invites to be possess'd of me.  
 The shipwreck'd Greeks, cast on *Aea*'s shore,  
 With trembling steps the dubious coast explore;  
 Who first arrive in vain for pity plead,      879  
 Transform'd to beasts, a vile and monstrous breed:  
 But when Ulysses, with superior mien, [queen,  
 Approach'd the throne where sat th' enchantress  
 Pleas'd with a presence that invades her charms,  
 She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,  
 Up to her bed she leads the conqu'ror on,      885  
 Where he enjoys the daughter of the Sun.

*She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda  
 and the released Captives only remain. Florestan  
 and Corisanda run into each other's arms.*

FLOR. In this enchanting circle let me be  
 For ever and for ever bound with thee.

COR. Soul of my soul! and charmer of my heart!  
 From these embraces let us never part.

FLOR. Never, O never!—In some safe retreat,  
 Far from the noise and tumult of the great,  
 Secure and happy on each other's breast,  
 Within each other's arms we'll ever rest:      894  
 Those eyes shall make my days serene and bright,  
 These arms thus circling round me bless the night.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Cor.*

*The remaining Captives express their joy for  
 liberty by singing and dancing.*

**CHORUS of all the *Captives* together.**

- To Fortune give immortal praise,
- Fortune depoſes, and can raise;
- Fortune the captives' chains does break,
- And brings despairing exiles back.
- However low this hour we fall,
- One lucky moment may mend all.'

*Act concludes with a variety of dances.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

AECABON and AECALAU.

ARCALAUS.

Or women tyrants 'tis the common doom,  
Each haughty sets out in Beauty's bloom,  
Till, late repenting, to redeem the past      905  
You turn abandon'd prostitutes at last.

ARCAS. Who hate declares is sure of hate again;  
Rage begets rage, disdain provokes disdain.  
Why, why, alas! should love less mutual prove?  
Why is not love return'd with equal love? 910

ABCAT. Blessings when cheap or certain we  
despise;  
From sure possession what desire can rise!  
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,  
By doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.

area. To govern love, alas! what woman can?  
Yet 'tis an easy province for a man. 916

Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?  
 There is a cure—I'd ask it—if I might.  
 Forgive me, Brother! if I pry too far;  
 I 'ave learnt my rival is your pris'ner here: 920  
 If that be true——

ARCAL. What thence would you infer? [Surlily.

ARCAL. What but her death—When Amadis is  
 free

From hopes of her—there may be hope for me. 924

ARCAL. Thou cloud to this bright Juno—Fool!—  
 Who has lov'd her ever descend to thee? [shall be

ARCAL. Much vainer fool art thou—Where are  
 those charins

That are to tempt a princess to thy arms?

Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars——

ARCAI. —But yet  
 This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.  
 Your counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,  
 To make the woman sure the man shall bleed.

[Exit surlily.

ARCAL. First perish thou; earth, air, and seas,  
 Confounded in one heap of chaos lie, [and sky.  
 And ev'ry other living creature die! 936 }  
 I burn, I burn, the storm that's in my mind  
 Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:  
 Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,  
 Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.  
 Furies, Alecto! aid my just design; 941 }  
 But if, averse to mercy, you decline  
 The pious task, assist me, Pow'rs divine!

Just gods, and thou, their king, imperial Jove,  
Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*The scene changes to the representation of a fine garden, ORIANA sitting pensively in a pleasant bower towards the lower end of the scene. Soft music playing. ARCAI AND SINTERS, addressing themselves respectfully to her; she rises. They advance slowly towards the front of the stage, seeming in mute discourse till the music ceases.*

### ARCAI AND ORIANA.

ARCAI. Of free: doin lost unjustly you complain,  
Born to command, where'er you come you reign:  
No fetters here you wear, but others bind, 918  
And not a prison but an empire bind.

ORI. Death I expect, and I desire it too;  
'Tis all the mercy to be wish'd from you. 951  
To die is to be free. Oh ! let me find  
A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCAI. Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,  
Here is no death but what your eyes present: 955  
O may they reign, those arbiters of Fate,  
Immortal, as the loves which they create.  
We know the cause of this prepost'rous grief,  
And we should pity were there no relief:  
One lover lost, have you not millions more? 960  
Can you complain of want whom all adore?

All hearts are yours, ev'n mine, that, fierce and  
free,

Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity ;  
Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,  
And prostrate in his chain for mercy dies. 965

ORI. Respect is limited to pow'r alone ;  
Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,  
Each insolent invades —

How art thou chang'd ! ah, wretched Princess ! now,  
When ev'ry slave that loves dares tell thee so ? 970

ARCAL. If I do love, the fault is in your eyes ;  
Blame them who wound, and not your slave who  
dies.

If we may love, then sure we may declare ;  
If we may not, ah ! why are you so fair ?  
Who can, unmov'd, behold that heav'nly face, 975  
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace ?

ORI. Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my  
face ;

Tear off my checks, and root up ev'ry grace ;  
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,  
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once and me. 980

ARCAL. Such strange commands 'twere im-  
pious to obey ;

I would revenge myself a gentler way.  
[Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away  
disdainfully.

ORI. Some whirlwind bear me from this odious  
place,

Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace :

Save me, ye Pow'rs! from violence and shame, 985  
 Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCAL. *[Aside.]* Love with submission first begins  
 in course,

But when that fails a sure reserve is force :  
 The nicest dames, who our embraces shun,  
 Wait only a pretence—and force is one : 990  
 She who thro' frailty yields, dishonour gains ;  
 But she that's forc'd, her innocence retains :  
 Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,  
 Invading we are free, and nothing owe :  
 No ties of love or gratitude constrain, 995  
 But as we like we leave—or come again.  
 It shall be so ——

Since softer arguments have prov'd so vain, *[To her.*  
 Force is the last, resist it if you can.

*[He seizes her, she breaks from him.]*  
 OBL. Help—help—ye Gods ! 1000

ARCAL. Who with such courage can resist desire,  
 With what a rage she'll love when raptures fire !  
 Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,  
 And if for nothing but this scorn he dies.

AMADES *discovered in chains.* Arcalaus *advancing to stab him,* ARCA BON *enters in the instant, and offers to stab Oriana.*

ARCA B. Strike boldly, Murd'rer ! strike him to  
 the ground, 1005

While thus my dagger answers ev'ry wound.  
 By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd ?  
 Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd ?

ORI. Strike, my Deliv'rer ! 'tis a friendly stroke ;  
 I shun thee not, but rather would provoke : 1010  
 Death to the wretched is an end of care,  
 But yet methinks he might that victim spare.

[*Pointing to Amadis.*

AMAD. Burst, burst these chains ; just Gods !  
 can you look down  
 On such distress like idle lookers-on ?  
 My soul till now no dangers could affright, 1015  
 But trembles like a coward 's at this sight.

ARCAH. So passionate ! but I'll revenge it here—

ARCAL. Hold, Fury !—or I strike as home—  
 forbear—

[*Arcabon offering to stab Oriana, Arcalaus does  
 the same to Amadis : both withhold their blow.*

*Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike instruments  
 of all kinds, resound from all parts of the theatre.*  
 URGANDA enters hastily with a numerous train.  
 Arcalaus and Arcabon surprised, retire to the  
 opposite side of the stage.

URG. To arms, to arms, ye Spirits of the air ! }  
 Ye guardians of the brave and of the fair, 1020 }  
 Leave your bright mansions, and in arms appear.

*Warlike music sounds a charge ; Spirits descend in  
 clouds ; some continue in the air playing upon  
 instruments of war, others remain ranged in  
 order of battle ; others descend upon the stage,*

*ranging themselves by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, giving him a sword. Oriana likewise is freed.*

ARCA. Fly quick, ye Demons! from your black abodes,

And try another combat with the gods; Blue fires and pestilential fumes arise, And flaming fountains spout against the skies; 1025 From their broad roots these oaks and cedars tear,

Burn like my love, and rage like my despair.

*Trumpets sound on Arcabon's side, which are answered on Urganda's. The grove appears in an instant all in a flame; fountains from below cast up fire as in spouts; a rain of fire from above; the sky darkened; Demons range themselves on the stage by Arcalaus and Arcabon; other Demons face Urganda; Spirits in the air, martial instruments sounding from all parts of the theatre; Arcalaus advances before his party, with his sword drawn, to Amadis.*

ARCA. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter, while we try

On equal terms which of us two shall die.

*Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the head of their parties; a fight at the same time in the air, and upon the stage; all sorts of loud instruments*

*sounding; Arcalaus falls; the Demons some fly away through the air, others sink under ground with horrible cries.*

URG. Sound tunes of triumph, all ye Winds!  
and bear

Your notes aloft, that heav'n and earth may hear;  
And thou, O Sun! shine out serene, and gay, 1032  
And bright, as when the Giants lost the day.

*Tunes of triumph, the sky clears, the Grove returns to its first prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure of the sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis approaching Oriana respectfully, Arcabon stands sullen and observing.*

AMAD. To ORI. While Amadis Oriana's love  
possess,

Secure of empire in that beauteous breast, 1035  
Not Jove, the King of gods, like Amadis was blest.

ORI. While to Oriana Amadis was true,  
Nor wand'ring flames to distant climates drew,  
No heav'n, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana  
knew.

AMAD. That heav'n of love, alas! is mine no  
more;

Braving those pow'rs by whom she falsely swore,  
She to Constantius would those charms resign, 1042  
If oaths could bind, that should be only mine.

ORI. With a feign'd falsehood you'd evade your  
part  
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart; 1045

While by such ways you'd hide a conscious flaine,  
The only virtue you have left is shame.

[*Turning disdainfully from him.*

AMAD. [*Approaching tenderly.*] But should this  
injur'd vassal you suspect

Prove true—ah! what return might he expect?

ORI. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderness.*] Tho' brave Constantius charms with ev'ry art

That can entice a tender virgin's heart, 1051

Whether he shines for glory or delight,

To tempt ambition or enchant the sight,

Were Amadis restor'd to my esteem,

I would reject a deity—for him. 105

AMAD. Tho' false as wat'ry bubbles blown by  
wind,

Fix'd in my soul, and rooted in my mind,

I love Oriana, faithless and unkind.

O! were she kind, and faithful as she's fair,

For her alone I'd live—and die for her. 1060

URG. Adjourn these murmur's of returning  
love,

And from this scene of rage and fate remove.

Thy empire, Arcabon! concludes this hour; [*To Arc.*

Short is the date of all flagitious power:

Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear 1065

The torments of the damni'd in thy despair.

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,

[*To Ori. and Amad.*]

There will I lead you to debate your loves.

*The machine representing the figure of the sun opens, and appears to be a chariot resplendent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient seats, to which Urganda conducts Oriana; Amadis following, Arcabon stops him by the robe.*

ARCAB. What, not one look! not one dissembling smile,

To thank me for your life, or to beguile  
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art, 1071  
Heuse from my sight for ever, and my heart.

[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*  
Back, Soldier! to the camp, thy proper sphere;  
Stick to thy trade; dull hero! follow war.  
Useless to women—thou mere image! meant 1075  
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

*Amadis takes his place in Urganda's chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of Arcabon's speech.*

So ready to be gone—Barbarian! stay.  
He's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.  
O, stay! come back—Horror and hell! I burn!  
I rage! I rave! I die!—Return, return; 1080  
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,  
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there, }  
Fury! distraction!—I am all despair.  
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,  
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightning blast  
thy kiss.

While pale, aghast, a spectre I stand by, 1086  
 Pleas'd, at the terrors that distract thy joy.  
 Plague of my life! thy impotence shall be  
 A curse to her worse than thy scorn to me. [Exit.

## CHORUS.

*First voice.*

‘ The battle ’s done, 1090  
 ‘ Our wars are over :  
 ‘ The battle ’s done,  
 ‘ Let laurels crown  
 ‘ Whom rugged steel did cover.

*Second voice.*

‘ Let myrtles too 1095  
 ‘ Bring peace for ever ;  
 ‘ Let myrtles too  
 ‘ Adorn the brow  
 ‘ That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

*A full CHORUS of all the voices and instruments.*

‘ Let trumpets and tymbals, 1109  
 ‘ Let stabals and cymbals,  
 ‘ Let drums and hautboys give over ;  
 ‘ But let flutes  
 ‘ And let lutes  
 ‘ Our passions excite 1105  
 ‘ To gentler delight,  
 ‘ And every Mars be a lover.’

*Dances, with which the Act concludes.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's enchanted Palace.

*The scenes are adorned and diversified with the several representations of the adventures and exploits of heroes and heroines; a large piece facing the front, representing their apotheosis, or reception among the gods.*

AMADIS and ORIANA.

ORIANA.

In my esteem he well deserves a part;  
 He shares my praise, but you have all my heart.  
 When equal virtues in the scales are try'd, 1110  
 And justice against neither can decide;  
 When judgment thus perplex'd suspends the choice,  
 Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice.  
 Much to his love, much to his merit's due,  
 But pow'rful inclination was for you. 1115

AMAD. Thou hast no equal, a superior ray,  
 Unrivall'd as the light that rules the day.  
 Should Fame solicit me with all her charms,  
 Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms  
 Should purchase but a grain of the delight 1120  
 A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORI. Wrong not my virtue, to suppose that I  
 Can grant to love what duty must deny;  
 A father's will is wanting, and my breast  
 Is rul'd by glory, tho' by love possest: 1125

Rather than be another's I would die,  
Nor can be yours till duty shall comply.

AMAD. Hard rules! which thus the noblest loves  
engage

To wait the peevish humours of old age!  
Think not the lawfulness of love consists 1130  
In parents' wills, or in the forms of priests;  
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw  
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.  
Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,  
If hands were only join'd when hearts agree. 1135

*Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, and  
attendants to Urganda.*

URG. Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,  
The soft retreat of Glory and of Love,  
By Fate prepar'd to crown the happy hours  
Of mighty kings and famous conquerors.  
Here, gallant Prince! let all your labours end; }  
Before I gave a mistress, now a friend, 1141 }  
The greatest blessings which the gods can send.

[*Presenting Florestan.*

AMAD. O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,  
Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete:  
The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,  
As scarce the ecstacies of love exceed. 1146

FLO. If beyond love or glory is a taste  
Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship pine'd.

CORI. My Corisanda too! [Embracing her.

Not Florestan could fly with greater haste 1150  
 To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breast,  
 As to thy lover's—

COR. ——O joy complete!  
 Bless'd day!

Wherein so many friends and lovers meet. 1155

FLOR. The storm blown over, so the wanton  
 doves

Shake from their plumes the rain, and seek the  
 groves,

Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMAD. O Florestan! bless'd as thou dost de-  
 serve,

To thee the Fates are kind without reserve. 1160

My joys are not so full; tho' Love would yield,  
 Fierce Honour stands his ground, and keeps the  
 field:

Nature within, seduc'd, in vain befriends,  
 While Honour with his guard of pride defends.  
 O Nature frail! and faulty in thy frame, 1165  
 Fomenting wishes Honour must condemn;  
 Or, O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind  
 When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

*Enter ARCA BOX, conducting CONSTANTIUS, her  
 garments loose and hair dishevelled, seeming  
 frantic. Constantius is deep mourning.*

ARC. This, Roman! is the place: 'tis magic  
 ground,

Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found. 1170

Behold them at our view dissolve in fear ;  
 Two armics are two lovers in despair.  
 Proceed, be bold, and, scorning to entreat,  
 Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit.  
 Kill him, and ravish her—for so would I, 1175  
 Were I a man—or rather let both die.

The rape may please—

Each was disdain'd : to equal rage resign  
 Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine,  
 'Tis sweet to love ; but when with scorn we  
 meet,

Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great. 1181'

*[A chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters  
 at the following lines.]*

I'p to th' ethereal heav'ns, where gods reside,  
 Lo ! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

*[A clap of thunder. 'The chariot mounts in the  
 air, and vanishes with her.]*

con. Fly where thou wilt, but not to bless'd  
 abodes,

For sure where'er thou art there are no gods. 1185

*Addressing himself to Oriana.*

I come not here an object to affright,  
 Or to molest, but add to your delight.  
 Behold a prince expiring in your view,  
 Whose life's a burthen to himself and you.

Fate and the King all other means deny 1190  
 To set you free but that Constantius die :  
 A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,  
 But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart.

I thank ye, Gods ! nor think my doom severe,  
Resigning life on any terms for her. 1195

URG. What cruel destiny on beauty waits,  
When on one face depends so many fates !

CON. Make room, ye Decii ! whose devoted  
breath

Secur'd your country's happiness by death :  
I come a sacrifice no less renown'd, 1200

The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.

O Love ! with all thy sweets let her be blest,  
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breast :  
Tho' thy malignant beams, with deadly force,  
Have scorch'd my joys, and in their baneful  
course

Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up ev'ry source ;  
Ah ! to Oriana shine less fatal bright, 1207

Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight ;

Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,

Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys. 1210

Oriana weeps and shuns concern. Amadis ad-  
dressing himself to Constantius.

AMA. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon desert,  
Love had been yours; to die had been my part :  
Thus Fate divides the prize ; tho' beauty's mine,  
Yet Fame, our other mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius looking steadily upon him.  
Disdain not, gallant Prince ! a rival's praise, 1215 }  
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confess, }  
In ev'ry thing but love he merits less. ]

CON. Art thou that rival then ? O killing shame !  
 And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame !  
 Like a scorn'd captive prostrate at his side, 1220  
 To grace his triumph, and delight his pride ?  
 O ! 'tis too much ; and Nature in disdain  
 Turns back from death, and, firing ev'ry vein, }  
 Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.  
 Be firm, my Soul ! quick from this scene remove,  
 Or maduess else may be too strong for love. 1226  
 Spent as I am, and weary'd with the weight  
 Of burth'ning life—I could reverse my fate ;  
 Thus planted—stand thy everlasting bar—

[*Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breast.*  
*Amadis does the same, each holding a dagger*  
*ready to strike.*

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here. 1230

[*Stabs himself; Amadis throws away his dagger,*  
*and supports him : they all help.*

ORI. Live, gen'rous Prince ! such virtue ne'er  
 should die.

CON. I 'ave liv'd enough, of all I wish possess'd,  
 It, dying—I may leave Oriana bless'd.

The last warm drop forsakes my bleeding heart :

Oh, Love ! how sure a murderer thou art ! [ *Dies.*

ORI. [ *Weeping.*] There breaks the noblest heart  
 that ever burn'd 1236

In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMA. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal flame ;  
 Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the same.

FLOR. Oh, Emperor ! all ages must agree 1240

Such, but more happy, should all lovers be.

URG. [To ORI.] No lover now throughout the world remains

But Amadis deserving of your chains.

Remove that mournful object from the sight.

[*Carry off the body.*]

Ere yon' bright beams are shadow'd o'er with night

The stubborn king shall license your delight: 1246

The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,

Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire;

And Honour, which so long has kept in doubt,

Be better pleas'd to yield than to hold out. 1250

[*Flourish of all the music. The stage fills with*

*Singers and Dancers, in the habits of heroes and heroines.*

Urganda conducts Amadis, Oriana, &c. to a seat during the following entertainment.

*First voice.*

' Make room for the combat, make room,

' Sound the trumpet and drum;

' A fairer than Venus prepares

' To encounter a greater than Mars:

' The gods of desire take part in the fray, 1255

' And Love sits like Jove to decide the great day.

' Make room for the combat, make room,

' Sound the trumpet and drum.'

*Second voice.*

' Give the word to begin,

' Let the combatants in;

1260

‘ The challenger enters all glorious :  
 ‘ But Love has decreed,  
 ‘ Tho’ Beauty may bleed,  
 ‘ Yet Beauty shall still be victorious.’

## CHORUS,

‘ Make room for the combat, make room, 1265  
 ‘ Sound the trumpet and drum.’

*Here two parties enter from the opposite sides of the theatre, armed at all points, marching in warlike order, and then dance several Pyrrhic or martial dances with swords and bucklers; which ended, the Singers again advance.*

## To be sung.

‘ Help ! help ! th’ unpractis’d conqu’ror cries ;  
 ‘ He faints, he falls ; help ! help ! Ah, me ! he dies.  
 ‘ Gently she tries to raise his head,  
 ‘ And weeps, alas ! to think him dead. 1270  
 ‘ Sound, sound a charge—it’s war again ;  
 ‘ Again he fights, again is slain :  
 ‘ Again, again, help ! help ! she cries ;  
 ‘ He faints, he falls ; help ! help ! Ah, me ! he dies.’

*Dance of heroes and heroines; then Singers again come forward.*

## To be sung.

‘ Happy pair ! 1275  
 ‘ Free from care,  
 ‘ Enjoy the blessing  
 ‘ Of sweet possessing ;

' Free from care,  
 ' Happy pair.  
 ' Love inviting,  
 ' Souls uniting,  
 ' Desiring,  
 ' Expiring,  
 ' Enjoy the blessing  
 ' Of sweet possessing;  
 ' Free from care,  
 ' Happy pair !'

1280

1285

*Another dance of heroes and heroines; then a full  
CHORUS of all the voices and instruments.*

' Be true, all ye Lovers ! whate'er you endure ;  
 ' Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure ! 1290  
 ' In the hour of possessing  
 ' So divine is the blessing,  
 ' That one moment's obtaining  
 ' Pays an age of complaining.  
 ' Be true, all ye Lovers ! whate'er you endure ; 1295  
 ' Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure !'

*Here follows variety of dances, with which the entertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, &c. rise and come forward.*

**A.M.A.** So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the  
skies,  
 The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies,  
 Darkness gives place to the victorious light,  
 And all around is gay, and all around is bright. 1300

ORI. Our present joys are sweeter for past  
pain;

To love and heav'n by suff'ring we attain.

URG. Whate'er the virtuous and the just en-  
dure,

Slow the reward may be, but always sure. 1804

*A triumphant flourish of all the instruments, with  
which the play concludes.*

THE END.

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